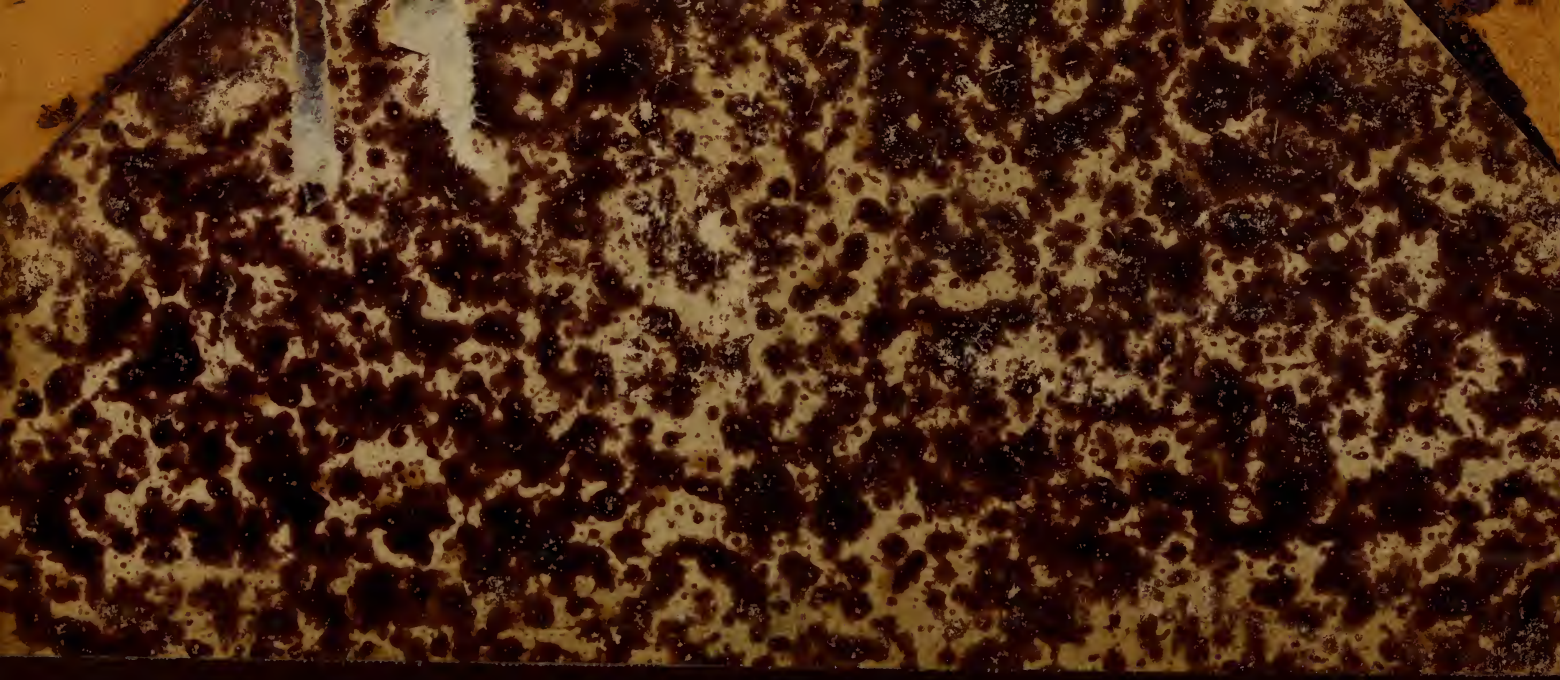


JAMES S. SLOANE.

P
LE
M

THE

MAPLE LEAF;

A Juvenile Monthly Magazine.

VOLS. I. AND II. — 4

July 1852 - & 1854 509011
3. 7. 50

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR MRS. E. H. LAY BY J. C. BECKET.

1853.

INDEX TO VOLUME FIRST.

	PAGE
Anecdotes of Lord Nelson	24
A sweet Voice of Comfort	173
African Chief	23
A Good Rule	125
Antelope, the	185
Birds in Summer	40
Beaver, the	77
Bear, the	101
Column of Freedom	1
Cottage Plan	27
Depth of the Sea	143
Design for a Cottage	96
Dog, the	142
Eccentric Naturalist, the	117
Eastern Method of Measuring Time	141
Excellent Woman, the	174
Exiles of Scio, the	171
Editorial.. 31, 63, 94, 121, 159,	191
Forest Monarch and his Dependants	152
Foundling of the Storm, the	13
For others' Woes	67
Ground Plan of a Cottage	60
Generosity of the Poor	166
Grave of O. J. Samsoe, the	33
History of Canada 86, 97,	144
Historical Recollections	181
Island Home, the 70,	103
Kom Ombus	65
Leopold of Brunswick	16
Mother's Lament, the	15

	PAGE
Mozart's Requiem	35
Monumental Inscriptions	148
Music 32, 64, 128, 160,	192
Newsboy Wit	102
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"	190
Old Mill, the	109
Publisher's Letter, the 30,	61
Precepts Inviting and Important 92, 122, 154,	186
Punctuality	100
Palace of Rosenberg	120
Pen and the Press	132
Railroad Flower, the	3
Recipes... 29, 61, 91, 119, 158,	190
Socrates	26
Sounds of Summer	85
True Independence	110
Things Useful and Agreeable 28, 60 90, 124, 156,	188
Truth	142
The Two Travellers	158
'Tis Wrong	67
Uncle Tom's Cabin 4, 42, 78, 111 133,	177
Ursuline Convent	68
Umbrella	102
Ventriloquist and the Bear, the	52
Voyage of an Elephant from India	55
Victoria Regina	129
Worth of Hours	93

INDEX TO VOLUME SECOND.

	PAGE
A Thrilling Incident	82
Allison's Decision on his own Picture	71
Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington	73
Angel Visitants	122
An Hour in the Ice	130
A Chapter on Lakes	137
A Boy's Trip to Shawinegan Falls 123,	141
A Curious Fact	139

	PAGE
Architectural Conceit	176
Be Strong	39
Bear Hunters, the	57
Clear the Way	100
Crown of Life	171
Dew Drop, the	66
Early Closing Association	101
Epitaph on a Little Boy	111
Editorial.. 31, 63, 96, 127, 160,	188
Forges, St. Maurice	97
First Cross Word	163

	PAGE
Governor's Daughter, the, 1, 33, 84, 113, 146, 172	
Genius	156, 185
Grotius, Lord Granville, and others	83
Hospice of St. Bernard, the	40
Highland Emigrant's Farewell.	30
House Plants	48
Isle-aux-Noix	129
Lord Amherst's Monument	65
Lucifer Matches	91
Music	32, 64, 128
Old Grave Stone, the	112
Precepts Inviting and Important	26, 60
Pencillings of Thought	161
Raising of Jarius' Daughter	180
Remarks on Rice and its Varieties	46
Running the Rapids	68
Recipes	29, 30, 62, 159, 187
Rules of Health	170
Selections	45, 67
Summer Bird, the	136
Spoken and Unspoken Thoughts	171
St. John's on the Richelieu	177
The Wolf	21
Twilight Hours	121
Types of Heaven	44
Things Useful and Agreeable 28, 95,	61, 159
Thoughts by Uncle Van	92
The True Hero	107
Uncle Tom's Cabin. 11, 49, 74, 151,	109, 179
Vision of a Day During Millenium	24
Vision, the	140
Warden of Cinque Ports	72
Winter	20
Worldly Professor	176

THE MAPLE LEAF.

COLUMN OF FREEDOM.

The column of Liberty, or Freedom, was erected to commemorate the emancipation of the peasants of Denmark. This great measure of justice was commenced in 1766, when Christian VII. freed the peasants of the royal domains; it was completed when, during the nominal reign of the same king, his son, the Crown Prince, in the year 1787, by the advice of the younger Bernstorff, gave to all the peasants of the kingdom their liberty.

The material of this column is Bornholm free-stone, of a reddish color. The pedestal is of greyish marble. It is 48 feet in height. It bears on its four sides suitable inscriptions. On the east side there is, in basso-relievo, the figure of a slave in the act of bursting his feudal fetters; whilst on the west side, the goddess of Justice is represented, also in basso-relievo. At the four

corners of the base are four emblematical figures of white marble, of Fidelity, Agriculture, Valor, and Patriotism. The expense of erecting this monument was defrayed by subscription. The late king, Frederick VI., then Crown Prince, has had the chief reputation of having accomplished this great measure of justice. But much is due, in the estimation of those who know, to Counts Stolberg and Bernstorff, who took the deepest interest in the matter. They had been for many years endeavoring to accomplish this humane and just measure.

The advantages which have resulted to the peasants are immense, as any one will perceive, who considers what was their former state and what their present. Formerly the peasants were considered as appertaining to the soil, and were sold with it. They enjoyed but few rights, and were in fact not considered as differing much from the brute creation. They were called upon to render services of the most unreasonable kind. If the sovereign chose to go a-hunting, in the time of harvest, not only did he traverse, with his dogs and horses, and many attendants, their fields ready for the sickle, and trample down their grain and their hay, but even demanded the aid of the peasants themselves, to beat the bushes and drive up the game. Sometimes a fortnight was thus spent; in the meanwhile their harvest went to ruin. Nothing was done to promote education among them. They had no encouragement to work, no stimulus to endeavor to elevate themselves in society. Now it is far otherwise. They feel that they are freemen. What property they possess is respected, and they know that it is their own. They are allowed to purchase lands and do purchase them. They are the small farmers of Denmark. Some of them are becoming rich. They have fine horses, cows, sheep, &c. Those who own no land rent from a rich proprietor. Their children are universally sent to school some portion of the year; and they are now a happy people.

THE RAIL ROAD FLOWER.

A little flower of lustrous hue
Within a public rail track grew.
A poet, passing, in surprise,
Fixed on it his reproachful eyes.
"Oh wherefore here, in dust and heat,
Should dwell a thing so pure and sweet?
Thy home, thou gentle flower, should be
Far off beneath some green wood tree;
Within some soft and perfumed glade,
All spread with dew, and cool with shade;
Where thou no ruder sound shouldst hear,
Than winds and waters murmuring near;
Where birds should sing to thee, and bees
Should bear thy sweets upon the breeze."

The flower with earnestness replied,
"Where God has placed me, I abide,
Content in some way to impart
Pure feeling to one worldly heart;
Proud, if the merchant, worn with gain
Through me a backward glance obtain,
A retrospect of joyous youth,
And simple wants and artless truth;
Prouder, if folly in the maid
Assume for me a thoughtful shade;
If sorrow, weeping, lift her eye
By my example, to the sky.

"And, Poet, now one word to thee;
Where should *thy* home and labor be?
Art thou repining in the heat
For some more lone and cool retreat?
Some refuge from the careless throng,
Where thou canst feed thy soul with song?
Oh be content where God requires
To wake thy harp, and feed thy fires;
And if some worldly notes float in,
Some echoes of the ceaseless din,
Some groans from bleeding slaves, and cries
From infancy, that, starving, dies,
Oh deem not that thy strain, young bard,
By these discordant notes is marred;
The Master Minstrel's hand through such
Achieves, they say, its mightiest touch;
And thou mayest shake the sturdiest wrongs,
By some bold outbreak of thy song.
Then be content, where God requires,
To wake thy harp, and feed thy fires!"

The Poet stooped and kissed the flower
Wiser and better from that hour.

S. C. E. M.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

WE think we cannot better promote the interest and pleasure of our readers than to commence with this number to reproduce, in a consecutive series of chapters, a work which is doing more to move the soul of the American people than any other production on the same subject; more than all the thunderings, denunciations and missiles ever launched forth by the abolitionists. This work, entitled, "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or life among the lowly," is from the pen of the celebrated authoress, wife of the Rev. Professor Stowe, and daughter of Dr. Beecher, who is known to many of our readers as a distinguished divine. Dr. B. has long labored in the cause of human progress, and defended the rights of the oppressed slave in a signal manner. Mrs. Stowe, instructed by such a father, caught his fervor, and availing herself of peculiarly favorable circumstances for observing the different phases of slavery, has, with the fire of her genius, traced the wrongs of the race in living colors. Her work first appeared in the columns of the *National Era*, a weekly abolitionist newspaper, published in Washington, that nursery of the slave trade. Unmoved as the heart of the American people has seemed to be upon this most difficult subject, Mrs. Stowe has touched its sympathetic chord, and that heart is now pulsating mightily throughout the length and breadth of that proud and powerful nation.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been brought out in book form in Boston, and such is its unparalleled popularity, that the publisher has found it difficult to supply the demand. It has been reprinted in England, and read with all the eagerness so unique a production is calculated to elicit.

We think the sketches which will, from time to time, appear in this Magazine will be highly interesting to our readers, as allusion is often made to this country, which is in fact the only asylum for the fugitive from slavery in the western world. It is hoped that the sympathy of our Canadian readers will be awakened in behalf of this unfortunate people, who, while they possess many repulsive traits, are our brethren, since God has declared that He hath "made of one blood all nations of men." Even the Americans respond to this breath of inspiration, and declare "*That all men*

are created free and equal," and " endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights," among which are " Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness," and yet they have not had the courage to remove the stigma of slavery from their otherwise lustrous fame. Lest we should feel too much indignation towards our neighbors, when we see that it is on British soil that the immortal sentiments put forth in their declaration of independence are realized, we must remember that it is but a few years since philanthropic England proclaimed with the trumpet voice the decree which broke the shackles of thousands of the blacks then her bondmen.

In the preface to her work, Mrs. Stowe has conveyed to the world an idea of the warmth of her heart, and has so touchingly and graphically portrayed her motive in penning these truthful sketches, that we cannot do better than transcribe it here:—

PREFACE.

The scenes of this story, as its title indicates, lie among a race hitherto ignored by the associations of polite and refined society; an exotic race, whose ancestors, born beneath a tropic sun, brought with them, and perpetuated to their descendants, a character so essentially unlike the hard and dominant Anglo-Saxon race, as for many years to have won from it only misunderstanding and contempt.

But, another and better day is dawning; every influence of literature, of poetry and of art, in our times, is becoming more and more in unison with the great master chord of Christianity, " good will to man." . . .

The hand of benevolence is everywhere stretched out, searching into abuses, righting wrongs, alleviating distresses, and bringing to the knowledge and sympathies of the world the lowly, the oppressed, and the forgotten.

In this general movement, unhappy Africa at last is remembered; Africa, who began the race of civilization and human progress in the dim, gray dawn of early time, but who, for centuries, has lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilized and Christianized humanity, imploring compassion in vain.

But the heart of the dominant race, who have been her conquerors, her hard masters, has at length been turned towards

her in mercy; and it has been seen how far nobler it is in nations to protect the feeble than to oppress them. Thanks be to God, the world has at last outlived the slave-trade!

The object of these sketches is to awaken sympathy and feeling for the African race, as they exist among us; to show their wrongs and sorrows, under a system so necessarily cruel and unjust as to defeat and do away the good effects of all that can be attempted for them, by their best friends, under it.

In doing this, the author can sincerely disclaim any invidious feeling towards those individuals who, often without any fault of their own, are involved in the trials and embarrassments of the legal relations of slavery.

Experience has shown her that some of the noblest of minds and hearts are often thus involved; and no one knows better than they do, that what may be gathered of the evils of slavery from sketches like these, is not the half that could be told, of the unspeakable whole. . . .

It is a comfort to hope, as so many of the world's sorrows and wrongs have, from age to age, been lived down, so a time shall come when sketches similar to these shall be valuable only as memorials of what has long ceased to be.

When an enlightened and Christianized community shall have, on the shores of Africa, laws, language and literature, drawn from among us, may then the scenes of the house of bondage be to them like the remembrance of Egypt to the Israelite,—a motive of thankfulness to Him who hath redeemed them! . . . .

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO A MAN OF HUMANITY.

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well furnished dining parlor, in the town of P———, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two *gentlemen*. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not

seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which marks a low man who is trying to elbow his way upward in the world. He was much over-dressed, in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gayly with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings; and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain, with a bundle of seals of portentous size, and a great variety of colors attached to it,—which, in the ardor of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and jingling with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's Grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman; and the arrangements of the house, and the general air of the housekeeping, indicated easy, and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two were in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't make trade that way—I positively can't, Mr. Shelby," said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow; he is certainly worth that sum anywhere,—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

"No; I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting, four years ago; and I believe he really did get it. I've trusted him, since then, with everything I have,—money, house, horses,—and let him come and go round the country; and I always found him true and square in everything." . . . .

"Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do busi-

ness for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. 'Tom,' says I to him, 'I trust you, because I think you're a Christian —I know you would n't cheat.' Tom comes back, sure enough; I knew he would. Some low fellows, they say, said to him—'Tom, why don't you make tracks for Canada?' 'Ah, master trusted me, and I couldn't,'—they told me about it. I am sorry to part with Tom, I must say. You ought to let him cover the whole balance of the debt; and you would, Haley, if you had any conscience."

"Well, I've just got as much conscience as any man in business can afford to keep,—just a little, you know, to swear by, as 't were," said the trader, jocularly; "and, then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to 'blige friends; but this yer, you see, is a leetle too hard on a fellow—a leetle too hard." The trader sighed contemplatively, and poured out some more brandy. . . .

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, have n't you a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?"

"Hum!—none that I could well spare; to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my hands, that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. . . .

"Hulloa, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him, "pick that up now!"

The child scampered, with all his little strength, after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he. The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chucked him under the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing." The boy commenced one of those wild grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

"Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism," said his master.

Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, as, with his back humped up, and his master's stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of an old man.

Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

"Now, Jim," said his master, "show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm." The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and commenced toning a psalm tune through his nose, with imperturbable gravity.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a young 'un!" said Haley; "that chap's a case, I'll promise. Tell you what," said he, suddenly clapping his hand on Mr. Shelby's shoulder, "fling in that chap, and I'll settle the business—I will. Come now, if that ain't doing the thing up about the rightest!"

At this moment, the door was pushed gently open, and a young woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as its mother. . . .

"Well, Eliza?" said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please, sir;" and the boy bounded toward her, showing his spoils, which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"By Jupiter," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on that ar gal in Orleans, any day." . . .

"I don't want to make my fortune on her," said Mr. Shelby, dryly; and, seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Capital, sir,—first chop?" said the trader; then turning, and slapping his hand familiarly on Shelby's shoulder, he added—

"Come, how will you trade about the gal?—what shall I say for her—what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Ay, ay! women always say such things, cause they ha'nt no sort of calculation. Just show 'em how many watches, feathers, and trinkets, one's weight in gold would buy, and that alters the case, *I* reckon."

"I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I mean no," said Shelby, decidedly.

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though," said the trader; "you must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

"What on earth can you want with the child?" said Shelby.

"Why, I've got a friend that's going into this yer branch of the business—wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market. Fancy articles entirely—sell for waiters, and so on to rich 'uns, that can pay for handsome 'uns. It sets off one of yer great places—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend. They fetch a good sum; and this little devil is such a comical, musical concern, he's just the article."

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; "the fact is, sir, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"O, you do?—La? yes—something of that ar natur. I understand, perfectly. It is mighty onpleasant getting on with women, sometimes. They are *mighty* onpleasant; but, as I manages business, I generally avoids 'em, sir. Now, what if you get the gal off for a day, or a week, or so; then the thing's done quietly,—all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with her."

"I'm afraid not."

"Lor bless ye, yes! These critters an't like white folks, you know; they gets over things, only manage right. Now, they say," said Haley, assuming a candid and confidential air, "that this kind o' trade is hardening to the feelings; but I never found it so. Fact is, I never could do things up the way some fellers manage the business. I've seen 'em as would pull a wo-

man's child out of her arms, and set him up to sell, and she screechin' like mad all the time;—very bad policy—damages the article—makes 'm quite unfit for service sometimes. . . . It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that's been *my* experience." And the trader leaned back in his chair, and folded his arms, with an air of virtuous decision, apparently considering himself a second Wilberforce." . . .

There was something so piquant and original in these elucidations of humanity, that Mr. Shelby could not help laughing in company. Perhaps you laugh too, dear reader; but you know humanity comes out in a variety of strange forms now-a-days, and there is no end to the odd things that humane people will say and do. . . .

"Well;" said Haley, after they had both silently picked their nuts for a season, "What do you say?"

"I'll think the matter over, and talk with my wife," said Mr. Shelby. "Meantime, Haley, if you want the matter carried on in the quiet way you speak of, you'd best not let your business in this neighborhood be known. It will get among my boys, and it will not be a particularly quiet business getting away any of my fellows, if they know it, I'll promise you." . . .

Perhaps the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky.

Whoever visits some estates there, and witnesses the good-humored indulgence of some masters and mistresses, and the affectionate loyalty of some slaves, might be tempted to dream the oft-fabled poetic legend of a patriarchal institution, and all that; but over and above the scene there broods a portentous shadow—the shadow of *law*. So long as the law considers all these human beings, with beating hearts and living affections, only as so many *things* belonging to a master,—so long it is impossible to make anything beautiful or desirable, in the best regulated administration of slavery. . . .

Now, it had so happened that, in approaching the door, Eliza had caught enough of the conversation to know a trader was making offers to her master for somebody. . . .

She thought she heard the trader make an offer for her boy;—could she be mistaken? Her heart swelled and throbbed, and

she involuntarily strained him so tight that the little fellow looked up into her face in astonishment.

"Why, Eliza, child! what ails you?" said her mistress.

"O! missis, missis," said Eliza, "there's been a trader talking with master in the parlor! I heard him."

"Well, silly child, suppose there has."

"O, missis, *do* you suppose mas'r would sell my Harry?" And the poor creature threw herself into a chair, and sobbed convulsively.

"Sell him! No, you foolish girl! You know your master never deals with those southern traders, and never means to sell any of his servants, as long as they behave well. Why, you silly child, who do you think would want to buy your Harry? Do you think all the world are set on him as you are, you goosie? Come, cheer up, and hook my dress. . . .

"Well, but, missis, *you* never would give your consent—to—to—"

"Nonsense, child? to be sure, I should n't. What do you talk so for? I would as soon have one of my own children sold. But really, Eliza, you are getting altogether too proud of that little fellow. A man can't put his nose into the door, but you think he must be coming to buy him." . . .

Mrs. Shelby was a woman of a high class, both intellectually and morally. To that natural magnanimity and generosity of mind which one often marks as characteristic of the women of Kentucky, she added high moral and religious sensibility and principle, carried out with great energy and ability into practical results. Her husband, who made no profession to any particular religious character, nevertheless reverenced and respected the consistency of hers, and stood, perhaps, a little in awe of her opinion. . . .

The heaviest load on his mind, after his conversation with the trader, lay in the foreseen necessity of breaking to his wife the arrrangement contemplated,—meeting the importunities and opposition which he knew he should have reason to encounter.

Mrs. Shelby, being entirely ignorant of her husband's embarrassments, and knowing only the general kindliness of his temper, had been quite sincere in the entire incredulity with which she had met Eliza's suspicions. In fact, she dismissed the mat-

ter from her mind, without a second thought; and being occupied in preparations for an evening visit, it passed out of her thoughts entirely.

Eliza had been brought up by her mistress from girlhood, as a petted and indulged favorite.

She had been married to a bright and talented young man, who was a slave on a neighboring estate, and bore the name of George Harris. . . .

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUNDLING OF THE STORM.

WRITTEN BY MRS. SUSANNAH MOODIE.

My Young Canadian Friends,—This is the first time that I have ever sought your acquaintance through the medium of the pen, though I feel a deep and maternal interest in your happiness and future prosperity; for I am myself the mother and grandmother of Canadian children, and as members of one common country, I cannot separate their welfare from yours.

I have been asked to tell you a story to amuse and interest you, and as I love all good children, it is with pleasure I comply with the request.

It has often been said that "truth is more wonderful than fiction," and the following affecting circumstance, which I extract from a recent number of the New York *Albion*, cannot fail to impress this fact upon your minds.

"An infant was recently picked up at sea, off Yarmouth, England. It was lashed to a plank lying fast asleep, and almost benumbed with cold. There was no trace of any ship in sight, or for miles around, and it was supposed that the vessel from which it had been thrown had sunk, and that all hands perished. The Captain who picked it up, lives at Yarmouth, and intends to rear the child as his own."

Now my young friends, if this circumstance does not fill your eyes with tears, I must confess that it did mine.

Born and brought up on that dangerous, shallow line of coast, and having from infancy been accustomed to see the German Ocean rolling its tremendous surges onthat shore, and knowing all its horrors, having myself been exposed with a young

infant in my arms to its fury during a storm, I can fully realize the situation of this forlorn babe—now buried in the trough of the sea —now carried like a feather on the crest of those awful billows —the leaden sky pouring down its torrents, the cold, pittiless north-west wind roaring in thunder above his hard pillow, and covering his little form with sheets of foam—and yet he *slept*—*slept* amidst all this uproar of winds and waves, of dashing spray and the huge din of conflicting billows. Yes, *he slept*. The protecting arm of God, the great Father, was around this orphan child, and he slept in peace, safe in His holy keeping, and as tranquilly as if his little head rested on his dead mother's fond breast.

Never, my dear children, after reading this pathetic story, doubt the protecting care of God. When you say your prayers at night, lie down in the firm belief that He hears you, that your well-being is dear to Him, that His mercy enfolds you, and that His sleepless eye watches over your slumbers. Little children are His peculiar care, "for of such," He has said, "are the Kingdom of Heaven," of which this marvellous incident is a striking illustration.

Tossed on the wide and raging deep,
Unconscious of the tempest's sweep ;
The boiling surge, and bursting wave,
And deafening blasts that round him rave,
A little infant gently sleeps,
Although no mother vigil keeps ;—
Alone that helpless prostrate form,
Poor foundling of the Ocean's storm !
His bed a plank, his canopy,
The dark clouds of yon lurid sky.

Like weed cast forth on ocean's foam,
Far from the land, his friends, his home,—
Or feather floating on the sea,
An atom in immensity ;
Now borne upon the topmost crown
Of some huge surge, now plunging down
Where the chaff'd waves in wrath retreat,
Once more in madd'ning shock to meet ;
Yet the pale outcast could not rest
More sweetly on his mother's breast.

His mother! where, oh where, is she?
Ask the loud winds that sweep the sea.
They bore the last convulsive sigh
Of that young mother's heart on high,
When 'mid the din of waters wild,
To heaven she gave her darling child,—
Launched his frail plank upon the wave,
Strong in her faith that God could save!

He sleeps—the tempest cannot harm,
While round him lies the eternal arm.
He sleeps—the elemental strife
That 'whelmed the bark, has saved his life;
The voice that calmed the raging deep
Has lull'd the orphan child to sleep.
Oh wonder of Almighty love!
That sight the coldest heart should move,
To kneel upon the surf beat shore,
The God of mercy to adore!

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

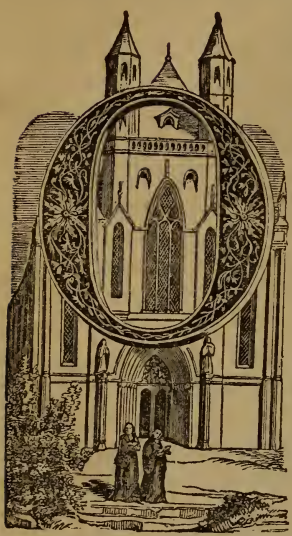
BY MRS. MOODIE.

Oh! pale at my feet thou art sleeping my boy,
Now I press on thy cold lips in vain the fond kiss;
Earth opens her arms to receive thee my joy,
And all my past sorrows are nothing to this:—
The day-star of hope 'neath thy eyelids is sleeping,
No more to arise at the voice of my weeping.

Oh how art thou changed! since the light breath of morning,
Dispersed the light dew-drops in showers from the trees;
Like a beautiful bud my lone dwelling adorning,
Thy smiles called up feelings of rapture in me;
I thought not the sunbeams all gaily that shone
At thy waking, at eve, would behold me alone.

The joy that flashed out from thy death-shrouded eye,
That laughed in thy dimples, and gladdened thy cheek,
Is vanished; but the smile on thy cold lip that lies,
Now tells of a joy that no language can speak.
The fountain is sealed—the young spirit at rest,—
Ah! why should I mourn thee, my loved one, my bless'd!

LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK AND HIS WRITING MASTER.



F all the young princes who, in their early years, were remarkable for kindness of heart, none is more deserving of notice than Prince Leopold of Brunswick,—a prince whose name is engraven on the hearts of thousands. The manner of his death has added to the interest with which he was regarded when living. In the terrible inundation of the Oder, in 1785, he perished whilst attempting to save some poor persons, who were in imminent danger from the flood. Honor be to his memory!

The very pleasing anecdote now about to be related, is not only interesting as an illustration of the prince's real kindness of disposition, but is instructive, since it shows us what may be accomplished, in the way of surmounting difficulties, by a good will, determined resolution, and invincible patience of purpose.

Prince Leopold, as a child, was distinguished for his exuberant spirits. He possessed that engaging and fascinating liveliness which usually accompanies a good disposition and a happy temperament. He had already learned to read, and a portion of every day was agreeably employed in this amusing and instructive occupation. A book that at once informs and delights us is a true friend. We can leave off and return to it at our pleasure. It can accompany us wherever we go, and will occupy but little space. To be able to read, therefore, what others have thought and said, is doubtless very pleasant, but to be able to write down what we ourselves think, and so to converse with distant friends,—a beloved mother, sister or brother, —is a far greater pleasure. Leopold anxiously wished to learn to write.

With great zeal and energy he commenced this new study, in which he was instructed by a respectable old gentleman

named Wagner. This gentleman was kind and amiable—a perfect master of his art—and possessed of a patience that nothing could overcome. And much, indeed, was his patience tried by his ardent and impetuous little pupil. The novelty of his new occupation having worn away, the young prince's natural vivacity rendered him impatient of the restraints that were necessarily laid upon him. He ceased to be industrious and attentive to his tutor's directions. Sometimes he complained that he was made to write the same letter over and over so often, that he was quite tired of it: then, that the words given him to copy were too long and too hard. In short, there was no pretence that he did not make use of to excuse the dislike which he had now taken to writing. The venerable Wagner was almost in despair of seeing his pupil make any progress in the art in which it was his business to instruct him. How could he be otherwise? When he saw him intentionally go above the line in writing, he would say, "Now, my prince, you are going above the line." "Do you think so, Mr. Wagner?" he would indolently reply; and then, out of impatience or mere gaiety of heart, he would run to the opposite extreme.

"Now, my prince, you are below the line."

"Ah, you are right;" and then he would write still more awkwardly and perversely than ever. Then he would find fault with his pen, which he would require to be mended, perhaps, twenty times in the course of one lesson, on the plea that it would not write well. Then the ink was thick, or he was tired, or his head ached, or he wished to do something else; and often, could he have done so without incurring his tutor's severe displeasure, he would fairly have run away to his ball, or his rocking horse, or some other amusement.

One day he observed that his tutor, Mr. Wagner, was unusually thoughtful and sorrowful. His natural kindness of disposition at once led him to endeavor to discover the cause; and when he remembered his waywardness, his idleness, and inattention, he thought it must be his conduct that had vexed the good old man, and caused him anxiety. He therefore, on this day, did all that he could to please him. He wrote as well as he was able, and exactly followed his directions. He was submissive and

pliable, affectionate in his manner towards him, and he even endeavored to anticipate his wishes in everything. But all was in vain. His attentions could not dispel his tutor's gloom, or rouse him from the melancholy that oppressed him.

As soon as he was gone, the young prince made inquiries of his attendants as to the cause of his writing-master's sorrow; and from them he learned that the good old man had placed too much confidence in a deceitful friend. Naturally of an obliging disposition, he had incautiously, at the knave's urgent request, and to relieve him from a pressing difficulty, signed a bill for 500 crowns. His pretended friend had told him that this was only a form, that no risk was incurred, and no danger to be apprehended; and then, when he had obtained the money, he absconded, and left the poor unfortunate writing-master to be responsible for the whole. He had made every exertion to meet this bill, which would be due in about six weeks; but, notwithstanding all his efforts, there was still a sum of 200 crowns deficient; and this he could not raise, except by means that would utterly impoverish him—namely, the sale of his furniture and goods, perhaps at ruinously low prices.

Leopold, at the time, appeared to pay but little attention to this important discovery. Perhaps at first he was even pleased at finding that he himself had not been, as he supposed, the cause of his writing-master's trouble; but in reality, and upon reflection, he felt deeply for him, and thought seriously how he might relieve him from a difficulty to which only his amiability of temper had exposed him. He knew that, by simply mentioning the circumstances to his father, who rejoiced in every opportunity of doing good, the poor man's sorrows would soon be at an end. But the impression made upon his mind during the morning by the thought that he had been the cause of so much anxiety to one so kind, was so deep, and clearly showed him the ingratitude and folly of his behavior, that he determined to make use of this circumstance as an inducement to himself to subdue his fault. If he could at once relieve Wagner's distress, and overcome his own failings, a double end would be answered, and both he and his tutor would be gainers at the same time.

On the following day, therefore, while Leopold was conversing with his father, he adroitly turned the conversation to his writing lessons.

"Ah, dear papa," he said, "if you only knew how tiresome it is!"

"I confess, my dear child," said his father, "that the rudiments of this art are very tedious; but consider, since it is absolutely necessary that you, as a prince, should be able to write, would it not be better for you to apply yourself boldly and manfully to surmount these difficulties, than to increase them by murmuring?"

"Yes, certainly, papa," returned Leopold; "and I assure you I will work courageously if you will but promise me something."

"What is it that you want, my child?"

"Well, I wish that as often as my writing master says I have done well, you would give me a carl d'or, and leave me to do as I like with the money."

"On such a condition I am not afraid of making the agreement. I consent, my dear child; and gladly will I empty my whole purse under such circumstances, if there should be occasion."

The agreement thus formally made was sealed with a hearty kiss. Leopold was delighted at the promise which his father had made him, and his face beamed with smiles. His father in vain endeavored to unravel the mystery which enshrouded his son's behavior; at the same time he would not question him too closely: he resolved rather to wait patiently the result.

At the next writing lesson the young prince was so teachable, so industrious, so careful, that his instructor was quite surprised. The child who had hitherto been so idle, so full of fun and frolic, was now most sedate and serious. He did not now rock his chair, or play his usual antics, but seating himself properly at the table, he sedulously gave his attention to the task before him. Instead of wantonly writing above or below the lines, requiring his pen to be frequently changed or mended, and finding fault with the ink or the paper, he diligently set himself to improve by his tutor's instructions, insomuch that Mr. Wagner, in the course

of the lesson, frequently encouraged him: "Good, my prince! very good!"

The following lesson was marked by the same industry and attention on the part of the young prince, and the same surprise and satisfaction on the part of his tutor.

"Indeed, my prince," said the latter at last, "I cannot understand the change that has taken place in you; you are so different from what you were?"

"You are pleased, then, with me, Mr. Wagner?" returned the little boy.

"Pleased is not the right word," said the tutor. "I am delighted; I am highly gratified to see you at length doing justice to yourself."

"Then will you write two or three lines, saying how pleased you are with me, that I may show them to papa, who always seems to think that I do nothing?"

"Willingly, my dear prince; and I will do the same every time you are so industrious."

The delighted teacher, in the fullness of his heart, prepared a very flattering testimonial. Leopold took it to his papa, and received the promised reward, and how valuable to him was the first piece of gold he received! He had fairly earned it; it was justly and honestly gained. He placed it in a pretty little purse, and secretly determined that he would add another every day. Indeed, he was so industrious, and made such rapid progress, that in a short time he left off writing the long uninteresting words which had displeased him at first, and came to sentences, and at length little tales, which either pleased him from their interest, or amused him from their simplicity. And now his writing lesson became at once an instructive and a pleasing and delightful occupation.

Every morning when Leopold embraced his kind father he gave him the testimonial which he had received the day before, and every day he saw his treasure increase. His father, though much gratified at receiving such repeated testimonials of his dear son's good conduct and improvement, reflected that he had now paid him the promised reward upwards of thirty times; and he began to fear that good Mr. Wagner might be treating him with too much consideration. He therefore desired his son to bring

him his writing-book, that he might judge for himself. Leopold, with much alacrity, obeyed, and showed him what astonishing progress he had made within the last six weeks. In short, his father was satisfied; and the prince rejoiced in finding himself in possession of some five-and-thirty pieces of gold, which he had so earnestly desired in order to relieve his tutor's necessity.

The bill signed by Wagner was now due within three days, and still the worthy man was at a loss to complete the sum. In vain had he implored his creditor, a covetous and hard-hearted usurer, to afford him a little delay. No mercy was shown him; and the poor tutor, his anguish visible in his face, had resolved as a last resource to take his little plate and few trinkets to a jeweller's in the course of the day, to raise what he could upon them; and then, if necessary, to sacrifice his all to meet the demand so unjustly made upon him.

Deeply absorbed with the trying sacrifice he was about to make, he came upon this occasion rather later than usual to the instruction of the prince, and excused himself on account of important business. Whilst the old man's face was anxious and sorrowful, that of the child beamed with joy and happiness.

"What is the matter, dear Mr. Wagner?" inquired the prince. "You are not so cheerful as usual."

"It is true, my prince,—in this life every one must expect trouble and vexation."

"Are you then in trouble? O tell me all about it; you do not know how much I love you!"

These affectionate words almost induced Mr. Wagner to lay open his secret to his little pupil. He well knew that one word would be sufficient to procure him all that he needed. The father of the prince both could and would have supplied him readily with the means of discharging himself from his liability; but his pride and independence of spirit constrained him. The very idea of using his influence over the prince, in order to procure a favor for himself, was painful, and wounded the honorable feeling of the good old man. The better to conceal his secret, he attempted to turn the conversation.

"You are not so anxious as usual, my prince, to take your lesson to-day?"

"What makes you think so, Mr. Wagner?"

"You are not so attentive as you were yesterday?"

"That is because I am thinking of something more important."

"What can it be? Your hand trembles; you are agitated."

"Mr. Wagner," returned the little boy, "you alone are the cause?"

"I, my prince?"

"Yes, you! I can write no longer." With these words he rose, and opened the drawer of his writing desk, where he had deposited his treasure; then throwing his arms round the old man's neck, he said, as he gave him the money: "Take it, Mr. Wagner, and pay your bill. I hope you have not sold your silver plate?"

Wagner at once perceived that his secret was known. He could not, however, at first accept the money. Strong as was his emotion, gratified and delighted as he was, both at his own prospect of deliverance from ruin, and at his pupil's noble behavior, he yet hesitated to receive it till he had heard the whole of the story. The young prince at length told him of the agreement he had made with his father, and how the five-and-thirty pieces of gold were the rewards that he had received for his industry and improvement.

Upon hearing this, the old man could not restrain his tears. He seized Leopold's hands, pressed them to his lips, and said with the deepest emotion: "What, my prince! to rescue me from calamity, have you for more than a month restrained your sports, defied your weariness, and conquered your disinclination to your task? I accept with pride and gratitude this touching, this honorable memorial. It not only restores comfort and happiness to my dwelling, but it excites the deepest feelings of love, admiration, and respect for my amiable pupil and preserver. It is sweet indeed to owe this favor to you?"

The joy of giving and the pleasure of receiving may be universally diffused. It is not the greatness of the gift that imparts to it its value. One may be much less than a prince, and yet rejoice many a sorrowful heart by trifling gifts, well-timed, and affectionately and delicately bestowed, and when the gifts thus presented are obtained by the giver's self-denial and self-discipline, he not only does good to the person to whom he gives, but acquires for himself a satisfaction, an elevation of mind and of principle, that to the good is more valuable than the greatest treasures or the costliest self-indulgence.

AFRICAN CHIEF.

The above is an excellent likeness of an African Chief. We are sure that no one who examines this peculiarly striking and interesting countenance can fail to see strong lineaments of humanity, and apparently just as great susceptibility of intellectual and moral advancement, as may be seen in the descendants of Japheth, or Shem. Great sternness and resolution, as well as physical strength, are characteristics of the people which he represents. These are the qualities which they cultivate, but in ancient times some of the African nations were considered among the most enlightened in the world. They still have a written language, but rank among the lowest of the half civilized nations. Astonishing efforts, attended with great sacrifice of life and means are now being put forth by christians and philosophers in England and America to explore this vast country, and to enlighten and christianise the people.

According to report, a white christian community exists in the centre of this, the hottest region on the globe. It is supposed that 150 languages are spoken in the known parts of Africa.

The imports of this country are ivory, gums, spices, drugs, dyes, teak, timber, cotton, rice, skins, oils and fruits. The most wonderful animals in Mr. Barnum's menagerie, recent ly exhibited in Canada, such as the lion, rhinoceros, camel leopard, zebra, antelopes, and monkeys, came from Africa.

ANECDOTE OF LORD NELSON.

BY MRS. TRAILL.

It used formerly to be the custom in many of our maritime towns and villages in England, to offer up prayers in the churches for seamen, preparatory to their embarking on any long voyage. This practice, like many of the simple usages of our forefathers, has, for the most part, fallen into disuse ;— perhaps, through the want of fervour in the priest, whose office it was to call the attention of his flock, to join together in asking a blessing for those men who occupy their business in great waters, or possibly through the indifference of the seafaring people themselves; yet, even at this very day, among the crowded churches of the metropolis, there are a few instances of men who, feeling their dependence upon Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand ; who alone ruleth the winds and waves in their fury, are inclined to call upon their God to keep them under the shadow of his wings, and to ask all Christian people to add their supplications at the throne of mercy in his holy temple. I was, myself, one of a congregation thus exhorted some years ago:

It was on Palm Sunday that I accompanied a friend and her family, to the church in Longham Place. The prayers were read with great reverence of manner by the venerable Bishop of St. Asaph's. Before commencing the litany, the Bishop made a longer pause than usual, insomuch that every eye was turned inquiringly upon him, as if silently asking the cause of the delay. He had evidently desired his silence to produce this effect,—then in a distinct voice, and with deep solemnity

of manner, he said, "The prayers—the *earnest* prayers of *this whole* congregation, are desired by two young seamen about to embark on a perilous voyage."

There was again a solemn and impressive pause, as if the good prelate was himself engaged in silent but earnest prayer, and as if he desired that all present should have time to offer up one heartfelt petition for those two brothers;—who shall say that such supplication would be unheard. A feeling of sudden interest was awakened in my mind, and my eye glanced over that gaily dressed congregation, (for it was one of the fashionable churches,) and many of the fair, and proud, and noble, were before me, but vain was my search—there were none to realise the two young seamen.

Some accidental cause made our party almost the last to quit the church, and I was not sorry for the delay, for near the altar rails, as the dense mass of waving feathers and flowers moved off, my eye fell upon a group that I felt were those whose simple act of devotion had so moved my heart that day. They were a pale-faced widow in mean and faded black garments, a sickly child of some seven or eight years old, and two fine manly youths, attired in new blue jackets, and coarse white trowsers; they were evidently twins from the striking likeness between them. The face of the mother was composed though sad,—the boys—hopeful, eager, almost joyous. The contrast was painfully striking,—I would have given much to have known something of the history of those boys and their widowed mother, and the meek child; but they mingled in the throng, and I saw them no more, though I did indeed pray earnestly that the God in whose never failing arm they put their trust, would restore them to their pious widowed parent, to be a comfort to her in old age.

I noticed to my friend, the Bishop's impressive manner. It had passed almost unheeded by her,—she regarded the matter as a piece of harmless superstition,—it was in vain to argue with her, or to awaken feelings that had no corresponding warmth in her heart.

"Perhaps you do not know," she said, "that it was a constant practice of Lord Nelson, to have prayers offered up in the Foundling church, when he was about to embark, especial-

ly during the hottest part of the war. These prayers were asked in the same simple, unpretending manner, as you heard this day; no titles or name mentioned, merely this "The prayers of the congregation are earnestly desired for a seaman about to enter on a perilous voyage." Few knew who it was that thus humbly solicited the prayers of all good christians; "still, I regard it merely as a piece of superstitious form in Lord Nelson or in any one else."

I was sorry that such should be the opinion of a person for whom I entertained a regard, but of such are the world. I would rather have held the lowly, trusting faith of that pale widow, and of England's gallant champion, than the lukewarm show of religion that led my fashionable friend to bow her knees in the Church in Longham Place.

In like manner, Lord Nelson used to return thanks in the Church for mercies vouchsafed during the perils of a voyage—"for having been preserved from perils of the deep, and perils of the enemy,"—so it used to be worded. Few were aware when they heard these words that they had been suggested by the greatest Naval Captain of this, or any age, Horatio Nelson.

I was much pleased with this anecdote of Nelson—it was new to me, as I dare say it will be to many of my readers.

He surely acknowledged by this simple act of piety that it was wiser to trust in the Lord than in any arm of man,—and did he not, like the Samaritan, "return to give glory to God!"

SOCRATES.—It is said of Socrates, the great Grecian philosopher, that he never allowed his temper to overcome him, but displayed the utmost tranquility on all occasions. Feeling at one time displeased with one of his servants he said, "I would beat thee if I were not angry."

COTTAGE PLAN.

The natural scenery of our country is as fine and captivating as that of any other land. We need hardly except wide-awake England, la belle France, or staid and sober Germany. We certainly can boast of greater inland seas or lakes, larger rivers and more extended and fertile valleys. God has blessed our country with smiling features, which we may look upon, and rejoice that our lot has "fallen to us in pleasant places." We have, however, deformed our fair landscapes by shabby towns and villages, not miserable and shabby from the poverty and wretchedness of their inhabitants, for we exult in peace and abundance, but shabby looking from the want of a nicely cultivated taste for symmetry and order. We may repeat the sentiment of Pope with propriety: "God made the country, but man made the town." It must be evident to an observing community that there is a growing interest upon the subject of architectural improvement. But those who would improve their houses, find it difficult to obtain modern and tasteful plans to guide them.

We shall therefore occasionally give a plan, with description of the most convenient and approved styles, for the construction of country and suburban residences. Our next will contain the ground plan of the above cottage, with specifications.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

Some hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

Truth.—The open, bold, honest truth is always the wisest, always the safest, for every one, in any, and in all circumstances.

Mother.—What a comfort there is in the name which gives assurance of a love that can neither change or fail.

The Robin.—I am sent to the ant to learn industry—to the dove to learn innocency—to the serpent to learn wisdom—and why not to the robin redbreast, who chaunts it as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

Effect of climate and cultivation on vegetables.—The myrtle tree, which with us is a small shrub, grows in Van Diemen's Land to the height of two hundred feet, and has a trunk from thirty to forty feet in circumference. The wood resembles cedar.

A few books well chosen are of more value than a great library. A knowledge of our duties is a most useful part of philosophy. A bad wound heals—a bad name kills. A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry. A bad workman quarrels with his tools. An idle brain is the devil's own workshop. Among the base merit begets envy; among the noble, emulation. A bitter jest is the poison of friendship. Avarice generally miscalculates, and as generally deceives. A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy, she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Definitions of vanity.—A very small bottle with a very long neck; the less there is in it the greater noise it makes in coming out. A talking peacock looking with contempt upon the rest of his species. An empty mind turned inside out.

Definitions of cleanliness.—A life preserver—A personal index—A first-rate house decorator—The most complete medicine chest—The best garb poverty can wear—The home of comfort, and the comfort of home. As virtue is to the soul, so is cleanliness to the body.

Management of children.—Young children are generally good judges of the motives and feelings of those who attempt to control them; and if you would win their love, and dispose them to comply with your reasonable requests, you must treat them with perfect candor and uprightness. Never attempt to cheat even the youngest into a compliance with your wishes, for though you succeed at the time, you lessen your influence by the loss of confidence which follows detection.

A person, meeting a coal merchant, enquired what a chaldron of coals would come to? The coal merchant began to consider, and knowing that the question was put to him from mere idle curiosity, deliberately answered, "Sir, if they are well burnt they'll come to ashes."

Prisoner stand up. Are you guilty or not guilty? "Faith, do you think I'd be doing the work of the jury for 'em when they're paid for it? Let 'em find it out themselves."

An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think that such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig—he drives it first."

A man down east has invented yellow spectacles, for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving of expense, if worn when eating.

A poor poet wished that a sovereign, like a piece of scandal, would grow bigger every time it circulated.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince meat, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade;
Jars of pickles all home made:
Would the only jars were these
That occur in families.

Mock preserved ginger.—Boil as if for table small, tender, white carrots; scrape them free from all spots, and take out the hearts. Steep them in spring water, changing it every day, until all vegetable flavor has left them. To every pound of carrot so prepared, add one quart of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, two ounces of whole ginger, and the shaved rind of a lemon. Boil for a quarter of an hour every day until the carrots clear, and when nearly done, add red pepper to taste. This will be found equal to West India preserved ginger.

A black man's receipt to dress rice.—Wash him well; much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil all ready very fast. Throw him in; rice can't burn, water shake him too much. Boil quarter of an hour, or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger; if all rub away, him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him, put back rice in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire; then rice all ready. Eat him up!—*Correspondent.*

To dress cold fish.—Dip a flat dish in hot water to prevent cracking, smear it with butter, and sprinkle white pepper on it; then a thick layer of stale bread, grated fine; a layer of the fish, picked from bones, and broken small; a little melted butter—prepared without milk—poured over another layer of bread—then of fish—with butter as before. Repeated as often as required for quantity of fish, and size of dish. Smooth the surface with a spoon, and sprinkle slightly fine bread, mixed with white pepper, on the top. Place it for twenty or thirty minutes—according to thickness—before a brisk fire, with a tin shade at back of dish, to refract the heat. Cold washed mutton may be redressed same way; first wiping the meat quite free from gravy, in a napkin.

Invaluable Dentifrice.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold, add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor; bottle the mixture for use. One wine-glassfull of this solution, added to half a pint of tepid water, is sufficient for each application.

An excellent yellow dye for silks, ribbons, etc.—Take a large handful of horseradish leaves, boil them in two quarts of water for half an hour, then drain it off from the leaves, and soak the article you have for dying in it; when you think the color deep enough, take it out, wash it in cold water, and spread it out to dry

Cologne Water.—The "Der Freychuetz," a German newspaper, thus speaks of the city of Cologne:—"Cologne is principally inhabited by the editors of the 'Cologne Gazette,' and by 90,000 Germans, each of whom claims the name of 'Jean Maria Farina,' and to be the only first and original distiller of Cologne Water."

Montreal, June 28th, 1852.

DEAR EDITOR,—Since you have kindly offered me a space to devote to my business and correspondence with you, I have endeavored to show my appreciation of your thoughtfulness by designing a title page, which I hope may please you, and be considered appropriate by your readers. However, by so doing I have brought myself into close quarters as far as the first page is concerned. You see that *bears*, *beavers*, *canoes*, and *ships of ancient date* environ it on one side; *Niagara Falls* in miniature, appear in the distance pouring a ceaseless volume of water into the basin below, and *Montreal*, the rallying point of commercial interests, to our Province, will be easily recognised by her spires and her various emblems of commerce, with the figure of liberty guarding that most powerful engine of human progress—*The Press*.

As I am a man of modest aspirations, and limited acquirements, it accords with my feelings to confine myself to a small space, but I trust you will, in this instance, be quite willing to give me all the room I may require, as I wish to make some suggestions, which will, I trust, be for our mutual good and the best interests of the "Maple Leaf." Our position is one of great importance: circulating books is a very responsible pursuit, because whether decidedly good or otherwise, they are generally retained and read, and a salutary or hurtful influence will be exerted over future generations. A sermon may be preached or a lecture given of a doubtful tendency, and the mind for a time disturbed, but favorable influences will bring it back to a healthful train of thought, and no great injury be done. Not so with a bad or foolish book,—it can be reperused, and the baneful impressions strengthened. With these facts impressing my mind, I must beg you to co-operate with me fully in making this magazine unexceptionable. Admit no articles but those of a refined and improving character, that while it shall be adapted to the young it may be edifying to older, and more cultivated minds. We must provide profitable and pleasant employment for the hands as well as the head, and introduce chapters on Botany, gardening, or patterns for knitting, netting, or crotchet work. In short, we must, with a nice taste, and discriminating judgment, select from the vast storehouse of useful knowledge, everything proper to embellish a periodical of such pretensions, and thus render it emphatically a Canadian Family Magazine.

It may here be proper for me to advert to my former relations to the "Snow Drop," as you have seen an advertisement which somewhat criminates me. I will simply say that the work would not probably now be in existence if I had not taken hold of it, and for two years labored with con-

siderable zeal and no small sacrifice to give it publicity. After superintending its publication for the proprietors one year, they informed me that they could not go on with it, and urged me to assume the pecuniary responsibility of the work, and pay them a salary to edit it, which I accordingly did; and, as they transferred their subscription list to me, and the perpetuation of the magazine depended on my efforts, I could only conclude that it was my own. All my arrangements were made to continue it, but just at the period when the "Snow Drop," promised well, I was informed that by virtue of a copyright the work must revert to the original proprietors, who felt that they could proceed without any further assistance on my part. I was therefore obliged to publish a new magazine, "The Maple Leaf," which occupies a somewhat different field, and is far from being an opponent to that truly valuable Juvenile Magazine, which I wish all success. I might obtain many subscribers to it while laboring for my own work, but the proprietors have declared that they will have no connection with any enterprise in which I may engage.—I must therefore content myself with good wishes, and push my own work with all the more vigor. I here take leave of you, promising not to encroach upon your time and patience for at least one month, when I hope I may be able to tell you many encouraging things.

Yours, truly,

THE PUBLISHER.

EDITORIAL.

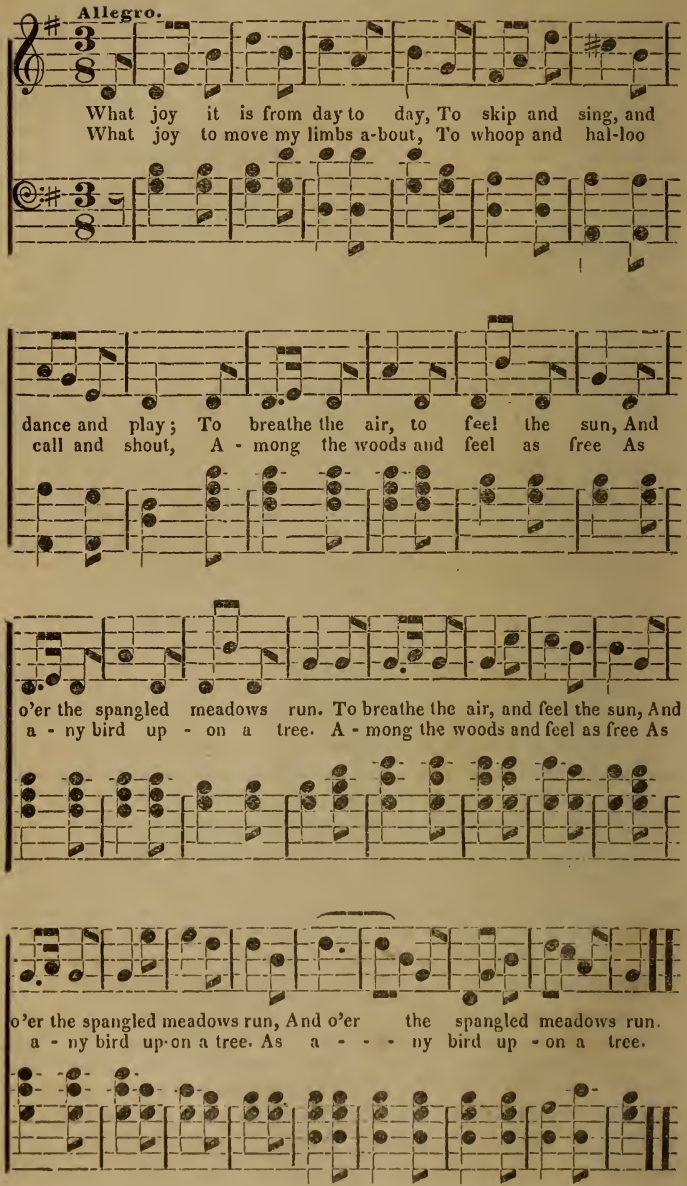
As soon as we get fairly started with the "MAPLE LEAF," we shall introduce a few things to amuse, in the form of charades, puzzles, &c. We hope some of our readers will exercise their ingenuity to good advantage in preparing some fine enigmas, particularly geographical ones, as they exercise the mind, and fix the names of places and their localities upon the memory.

The Netting, Knitting, or Crochet Patterns we shall introduce on the 3rd and 4th pages of the cover, for several reasons. Some may object to occupying valuable space with what cannot interest them, others may not like the patterns, but if the cover is used, they cannot complain; then frequent use of the pattern will not soil the reading portion, and it can be removed entirely without injuring the book.

We regret that we have not space to call attention to some valuable books received from the publishing house of Gould and Lincoln, Boston; also from John and Frederick Tallis, London, through their agent, Mr. J. Smyth, No. 26, Great St. James Street, Montreal, who keeps an extensive assortment of valuable illustrated works, which are issued in numbers. We hope next month to do justice to the liberality of those publishers who have kindly favored us.

PLEASANT THINGS.

MUSIC BY G. J. WEBB.


Allegro.
What joy it is from day to day, To skip and sing, and
What joy to move my limbs a-bout, To whoop and hal-loo
dance and play; To breathe the air, to feel the sun, And
call and shout, A - mong the woods and feel as free As
o'er the spangled meadows run. To breathe the air, and feel the sun, And
a - ny bird up - on a tree. A - mong the woods and feel as free As
o'er the spangled meadows run, And o'er the spangled meadows run.
a - ny bird up-on a tree. As a - - - ny bird up - on a tree.

THE GRAVE OF O. J. SAMSOE.

This engraving represents the grave and monument of O. J. Samsoe, in the beautiful cemetery in the vicinity of Copenhagen.

"At some distance beyond the northern, or rather the north-western gate, is the beautiful cemetery of the city. It is quite extensive, and resembles a garden more than a cemetery. It is divided into small parallelograms and squares, each large enough for one family. The walks are gravelled, and bordered by rows of trees, which are not suffered to become too large, whilst the abodes of the dead are adorned with flowers in the most agreeable manner which one can conceive. Most commonly, a sweet border of some evergreen shrubbery surrounds the grave, whilst a delightful tuft of flowers grows on the top. In many cases, no monumental marble marks the head and foot of the grave. The tombs of many, however, are what might be called small mausolea. Everywhere good taste prevails. A sepulchral urn, with a brief inscription respecting the life and merits of him who rests beneath, is here a very common memorial of the dead, whilst many of the slabs of marble contain nothing more, in addition to

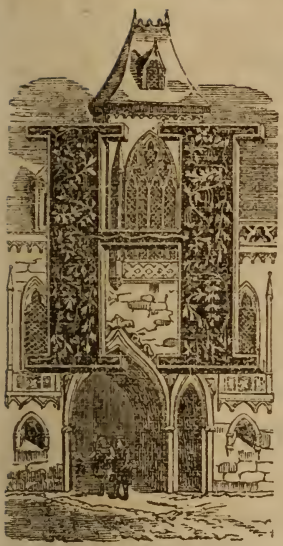
the name, than the words föd (born) and död (died), with perhaps a text of Scripture.

Such simplicity is befitting the repose of the dead. During life men may assume the meretricious ornaments with which vanity would clothe herself; but death comes to take them away, and to reduce all to the one common level of the tomb. How disgusting, then, is gaudy show or idle panegyric in such a place!

This cemetery is a favorite place of resort to all classes of the citizens of Copenhagen. Here the children and youth come to deck with flowers the borders of the grave of a parent, or brother, or sister, or friend. Here the more advanced in life come often, it is to be hoped, to reflect upon the uncertainty of its prospects and the nearness of its end. "It was only towards the close of the last century," says Professor Nyerup, "that a man of singular virtue and probity was able by his example to put an end to that superstitious and pestilential practice of burying beneath the churches, and thus infecting the living with the mephitic exhalations of the tomb. On the brink of eternity he felt conscious that he had wrought no ill to his fellow-men in his life, and he could not bear the thought that after death his mortal remains should poison the air they berathed; his dying wish was to rest beneath the free heaven. He was buried here A. D. 1785, and a plain marble tablet bears the initials,—J. S. A.,—of his name, with the words *benè vixit qui benè latuit*. From that time this place has rapidly extended, until it has become the garden of the departed, where they repose in peace beneath their flowery covering. It is a holy and solemn place, where the wanderer is awakened to deep and sincere devotion, and memory consecrates her offering of a tear to departed friends."

We visited this spot often, and never without being deeply affected. There is something in its stillness, its tender associations, and its abundance of sweet flowers, which is extremely soothing and calming to the feelings of irritation and vexation which we permit the cares and trials of life too often to excite. We have spent hours here in the beautiful season of Spring, when all nature had but just put on her livery of green. And we have spent hours here when Autumn had assumed the sere and yellow leaf, and every plant, every leaf, seemed to announce not only its own decay, but ours also. It is a place where one may go to learn both how to live and how to die."

MOZART'S REQUIEUM.



IS lovely character is seen in a tenderer light, when we realize that he gave the finishing touch to this exquisitely pathetic air, but a short time before his death. For several weeks previous, his soul had been employed in musical conceptions, soaring heavenward on the glorious outbreathings of song, and appearing to long for immortality, in which the grand and almost seraphic strains that heaved his frail tenement with their entrancing harmony, might find a loftier range. At length his sweetest song—THE REQUIEM—was finished; and retouching it for the last time, and infusing it with that pathos which would win for it a fadeless name, we are informed that he fell into a gentle slumber, from which the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither, Emilie," said he, "my task is done, the Requiem—my requiem—is finished!" "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, with tears in her eyes. "You look better; even now your cheek has a glow upon it. I am sure we shall nurse you well again. Let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for aid, in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take these my last notes, and sit down to my piano here, and sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me once more hear those tones which have been my solace and delight." Emilie complied, and with deep emotion sang the following lines :—

Spirit ! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run ;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortal's begun.

Spirit ! look not on the strife,
Or the pleasures of earth with regret ;
Nor pause on the threshold of immortal life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit ! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest ;
There the weary like thee—there the mourners shall find
A Heaven—a mansion of rest.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low notes of the piece, and then turning from the instrument, looked in vain for her father's approving smile. It was the still passionless smile which the wrapt and joyful spirit had left with the seal of death upon those features. She was alone.

The circumstances under which Mozart arranged this beautiful melody, which we gather from history, and here relate, are full of touching interest. More than half a century since, a poor shopkeeper, named Ruttler, a dealer in small wares, dwelt in the suburb of St. Joseph, at Vienna. The scanty profits of his business hardly sufficed to procure the comforts of life for his large family. Ruttler, however, was kind-hearted, and desirous of serving his friends. His roof, though poor, was hospitable, and the needy traveller never left it without having been comforted. An individual, whose serious deportment, and benevolent countenance were calculated to create respect, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. This person was evidently struggling against the influence of wasting malady. Nature seemed to have lost her charms for him. A languid smile animated his pale lips as Ruttler's children, morning after morning, saluted him, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On these occasions, he would raise his eyes to heaven, and seemed silently to implore a better fate than his for these little ones. Ruttler, who had observed the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat each morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger cheerfully accepted the civility, and the children often vied with each other in placing the humble stool be-

fore their father's guest. Ruttler had found it difficult to obtain sponsors for his children, and had usually depended upon the good offices of some neighbors, or even upon some chance passer. For the youngest no godfather had been chosen, and the stranger proposed to act as sponsor for the infant, calling her Gabrielle, and giving one hundred florins for the christening feast, to which he invited himself. Ruttler hesitated to take the sum. "Come, come," said the stranger, "when you know me better, you will see that I am not unworthy to share your sorrows. I perceive a violin in your shop, bring it to me, here, at this table, I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler quickly took down the violin, and handed it to the stranger, whose skill awoke such wonderful sounds, that the street was soon filled with listeners. A number of distinguished persons recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages. But he, completely occupied by his composition, did not notice the eager crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop, and, on finishing his writing, put the paper into his pocket, gave his address to Ruttler, intimating that he should expect to be at the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger came no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several persons dressed in black, with mournful countenances, stopped, and sadly contemplated the humble seat. Ruttler then determined to make some inquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He went to the house to which the stranger addressed him. The door was hung in black; a coffin was surrounded by an immense quantity of wax-lights; a throng of artists, grandees, scientific and literary men lamented the sorrowful event that had taken place. The truth, for the first time, flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned, with astonishment, that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration—his guest, the proposed godfather of his child—was Mozart! Mozart, who, seated on the rude stool, was composing his requiem! the last effort of "Germany's expiring Swan." It is said that Ruttler's establishment became much frequented, and he was thus able to provide handsomely for his children. The youngest was named Gabrielle, as Mozart had desired, and the violin on which the great composer had played, served as the marriage portion of his god-daughter. It was afterwards sold for four thousand florins, with the seat on which Moz-

art used to rest, Ruttler never would part, though offered tempting sums for it.

We have become so interested in this wonderful man, and have met so many pleasing anecdotes of his life, that we ask our readers to pursue the subject farther, while we give some of the most prominent particulars in his career.

Wolfgang Mozart was born at Salzburg in 1756. At the tender age of four years, his father commenced teaching him little pieces on the harpsichord. He only needed half an hour to play a minuet with correctness and ease. From this period he made rapid progress, and in his fifth year composed many trifles which he played to his father, who wrote them down. He applied himself with energy to all subjects in which he received instruction, but music was the study that delighted him most. A concert for the harpsichord which he wrote in his fifth year, perfectly according to the rules of the art, was so difficult, that only the most acomplished performer could have played it. He was now taken to Vienna, and introduced at the Emperor's Court. Young Mozart was anxious to please real connoisseurs. In Vienna a little violin was given to him, and when he returned to Salzburg he made such progress on this instrument, without the assistance of his father, that, to the surprise of all, he performed the second violin in a trio with the greatest precision. At the early age of twelve years he composed the oflretorium, and a concert for trumpets, on the occasion of the consecration of a church at Vienna, and led the solemn performance in the presence of the Imperial Court. In 1769 Mozart, who had been made master of the concerts at the court orchestra at Salzburg, commenced a journey to Italy, in company with his father. In Rome he undertook to write down, on hearing it, the famous 'Miserere,' annually sung in the Sistine Chapel, and at that time kept very secret. He succeeded so well that when he sang it in company, Christofori, who had sung it in the chapel, was astonished. The Pope made him a knight of the Golden Spur, and in Bologna, after having composed, in half an hour, a piece for four voices, in a room in which he was shut up alone, he was elected member and master of the Chapel of the Philharmonic Academy. He composed the opera of 'Mithredates' in his fourteenth year, and it was repeated more than twenty times in succession. In

his nineteenth year he went again to Vienna, and engaged in the service of the emperor. He there fully satisfied the expectations which were raised by his early genius, and became the Raphael of Musicians. In truth, says an account before us, Mozart's whole life seems to have consisted of little more than a succession of musical reveries. He was very absent, and in answering questions appeared to be thinking of something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands he never stood still, but used to walk up and down the room. At dinner also, he was apparently lost in meditation. The peculiar manner in which he carried on the mental processes of composition, he thus gives in a letter to a friend :—"When once I become possessed of an idea, and have begun to work upon it, it expands, becomes methodised, and stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine picture, at a glance ; nor do I hear in my imagination the parts successively, but I hear them as it were all at once : the delight which this gives me I cannot express. All this inventing takes place in a pleasing lively dream ; but the actual bearing of the whole is the greatest enjoyment. What has been thus produced I do not easily forget, and this is perhaps the most precious gift for which I have to be thankful. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use the expression, what has been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason the committing to paper is done quickly enough ; for everything is already finished, and rarely differs on paper from what it was in my imagination." Apart from his musical triumphs, Mozart's personal history is deeply interesting. He was extremely pious, and from his earliest childhood it seemed to be his perpetual endeavor to conciliate the affections of those around him. The most docile and obedient of children, even the fatigues of a whole day's performance would never prevent him from continuing to play or practice if his father desired it. When scarcely more than an infant, every night, before going to bed, he used to sing a little air which he had composed on purpose, his father having placed him standing in a chair, and singing the second to him ; he was then, but not till then, laid in bed contented and happy. Throughout the whole of his career, he seemed to live much more for others than for himself. His great object at first was to relieve the ne-

cessities of his parents; afterwards his generosities to his professional brethren, and the impositions practised upon him by designing men, brought on difficulties, and finally those exertions to save his wife and children from impending destitution, which he was prompted to use, destroyed his health and hurried him to an untimely grave. His instrumental music, symphonies, quartets, concertos for the piano, sonatas, &c., will remain an admired pattern for all nations and all ages.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;

And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:—
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of the bird must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree.
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder-halls aloud;
To spread out the wings for a wild free flight
With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight!
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water-drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth there to flee:
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls;
Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old.
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

"How blest the farmer's simple life!
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife;
Free 'mid the scented fields!

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

(*Continued from Page* 13.)

CHAPTER II.

HIS young man, (George Harris) had been hired out by his master to work in a bagging factory, where his adroitness and ingenuity caused him to be considered the first hand in the place. He had invented a machine for the cleaning of the hemp, which, considering the education and circumstances of the inventor, displayed quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin.*

He was possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners, and was a general favorite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a man, but a thing, all these superior qualifications were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chattel had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave.

He was waited upon over the factory, shown the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back, and put him to hoeing and digging, and "see if he'd step about so smart." Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were as-

---

* A machine of this description was really the invention of a young colored man in Kentucky.

tounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr. Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is?—isn't the man *mine*?"

"We would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business."

"Dare say he may be; never was much adapted to anything that I set him about, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unluckily.

"O yes!—a machine for saving work, is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; let a nigger alone for that, any time. They are all labor-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall tramp!" . . .

George was taken home, and put to the meanest drudgery of the farm. He had been able to repress every disrespectful word; but the flashing eye, the gloomy and troubled brow, were part of a natural language that could not be repressed,—indubitable signs, which showed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

It was during the happy period of his employment in the factory that George had seen and married his wife. During that period,—being much trusted and favored by his employer,—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion. The marriage was highly approved of by Mrs. Shelby, who, with a little womanly complacency in match-making, felt pleased to unite her handsome favorite with one of her own class, who seemed in every way suited to her; and so they were married in her mistress' great parlor, and her mistress herself adorned the bride's beautiful hair with orange-blossoms, and threw over it the bridal veil, which certainly could scarce have rested on a fairer head; and there was no lack of white gloves, and cake and wine,—of admiring guests to praise the bride's beauty, and her mistress' indulgence and liberality. . . .

Mrs. Shelby had gone on her visit, and Eliza stood in the

verandah, rather dejectedly looking after the retreating carriage, when a hand was laid on her shoulder. She turned, and a bright smile lighted up her fine eyes.

"George, is it you? How you frightened me! Well; I am so glad you's come! Missis is gone to spend the afternoon; so come into my little room, and we'll have the time all to ourselves."

Saying this, she drew him into a neat little apartment opening on the verandah, where she generally sat at her sewing, within call of her mistress.

"How glad I am!—why don't you smile?—and look at Harry—how he grows." The boy stood shyly regarding his father through his curls, holding close to the skirts of his mother's dress. "Isn't he beautiful?" said Eliza, lifting his long curls and kissing him.

"I wish he'd never been born!" said George bitterly. "I wish I'd never been born myself!" . . .

"O, now, dear George, that is really wicked! I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard master; but pray be patient, and perhaps something—"

"Patient!" said he interrupting her; "have n't I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and took me away, for no earthly reason, from the place where everybody was kind to me? I'd paid him truly every cent of my earnings,—and they all say I worked well."

"Well, it *is* dreadful," said Eliza; "but, after all, he is your master, you know."

"My master! and who made him my master? That's what I think of—what right has he to me? I'm a man as much as he is. I'm a better man than he is. I know more about business than he does; I am a better manager than he is; I can read better than he can; I can write a better hand,—and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him,—I've learned it in spite of him; and now what right has he to make a dray-horse of me?—to take me from things I can do, and do better than he can, and put me to work that any horse can do? He tries to do it; he says he'll bring me down and humble me,

and he puts me just to the hardest, meanest and dirtiest work, on purpose!" . . .

"If I don't make him remember it, some time!" and the brow of the young man grew dark, and his eyes burned with an expression that made his young wife tremble. "Who made this man my master? That's what I want to know!" he said. . .

"What are you going to do? O, George, don't do anything wicked; if you only trust in God, and try to do right, he'll deliver you."

"I an't a Christian like you, Eliza; my heart's full of bitterness; I can't trust in God. Why does he let things be so?"

"O, George, we must have faith. Mistress says that when all things go wrong to us, we must believe that God is doing the very best."

"That's easy to say for people that are sitting on their sofas and riding in their carriages; but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come some harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns and can't be reconciled, anyhow. You couldn't, in my place,—you can't now, if I tell you all I've got to say. You don't know the whole yet."

"What can be coming now?"

"Well, lately Mas'r has been saying that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe, because they are proud, and hold their heads up above him, and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says he won't let me come here any more, and that I shall take a wife and settle down on his place. At first he only scolded and grumbled these things; but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river."

"Why—but you were married to *me*, by the minister, as much as if you'd been a white man?" said Eliza, simply.

"Don't you know a slave can't be married? There is no law in this country for that; I can't hold you for my wife if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you,—why I wish I'd never been born; it would have been better for us both,—it would have been better for this poor

child if he had never been born. All this may happen to him yet!"

"O, but master is so kind!"

"Yes, but who knows?—he may die—and then he may be sold to nobody knows who. What pleasure is it that he is handsome, and smart, and bright? I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will piece through your soul for every good and pleasant thing your child is or has; it will make him worth too much for you to keep!"

The words smote heavily on Eliza's heart; the vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow, she turned pale and gasped for breath. She looked nervously out on the verandah, where the boy, tired of the grave conversation, had retired, and where he was riding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby's walking-stick. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears, but checked herself.

"No, no,—he has enough to bear, poor fellow!" she thought. "No, I won't tell him; besides, it an't true; Missis never deceives us."

"So Eliza, my girl," said the husband mournfully, "bear up, now; and good-by, for I'm going."

"Going, George! Going where?"

"To Canada," said he, straightening himself up; "and when I'm there, I'll buy you; that's all the hope that's left us. You have a kind master, that won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy;—God helping me, I will!"

"O, dreadful! if you should be taken?"

"I won't be taken, Eliza; I'll *die* first. I'll be free, or I'll die!"

"You won't kill yourself!"

"No need of that. They will kill me, fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive!"

"O, George, for my sake, do be careful! Don't do anything wicked; don't lay hands on yourself, or any body else! You are tempted too much—too much; but don't—go you must—but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you."

"Well, then, Eliza, hear my plan. Mas'r took it into his head to send me right by here, with a note to Mr. Symmes,

that lives a mile past. I believe he expected I should come here to tell you what I have. It would please him, if he thought it would aggravate 'Shelby's folks,' as he calls 'em. I'm going home quite resigned, you understand, as if all was over. I've got some preparations made,—and there are those that will help me; and, in the course of a week or so, I shall be among the missing, some day. Pray for me, Eliza; perhaps the good Lord will hear you."

"O, pray yourself, George, and go trusting in him; then you won't do anything wicked."

"Well, now, *good-by*," said George, holding Eliza's hands, and gazing into her eyes, without moving. They stood silent; then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping,—such parting as those may make whose hope to meet again is as the spider's web,—and the husband and wife were parted.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING IN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is her you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." . . .

While this scene was passing in the cabin of the man, one quite otherwise passed in the halls of the master.

The trader and Mr. Shelby were seated together in the dining room afore-named, at a table covered with papers and writing utensils.

Mr. Shelby was busy in counting some bundles of bills, which, as they were counted, he pushed over to the trader, who counted them likewise.

"All fair," said the trader; "and now for signing these yer."

Mr. Shelby hastily drew the bills of sale towards him, and signed them, like a man that hurries over some disagreeable business, and then pushed them over with the money. . .

"Wal, now, the thing's *done!*" said the trader getting up.

"It's *done*!" said Mr. Shelby, in a musing tone; and, fetching a long breath, he repeated, "*It's done!*" . . .

"By the by, Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you lugged in to our dinner-table to-day?"

"Haley is his name," said Shelby, turning himself rather uneasily in his chair, and continuing with his eyes fixed on a letter.

"Is he a negro-trader?" said Mrs. Shelby noticing a certain embarrassment in her husband's manner." . . .

"Well, since you must know all, he is! I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both."

"What! our Tom?—that good, faithful creature!—been your faithful servant from a boy! O, Mr. Shelby!—and you have promised him his freedom too,—you and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. . . . Tom is a noble-hearted, faithful fellow, if he is black. I do believe, Mr. Shelby, that if he were put to it, he would lay down his life for you! . . . Why not make a pecuniary sacrifice? I'm willing to bear my part of the inconvenience. O, Mr. Shelby, I have tried—tried most faithfully, as a Christian woman should—to do my duty to these poor, simple, dependent creatures. I have cared for them, instructed them, watched over them, and known all their little cares and joys, for years; and how can I ever hold up my head again among them, if for the sake of a little paltry gain, we sell such a faithful, excellent, confiding creature as poor Tom, and tear from him in a moment all we have taught him to love and value? I have taught them the duties of the family, of parent and child, and husband and wife; and how can I bear to have this open acknowledgment that we care for no tie, no duty, no relation, however sacred, compared with money? I have talked with Eliza about her boy—her duty to him as a Christian mother, to watch over him, pray for him, and bring him up in a Christian way; and now what can I say, if you tear him away, and sell him, soul and body, to a profane,

unprincipled man, just to save a little money? I have told her that one soul is worth more than all the money in the world; and how will she believe me when she sees us turn round and sell her child?—sell him, perhaps, to certain ruin of body and soul!"

"I know it,—I dare say;—but what's the use of all this?—I can't help myself—either they must go, or *all* must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage, which if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged,—and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance, and I had to give them up. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way, and no other. I was in his power, and *had* to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have all sold?"

Mrs. Shelby stood like one stricken. Finally, turning to her toilet, she rested her face in her hands, and gave a sort of groan.

"This is God's curse on slavery!—a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing! a curse to the master and a curse to the slave! I was a fool to think I could make anything good out of such a deadly evil. It is a sin to hold a slave under laws like ours,—I always felt it was,—I always thought so when I was a girl,—I thought so still more after I joined the church; but I thought I could gild it over,—I thought, by kindness, and care, and instruction, I could make the condition of mine better than freedom—fool that I was!"

"Why, wife, you are getting to be an abolitionist, quite."

"Abolitionist! if they knew all I know about slavery they might talk! We don't need them to tell us; you know I never thought that slavery was right—never felt willing to own slaves." . . .

"I have n't any jewelry of any amount," she added, thoughtfully; "but would not this watch do something?—it was an expensive one, when it was bought. If I could only at least save Eliza's child, I would sacrifice anything I have."

"I'm sorry, very sorry, Emily," said Mr. Shelby, "I'm sorry this takes hold of you so; but it will do no good. The fact is, Emily, the thing's done; the bills of sale are already signed,

and in Haley's hands ; and you must be thankful it is no worse. That man has had it in his power to ruin us all,—and now he is fairly off. If you knew the man as I do, you'd think that we had had a narrow escape." . . .

"And this wretch owns that good, faithful Tom, and Eliza's child!"

"Well, my dear, the fact is that this goes rather hard with me ; it's a thing I hate to think of. Haley wants to drive matters, and take possession to-morrow. I'm going to get out my horse bright and early, and be off. I can't see Tom, that's a fact ; and you had better arrange a drive somewhere, and carry Eliza off. Let the thing be done when she is out of sight."

"No, no," said Mrs. Shelby ; "I'll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I'll go and see poor old Tom, God help him, in his distress! They shall see, at any rate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about it. The Lord forgive us! What have we done, that this cruel necessity should come on us?"

There was one listener to this conversation whom Mr. and Mrs. Shelby little suspected.

Communicating with their apartment was a large closet, opening by a door into the outer passage. When Mrs. Shelby had dismissed Eliza for the night, her feverish and excited mind had suggested the idea of this closet ; and she had hidden herself there, and, with her ear pressed close against the crack of the door, had lost not a word of the conversation.

When the voices died into silence, she rose and crept stealthily away. Pale, shivering, with rigid features and compressed lips, she looked an entirely altered being from the soft and timid creature she had been hitherto. She moved cautiously along the entry, paused one moment at her mistress' door, and raised her hands in mute appeal to heaven, and then turned and glided into her own room. . . .

She took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote, hastily,

"O, Missis! dear Missis! don't think me ungrateful,—don't think hard of me, any way,—I heard all you and mas-

ter said to-night. I am going to try to save my boy—you will not blame me! God bless and reward you for all your kindness!"

Hastily folding and directing this, she went to a drawer and made up a little package of clothing for her boy, which she tied with a handkerchief firmly round her waist; and, so fond is a mother's remembrance, that, even in the terrors of that hour, she did not forget to put in the little package one or two of his favorite toys, reserving a gayly painted parrot to amuse him, when she should be called on to awaken him. It was some trouble to arouse the little sleeper; but, after some effort, he sat up, and was playing with his bird, while his mother was putting on her bonnet and shawl.

"Where are you going, mother?" said he, as she drew near the bed, with his little coat and cap.

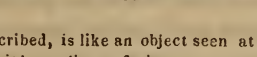
His mother drew near, and looked so earnestly into his eyes, that he at once divined that something unusual was the matter.

"Hush, Harry," she said; "musn't speak loud, or they will hear us. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him 'way off in the dark; but mother won't let him,—she's going to put on her little boy's cap and coat, and run off with him, so the ugly man can't catch him"

Saying these words, she had tied and buttoned on the child's simple outfit, and, taking him in her arms, she whispered to him to be very still; and, opening a door in her room which led into the outer verandah, she glided noiselessly out. . . .

A few minutes brought them to the window of Uncle Tom's cottage, and Eliza, stopping, tapped lightly on the window pane.

Chapter 4, will commence with a good illustration.



A thing imperfectly described, is like an object seen at a distance, or through a mist—we doubt whether it be reality or fiction.

Cessation from bodily pain is not of itself a pleasure, for a negative can neither give pleasure or pain; but man is so framed by nature to rejoice when he is relieved from pain, as well as to be sorrowful when deprived of any enjoyment.

THE VENTRILOQUIST AND THE BEAR.

HE practice that many people have of speaking at random, and telling marvellous stories, to amuse themselves with the expressions of wonder they thus draw from their auditors, is often attended with serious consequences. The young especially are injured by listening to such exaggerations. The freshness and ardor of their interest in knowledge is impaired, they learn to look at things suspiciously, and they cannot see that those who are devoted to their own selfish amusement, possess warm hearts, or are even to be relied upon for the truth. In almost every family circle or neighborhood may be found a privileged acquaintance, or kind old uncle, who, though really interested in the improvement and well-being of those who compose it, from a love of contradiction, or a reckless desire to see *some* excitement going on, completely sacrifice their influence for good. They are ready to say or do almost anything for the sake of a joke, or to teaze, and they thus implant a distrust of virtue and excellence, and a dissatisfaction with mankind, which is often developed into positive dislike. A bad or dangerous belief once promulgated, cannot be entirely withdrawn from the world. The pernicious principle sinks like seed into hearts, just ready perhaps to receive it, and will grow with the rankness of spontaneous vegetation. Nor can the propagation of such evil be entirely arrested, though its belief be retracted by the person who first proclaimed it. Its fruit is often "an hundred fold," and thus winged germs of mischief may be borne to distant lands, and a harvest of evil surprise the repentant propagator, who henceforth feels a remorseful anguish when he thinks of what he has done to injure his fellow-man. Then let us be thoughtful what we speak, and above all careful of the truthfulness and correctness of the sentiments we advance. The following incident, which we extract from a London periodical, and which is said to be true, conveys an important lesson on the difficulty of eradicating wrong impressions:—

On a fine afternoon in autumn, a large crowd, composed of men, women and children, were seen advancing through the

principal streets of Hopefield, a small village in England. In the midst of them was a black bear, which walked unconcernedly along, conducted by his keeper.

This man wore a drab surtout, large enough to admit two persons of his dimensions within its folds; a waistcoat much too short, boots which only lacked the soles, and a hat grown grey with time. A young boy, with a famished look, marched in front, blowing on a flageolet, and thumbing a tamborine.

When he had arrived in front of the "Red Lion," the only tavern in the village, the bear-leader stopped, and, forming a circle around him, ordered Bruin to stand up. After brandishing a stick above the head of the animal, he commenced dancing with him, and throwing himself into the most ludicrous attitudes, which Bruin imitated in a style truly picturesque. The inhabitants of Hopefield appeared delighted, and the crowd laughed with good will, and loudly.

A ventriloquist, of joyous mood, who happened to be at the "Red Lion," beheld, from a window, this ludicrous scene. Having arrived that morning at Hopefield, he had already formed a just estimate of the ignorance and credulity of its inhabitants; and the idea occurred to him to amuse himself a little at their expense.

He left the window, and joined the crowd of spectators, and, availing himself of a cessation of the shrill flageolet and noisy tamborine, he approached the showman.

"Your bear can, doubtless, speak?" said he, with a serious air.

The showman looked at him cunningly, shrugged his shoulders, and answered roughly—"Speak to him yourself, and you'll soon find it out."

This was just the reply the ventriloquist expected. He approached Bruin, and assuming a most comical expression, he said to the bear, in a droll tone of voice—"Allow me to compliment you, Mr. Bruin; you are as graceful as an opera-dancer. What country claims the honor of your birth?"

A voice which seemed to issue from the grisly jaws of the bear, replied—"The Alps, in Switzerland."

We will not attempt to describe the amazement of the crowd; every one was struck mute with fear and astonishment; but the

surprise of the showman would have offered an admirable subject for the pencil of Hogarth, surrounded by all those faces, in which consternation was so strongly depicted. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; he stretched wide his toothless mouth, and remained aghast and motionless, as if his feet had taken root where he stood.

The ventriloquist turned to him and said :—" Your bear speaks very good English, and has little remains of the Helvetic accent." Then turning again to Bruin, he observed in a kind tone—" You look sad ; are you not well ?"

" The fogs of England have given me the spleen," replied the animal.

Here the affrighted crowd began to move.

" Is it a long time since you belonged to this master ?"

" Quite long enough for me to be tired of him."

" Is he not kind to you, Bruin ?"

" Oh, yes—as kind as the hammer to the anvil."

" Will you not seek revenge some day ?"

" Assuredly. One of these mornings I will eat him, like a radish, for my breakfast."

At these words, the crowd, whose curiosity had urged them, in spite of their fears, gradually to approach, now suddenly fell back on each other, and great was the confusion that ensued.—The showman had heard enough, and forcibly drew the chain of the animal, to enforce his control, but the wearied bear growled fearfully.

The ventriloquist, perfectly satisfied with this experiment, turned suddenly about, and hurried toward the tavern. This augmented still more the fears of the spectators, and each one took to his heels, as if the bear were in pursuit of him.

The ventriloquist, having arrived at the inn, laughed heartily to see the simple villagers flying in every direction, whilst the imperturbable Bruin remained seated on his hind legs, seeming to contemplate, with unconcern, the terrors he had excited.

During the evening the ventriloquist stood at the door of the tavern, around which many of the inhabitants had gathered. The theme of conversation was, naturally, the adventure of Bruin. It was commented upon, and exaggerated, according to the various degrees of the fears of the beholders.

The ventriloquist, thinking that the joke had been carried far enough, explained how he had played upon their credulity. They listened to him at first with curiosity; but when he had finished, the old people shook their heads with an air of unbelief.

"This is good to tell children," murmured an old grandmother, "but people of experience are not to be imposed upon. It is not the first time that animals have been known to speak, as is related in the Bible of Balaam and his ass. Besides, the almanac predicted this event, and announced that, about the middle of August, three days earlier or later than this, there would take place something remarkable in the world."

The ventriloquist insisted, and sought to prove what he advanced, but his listeners withdrew with distrust, persuaded that he wished to deceive them.

VOYAGE OF AN ELEPHANT FROM INDIA.

N one of my voyages, it was my good-fortune to have as a shipmate one of the great ones of the East—a personage of vast weight in his *own* country, and still more run after and admired on his arrival in *this*. Though he came on board with but one attendant, and with no luggage but a single trunk, he trod the deck with as firm a step and as lordly a mien as if he had been one of the magnates of the ship, as well as of the land. The captain himself was fain to keep at a respectful distance from his passenger. He was silent and reserved in his demeanor; and the only person whom he honored with exclusive friendship and attention, was a little whey-faced, under-sized, dirty fellow, who acted as butcher on board. Be not surprised at this singular preference, gentle reader; the passenger with a single trunk was the same elephant which now exhibits its lordly form in the Regent Park Zoological Gardens; and it was but natural that he should feel particularly attached to the man whose constant care it was to administer to his wants, and to study to gratify his peculiar tastes.

In all large East India ships there is a space between the booms,

and *before* the bow of the long-boat, in which is a large open-barred pen, fitted up as a cow-house. In the present case, the roof of this was raised a few feet, the cow transferred to other quarters, and the place made as commodious as possible for its new tenant. Quantities of plantain stems, pumpkins, hay, joggry (a kind of coarse sugar,) and other elephant luxuries, were sent on board, and an anxious look-out was kept for a favorable opportunity for the animal's embarkation—a matter of no trifling difficulty, as all those know who have crossed the Madras surf, and all those *may* know, who will read Captain Basil Hall's account of it. At length, the wished-for opportunity presented itself, and the elephant was marched down to the beach—the day was fine, and the surf uncommonly low. Many years had elapsed since an exhibition of the kind had taken place ; and as great curiosity was excited on shore, a crowd assembled to witness the interesting spectacle. A large cargo-raft, or catamaran, was brought close to the water-mark on the beach, on each side of which a barricade of spars had been raised, with a vacant space between them in the centre. The elephant, with his keeper on his neck, was made to walk on to the raft, where he stood quietly between the barricades, while his fore and hind feet were secured with ropes to the spars below, and under his belly a stout piece of wood was passed, the ends ot which rested on the barricades, so as partially to support the weight of his body. A well-manned massoolah boat lay outside the first line of surf, with a tow-line attached to the raft on shore. When all was ready, the catamaran was launched into the surf by a strong party of coolies, while the men in the massoolah boat plied their oars, and kept a tight strain upon the tow-line, and in a few moments the watery barrier was passed. It was a beautiful sight to see the noble animal standing apparently firm and unmoved when the surf dashed over the catamaran, and broke in white foam around him. It was an interesting proof of his confidence in man, that, though danger presented itself in such a novel and startling aspect, he braved it without flinching while he knew that his keeper was with him. The outer line of surf was easily passed, for on the day in question it was scarcely perceptible ; and the novel spectacle presented itself, of a man riding over the sea upon an elephant. Meantime, everything was in readiness on board the ship for his recep-

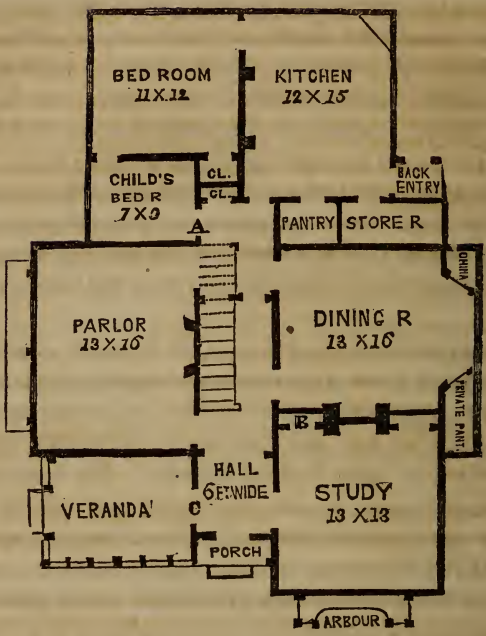
tion. A pair of immense slings had been prepared, such as are used for hoisting horses on board, only of larger dimensions, and much stronger materials; he had been regularly measured for them some days before. I will attempt to describe them for the benefit of the uninitiated. They were made of strong canvas, bound, as the ladies would say, with small rope, formed into a long broad belt to pass under his belly, with a smaller one to pass behind like a *breechin*, and another similar one to go over his breast, to prevent his slipping out; each end of the large belt was strongly secured over a stout round bar of wood, to the extremities of which were fastened the ends of a short strong rope, with an iron thimble in the *bight*, or centre. The main-yard was topped up and well secured; and as soon as the raft came alongside, the hands were called out, and every soul in the ship sent up to the tackle-fall. As soon as the slings were properly adjusted, the elephant's legs were released, and the keeper came on board. One of the men on the raft seeing the elephant raise one of his immense paws, thought he was in a dangerous neighborhood, and jumped into the water, preferring the chance of being nibbled at by the sharks to the apparent certainty of being crushed by an elephant. When the man swam to the raft again, and was laughed at for his alarm, he said he thought 'a kick from such a foot as that would be no joke.' At length, all was ready—the tackle was hooked—'haul taut on deck,' was the cry—'tweet, tweet,' sounded the boatswain's call. 'Now, my lads, for a steady walk,' said the chief mate; 'hoist away!' and in a moment the giant animal was dangling thirty feet above the water's edge, as helpless as if he had been a sucking pig. His alarm and astonishment must have been great, to find himself in such an unusual predicament; but whatever his feelings might have been, the only expression he gave to them was a loud cry, between a grunt and a roar, when he was first carried off his legs by the tackle. He was quickly lowered on deck, where his keeper was standing in readiness to receive him, and to coax him into good-humour again, if necessary, with joggry and other delicacies. He seemed too much pleased, however, to find himself safe on his legs again, to think much of the novelty of his situation, or to appreciate properly the honor of being on the quarter-deck of one of the finest merchantmen in the world, but gazed on all around him

with the most philosophic indifference. After allowing him a little time to recover his breath, he was coaxed forward, and hoisted over the booms into his new abode, the roof of which had been taken off to admit him. His keeper soon afterwards took leave of him with many salaams, and went on shore, and he was then consigned to the charge of the butcher.

Our passenger soon became reconciled to his new quarters, and was as much at home there as if he had been a sailor all his life. He remained on board the ship for nearly nine months, during which time we visited Penang, Singapore, China, and St. Helena. His principal food was plantain stems, hay, pumpkins, and joggry, of the latter of which he was very fond; his daily allowance of water was eight gallons. He was remarkably mild and tractable, and fond of every one who treated him with kindness—would kneel down at the word of command in Hindostanee; and if asked to shake hands, lifted up his enormous paw to comply. His sagacity was astonishing, and would sometimes have done credit to a rational being: I must mention one or two instances of it. His cage had an opening at one end, about four feet square, to allow room for the butcher to enter with his food. One of his principal amusements was to put his head out of this opening, to see if we were all doing our duty properly, while his trunk was busily engaged in picking up all the 'wee things' that came within its reach. This he was enabled to do more comfortably by means of a stout plank, the end of which projected a couple of feet into the cage, and which he made use of as a step. One day, the carpenter requiring some of the plank for a particular purpose, cut a few feet off the end of it, and it was then too short to reach the cage. As soon as the elephant missed his footstool, he began to shew his displeasur by tearing down the thin planks with which his cage was lined, and uttering cries of anger. At last, he caught sight of a pack of staves lying on the booms near him, twisted his trunk round it, and dragged it into his cage; then laying it down where the plank had been before, he mounted upon it, and gave a grunt of pleasure. On another occasion, the ship was staggering along before a strong breeze, and was rather suddenly hauled to the wind, which of course made her lie over very much. The moment the elephant felt the ship heeling over, he whirled round with his head to windward, and instantly thrust-

ing his trunk through between the bars of his cage, twisted it round one of the spars lashed outside, and held on by it. When we arrived at Blackwall, crowds of visitors came on board to see the new importation, and they were all much pleased with his gentleness and docility. He took everything that was offered him in the eating way, and was not at all particular in his tastes; indeed, on one occasion, a lady who put her reticule within tempting distance of his trunk, was rather astonished to see it transferred with surprising celerity from her hand to his mouth, and he swallowed it with as much relish, apparently, as if it had been a cabbage-leaf.

A strong platform was erected on an inclined plane from the ship's gangway down to the dock-walk, for the elephant's accommodation in disembarking—but in vain: he put one foot upon it, fancied it was not firm, and drew back; and nothing could have persuaded him to make a second attempt. We were obliged to hoist him out at last. As soon as he stood once more on the land, long lines were fastened to his feet, to check him in case he should attempt to run away, and he then quietly followed his keeper. As soon as he passed the dock-gate, where a crowd was assembled to welcome his appearance, he caught sight of the green hedges and trees down a lane to the right, and set of at a swinging trot to have a nearer look at them, trailing after him a whole rabble of boys, who were shouting and tugging at his heel-ropes. He was soon obliged to stop, and then housed in a neighboring stable till the middle of the night; and when all was still, he was quietly marched up to his new quarters in Regent Park. Some weeks afterwards, a friend accompanied me to the Zoological Gardens to visit our old shipmate, and see whether he would recognise us. As he was still a novelty, a number of people were assembled round his house, feeding him with cakes, and other acceptables of the kind. When we spoke to him, he *seemed* to recognise us, but whether he did so or not, he *understood* us, for, to the great surprise of the persons around, when we said in Hindostanee, 'Kneel down,' he did so immediately, and likewise raised his foot to shake hands, when told. I have not seen him since that time, but I have heard that he is doing well, and has greatly increased in size since he left his native shores.



GROUND PLAN.—*See July No.*

We expected to have given a full specification for the construction of a Cottage, after the style and manner indicated in the upright view which appeared in the July No., and the ground plan of the same which we now present. The cost of material in different localities varies so much that we have thought that any distinct specification would be of little use, and then most persons would prefer to make some alteration. We have therefore thought it sufficient to give the size of the rooms. In our next we shall show a very neat, convenient, and cheap country cottage, which could be completed for about $500.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Nothing truly excellent can be attained without self-denying application. We must toil at the mine, if we wish to possess the pure gold.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

If possible pleasure should be made to flow like a sweet atmosphere around the early learner, and pain be kept beyond the association of ideas. You cannot open flowers with a north-east storm. The buds of the hardiest plants will wait for the genial influences of the sun, theugh they perish while waiting. Parents and teachers often create that disgust of study, and that incorrigibleness and obstinacy of disposition, that they deplore. It is a sad exchange if the very blows which beat arithmetic and grammar into a boy, should beat confidence and manliness out.—*Horace Mann on Education.*

Lines for Everybody:—"What are another's faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To pick at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone."

The oak tree does not attain its full growth until it is two hundred years old.

A good answer.—A clergyman was asked to drink wine at a wedding and refused, as everybody should. "What, Mr. M.," said one of the guests, "don't you drink wine at a wedding?" "No Sir," was the reply, "I will take a glass of water." "But, Sir," said the officious guest, "you recollect the advice of Paul to Timothy, to take a little wine for his often infirmity." "I have no infirmity," was the reverend gentleman's reply.

To clean light kid gloves.—Rub them smartly with India rubber, magnesia, or moist bread. If soiled beyond thus restoring, sew up the tops and rub them with a decoction of saffron and water, using a sponge. They will be yellow or brown, according to the strength of the decoction. Put on *kid* gloves. Rub them with spirits of hartshorn, or with flannel dipped in milk, then rubbed with Castile soap.

To preserve herbs.—Gather them on a dry day, just before blossoming; suspend them, tied in bunches, in a dry, airy place, with the blossom end downwards; wrap the medicinal ones, when perfectly dry, in paper, and keep them from the air. Pound fine and sift the leaves of such as are to be used in cooking, and keep the powder in corked bottles.

PUBLISHER'S LETTER.

Dear Editor,—It is no doubt your province to familiarise yourself with the daily news, which, emanating from numberless sources more or less reliable, is propelled through various mediums, into every town and village of our land. Your vocation also obliges you to take a peep into books and periodicals, which, though not so widely circulated as newspapers, often contain personal allusions of an injurious character. I am confident you would be particularly sensitive at the circulation of anything which might injure me, and thus indirectly reflect discredit upon your own good name. I think you have fully recovered from the agitation and fear occasioned by the advertisement alluded to in my last letter. I hope also that my letter satisfied you that I have acted honorably. As you

are so much on the alert to gather information, I am sure you must have noticed in a recent number of the Lower Canada *Agricultural Journal*, an article accusing me of a high offence, no less than that of defrauding the people! A very grave charge, and, though false, it has already done me serious injury, and will continue to produce an unfavorable impression until the imputation is publicly withdrawn, or until I am able to show its injustice, and even then, such is the peculiarity of the mind, that, with some, these reports will make an impression, and it will be quite impossible to remove the bad effects of such representations, since, unfortunately, they are often sent beyond the reach of counteracting influences. You know that the progressive principle applies even more forcibly to falsehood than to truth. Some are always ready to repeat aspersions, either thoughtlessly, or from a love of talking, and thus prejudices may arise and continue against persons who have the best intentions, and possess sterling merit. I know this view of human nature is not pleasing, and lest you should leave me to defend myself as best I can, I will here again assure you that the accusation is not true, and I think I can convince you, and all whom it may concern, that the Society referred to had no reason to justify them in defaming my character.

It however affords me pleasure to state, from personal knowledge, that there are men in this society, and acting on its committee, who have honestly at heart the best good of that class to whose interests they are pledged. To such I feel under great obligations for their kind efforts to sustain and encourage me. For this reason I take no pleasure in speaking of the matter: it is painful; and I am sorry that in the attempt to convince the public of my fidelity, I must refer to men who, I believe, possess a high sense of propriety and honor, and who have, like myself, been deceived. I am sure your experience has taught you that those who serve societies sometimes meet with disappointment, since it is universally conceded that such bodies have no positive, tangible conscience, or individual responsibility, but more properly a general concentration of honorable principle and love of justice, which, for the want of some *responsible actor*, often merely exist in a *quiescent state*, and, consequently, are useless as far as a prompt attention to equity is concerned. As the officers of this society have no direct pecuniary interest, but are acting on behalf of the government to disburse the people's money, I felt myself safe in becoming their publisher, believing, if I served them faithfully, they would not allow me to be injured. In this I have been greatly disappointed, and suffered deeply from the misrepresentations of the society, through their Secretary, for which they are amenable.

I can easily show that I have labored most assiduously to further the interests of the Journal, and strictly fulfilled my agreement with the society, which was to publish the journal for one year only, with the privilege of continuing five years. I provided two reliable securities, which were accepted, and I feel that had I failed to come up to the stipulated standard, the society had a right to seek redress from them, and not injure me before the public.

I can also assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have accounted faithfully to the society for everything due to them; and if the statement relative to the Journal had proved correct, I should probably now be engaged in circulating that publication in every part of the Province.

I am quite prepared to defend myself, but, in so doing, shall be obliged to allude to facts, which, while they exonerate me, will seriously implicate others; and, I am sure, if I cannot prove conclusively that the appropriation to the Lower Canada Agricultural Society has been injudiciously expended, I can clearly demonstrate that it can be applied to much better advantage. If the Legislature of Canada will appoint me the publisher of an Agricultural Journal for the Provinces, and give me the same appropriation, I will give five hundred dollars annually—as long as the appropriation is made—to the erection and maintenance of an Agricultural School for the country; and five hundred dollars to be equally divided between the Mechanics' Institutes of Canada; and, I will give one-half of the proceeds of such a Journal to the poor who have suffered by the late calamitous fire in Montreal.

I must apologise for so long taking your attention from more agreeable topics. I should not have broached this subject at all, but I felt it most important that the public, especially the subscribers to the "MAPLE LEAF," should be assured that the dollars they send are safe.

THE PUBLISHER.

EDITORIAL.

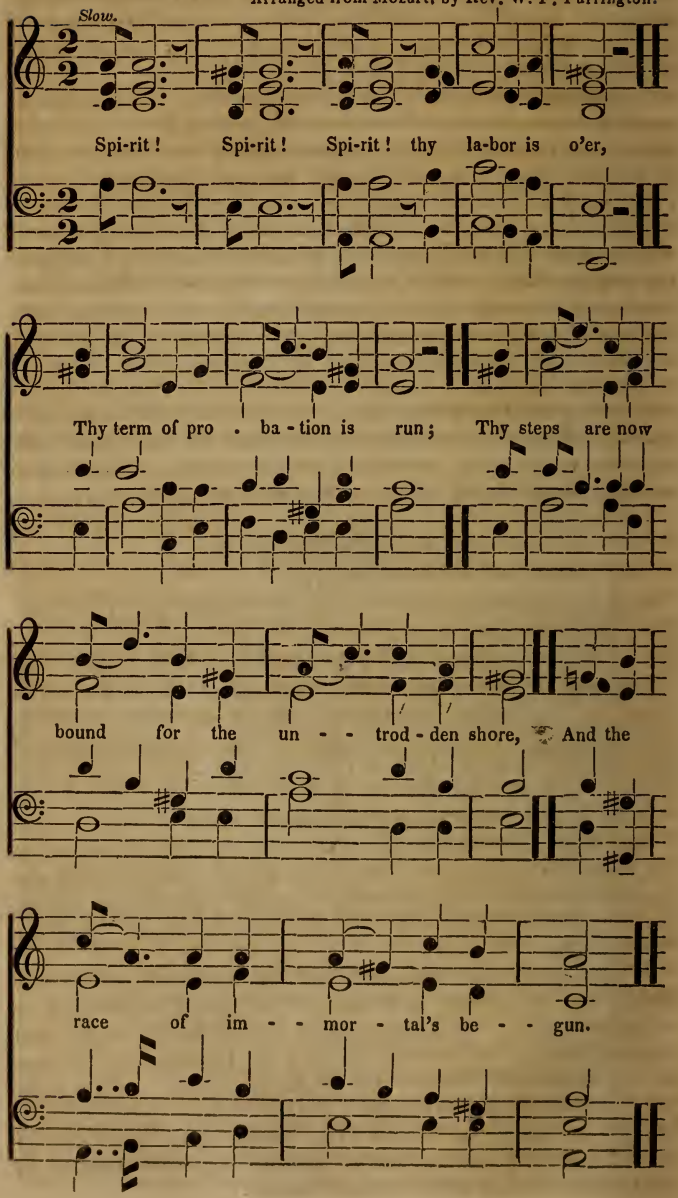
We have chosen for the music of this month, a pathetic piece, by the Rev. Mr. Farrington, and corrected by Professor Seebold, who is well known in our city as a very skilful performer and instructor in the piano-forte. His establishment and warehouse of music, and musical instruments, will be found, No. 51, Great St. James Street. We do not consider it wise to attempt to give, in a magazine of this size, elaborate or intricate music, and shall, therefore, in future, endeavour to furnish choice family tunes, not now common, or easily obtained. Mr Seebold will arrange them for the "MAPLE LEAF," and see that they are correctly printed.

Mrs. Walton has examined every stitch of the crotchet, and pronounced it a perfect and pretty pattern; and should it prove imperfect, those who detect a mistake, must scold the publisher,—instead of blaming Mrs. Walton, —gently, however, a first, as he is just now particularly sensitive to censure from the ladies.

We are glad to renew our acquaintance with our former cheerful companion, the "SNOW DROP," and thank Mr. Armour for his politeness, in bringing this about. We are much pleased to see our friend so chastely and elegantly adorned, and bearing a face so bright and agreeable. We can scarcely believe that, in so short an absence, our youthful neighbour could have developed so many lovely traits. We have already returned the compliment, by sending the "MAPLE LEAF," which, though quite *green* in aspect, is much esteemed in Canada, where its characteristic elements, of the useful with the agreeable, are so well known.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Arranged from Mozart, by Rev. W. F. Farrington.


Slow.
Spi-rit! Spi-rit! Spi-rit! thy la-bor is o'er,
Thy term of pro . ba - tion is run; Thy steps are now
bound for the un - - trod - den shore, And the
race of im - - mor - tal's be - - gun.

THE monuments of man's astonishing skill, preserved through ages, strike the traveller with a solemn awe. Ancient Egypt, with its pyramids, and tombs, the grandeur of whose dimensions, only equals the delicacy and beauty of their finish, still presents attractions to the lovers of antiquarian research. In spite of every inconvenience arising from the peculiarities in the customs of the people, and the climate of that country, men of learning and talent, are constantly employed in bringing its wonders to light, exploring its ruins, and even penetrating far beyond Egypt, into the heart of Africa. We have been much delighted with the perusal of a work published by Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, entitled, "A PILGRIMAGE TO EGYPT WITH ILLUSTRATIONS," by J. V. C. Smith, Editor of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, from which we have taken the following extract:—

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, we had drifted down to Kom Ombus, sixteen miles. Going on shore, we examined the gigantic columns, and parts of a great temple, dedicated to Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra, his sister, &c.,—a ruin that bids defiance to all description. There is not a house, shanty, or even the habitation of a human being, to be seen, where was once a city; and this temple, which has withstood the assaults of ages, and of barbarous men and travellers, excites the liveliest sentiments of admiration. The attainments of the artisans and architects of the remote epoch when this magnificent structure

stood in all its classical proportions and beauty,—the object of admiration for a series of ages,—were very extraordinary. This massive and very costly building—that must have required the constant and indefatigable labor of thousands of the first artists of the time, for forty or fifty years—contained two holies of holies. It was raised wholly at the expense of the infantry that was quartered, during its erection, at Ombus, which was one of the eminent military stations, and the centre of an extensive military district, during the joint reigns of the brother and sister. Under the ceiling of the magnificent portico of this imposing creation of men, some of the designs in coloring were never completed; but the outlines, in red chalk, are still fresh and distinct, as though but just made. I was so full of astonishment at the sight of these ancient ruins, that have outlived everything else, that it quite destroyed all the veneration that had previously been acquired for the antiquities of Rome. Pompeii and Herculaneum, with all their wonders and buried treasures, which I had wandered over with feverish eagerness, melted into utter insignificance in comparison with Kom Ombus.

We spent some time in reflection over two beautifully-sculptured stones, twenty feet long, eight in width, and nearly eight thick. How they had been transported from the quarry is a matter of speculation; for, even in our modern improvements in derricks, and boats for burden, it would be very difficult to handle these enormous blocks. But the next query was this: How were they raised up the steep bank of the river, and then elevated to their position in the structure? In regard to the great blocks of which the roof was composed, the same perplexity arises. Many of them would weigh—so thought all of us—from twenty to fifty tons, if not more. This is, indeed a marvellous story to relate.

The propylon, the imposing gateway,—lofty enough for the entrance of the gods,—is fast going into the river. The current has undermined the advance sub-structure, and some massive and unequalled specimens of ancient sculpture, and primitive outline drawing in colors, have already been swallowed up by the insatiable Nile. Thirty years will wholly obliterate the last remains of this magnificent, wonderful, and unique edifice, unless the government speedily lends a helping hand,

and defends them against the steady assaults of the river, and the ruthless devastation of foreign visitors. Monster temple as it was, it has diminished in volume ; and, though it holds itself erect and dauntless between two never resting foes,—the sands of Arabia upon its back, and the swift flowing waters of the river in front,—it must, at no very remote period, give way after a resistance of many a century of abandonment.

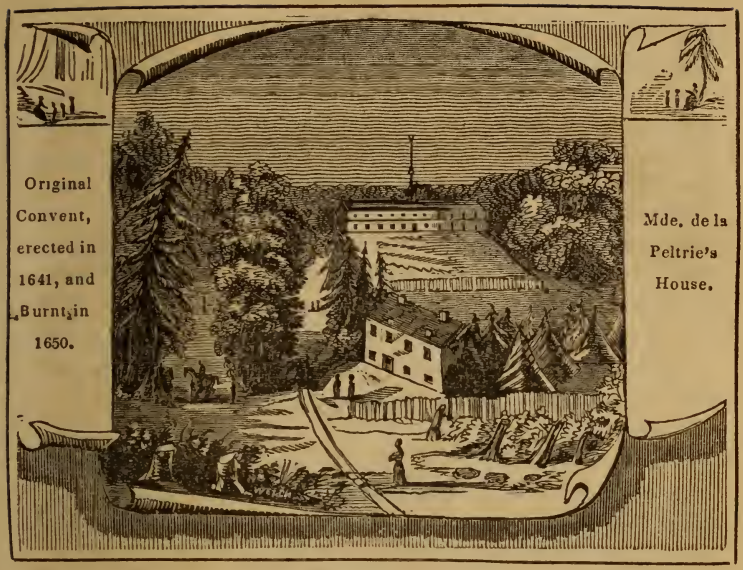
A grand prospect of distant mountain scenery opened upon our excited vision from the top of the old temple, and the walls that enclosed the sacred edifice. In another direction, the aspect was desolate ; for there was a wide waste of millions upon millions of acres of arid, heated sand, that defied vegetation, and is now threatening the concealment, in its constrictor embrace, of one of the finest specimens of architecture the world can boast. One of our sailors picked up the cast skin of a serpent six feet in length, indicating that loathsome reptiles are the permanent, undisturbed occupants of a spot once sacred to the gods of Egypt. A solemn worship, in the darkness of paganism, was instituted and practiced where we were standing : but the smoke of the altars has gone out ; the holy vestments and priestly apparatus are nowhere to be found ; and the stillness of death marks the locality where the voices of thousands were heard, in the ecstasies of heathen enthusiasm, in praise of imaginary deities, whose attributes were the passions of men, with the character of devils."

" No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn—
Shine with such lustre as the tear, that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek, for other's woes."

" 'Tis wrong to sleep in church—'tis wrong to borrow
What you can never pay—'tis wrong to touch
With unkind words the heart that pines in sorrow—
'Tis wrong to scold too loud—eat too much ;—
'Tis wrong to put off acting till *to-morrow*,
To tell a secret, or get drunk."

URSULINE CONVENT, QUEBEC—1641-1650.

PUBLIC institutions, whether religious or secular, are alike, the common property of a country, and the history of their establishment should be preserved, because the peculiarities of such institutions, give us a fair idea of the views and opinions of the era in which they existed. An excellent and respected friend has sent us an exquisitely finished drawing, from which our engraving is taken. It is a small landscape representing the URSULINE CONVENT QUEBEC. The drawing is the work of a young pupil of that institution, and is an exact copy of a larger painting. This engraving brings history home to us, and places before the mind, times when men had need of courage and heroism. It represents venerable trees, roads short, and lost in the deep forest shade, and groups of human beings, who once inhabited those houses and wigwams, and acted their part in life's busy allotments. Dim and shadowy is the imagery with which we are wont to invest such scenes, since we see them through the long vista of departed years, but the picture before us, has a touch of reality about it,—as we look, our fancies of the far off past begin to assume a more definite shape, and we can conceive the whole with the vividness of ideal presence. Centuries have passed since those grand arcades echoed the first sounds of aggressive civilization. The lofty monarchs of the woods yielded slowly to the axe, and years of toil were endured before the little settlement of Quebec, wore a prosperous appearance. The following interesting description accompanied the drawing:—"This institution was founded in Quebec, under the auspices of an illustrious widow, Mde. De la Peltrie, at a very early period after the foundation of Quebec. The first building, completed in 1641, nearly two years after the arrival of the nuns, was of wood, two stories high, and solid, says Mde. De l'Incarnation, (the first lady superior of the



house) in her letters, under date of 1644. She adds that the said house, was 92 feet in length, by 28 broad, in which was the chapel at one end measuring 17 feet by 28. It contained four chimnies for heating the house in winter, and consumed 175 cords of wood each year.

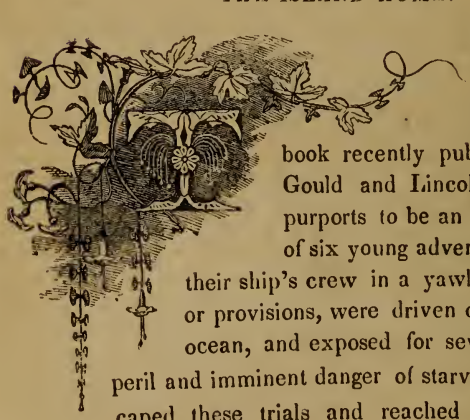
The late J. C. Fisher, Esq. in his valuable notes on Quebec, its edifices, monuments, &c., as identified in HAWKINS' PICTURE of QUEBEC, thus gives account of the curious pictorial plan of the establishment :—A very curious pictorial plan or map of the original convent is still in existence. In this, St. Lewis Street, appears merely a broad road between the original forest trees, and is called *La grand allée*, without a building immediately on either side.——At a little distance to the north of *La grand allée* is a narrow path called *Le Petit Chemin*, running parallel, and leading into the forest. . . . The house of Mde. De la Peltrie, the founder of the convent, is described as occupying, in 1642, the corner of *Garden Street*. . . . The *Ursuline Convent* stood at the north west of Mde. De la Peltrie's house, abutting on *Le Petit Chemin*, which ran parallel to St. Louis Street, and fronting toward Garden Street. It is represented

as being a well proportioned and substantial building, two stories high, with an attic, four chimnies, and a cupola or belfry in the centre. The number of windows in front was eleven, on the upper story. . . . In other compartments of this singular map, are seen *La mere de l'Incarnation* instructing the young Indian girls, under an ancient ash tree, and other nuns proceeding to visit the wigwams of the savages. . . . In *La grande allée*, the present St. Louis Street, we see Mr. Daillebout, the Governor on horseback. . . . And Mde. de la Peltrie entering her house, &c."

"The plan we have attempted to describe, is probably the most ancient, as it is the most interesting representation extant of any portion of Quebec in her early days."

B.

THE ISLAND HOME.



THE Island Home is the title of a book recently published by Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, of Boston. It purports to be an authentic narrative of six young adventurers, who, left by their ship's crew in a yawl, without compass or provisions, were driven out upon the broad ocean, and exposed for several days to great peril and imminent danger of starvation, but at last escaped these trials and reached a "desert island," "where, after the fashion of Robinson Crusoe, and other shipwrecked worthies," they appear to have led quite a romantic, holyday kind of life. It would seem that a diary was kept by these "islanders," which furnished the materials for one of their number to fill out a manuscript, from which the book has been compiled. The circumstances under which the manuscript came to light are curious. It is said that an American Captain, while cruising among the islands of the Pacific ocean, found a minia-

ture ship drifting with the winds and tide, and as there was no well-appointed crew on board to offer resistance, he captured the tiny vessel, and upon opening the hatches (which were most ingeniously secured and made impervious to water by a coating of a resinous substance,) he found her whole cargo to consist of a roll of papers. On examination, this proved to be a closely written manuscript, in a cramped hand, calculated to discourage any very extended investigation of its contents. Sufficient could be understood to show that it had been deposited in the hold of the Liliputian ship and set adrift, in the hope that it would be made a prize by some one who could appreciate its importance, and by publishing it as a book of remarkable adventures, convey to the world the history of the wonderful preservation of these lads. It contains graphic descriptions of many wonders of the ocean, and interesting accounts of objects of nature. "The Island Home" was published not only to amuse and instruct those who may read it, but at the same time to apprise the relations of the castaways, (if any such should survive,) of their fate, and perhaps interest the government to fit out an exploring expedition for the discovery of the new desert island, and the relief of the exiles.— "Upon a loose half sheet of the manuscript," says the editor, "was found the following memorandum of the names and former places of residence of these unfortunate young persons, probably designed for the information of their friends." The editor says— "Having received no answer to the letters of inquiry which I thought it my duty to forward to these addresses, (such of them, at least, as are visited by mail,) I publish the memorandum, in the hope that it may thus reach the eyes of the interested parties":—

JOHN BROWNE, of Glasgow, Scotland.
ARTHUR HAMILTON, of Papieti, Tahiti.
WILLIAM MORTON, of Hillsdale, New York.
MAX ADELER, of Hardscrabble, Columbia, County N. Y.
RICHARD ARCHER, of Norwich, Connecticut.
JOHNNY LIVINGSTON, of Milford, Mass.
EIULO, Prince of Tewa, his (X) mark, South Sea.

As near as can be gathered from the mutilated manuscript, these lads left their homes and engaged to an American Manufacturing Company, established in Canton, China, and while on their way the ship stopped at an island to procure supplies, where

a mutiny took place, and the mutineers escaped with the ship, leaving them to make the best of their position. A most interesting fact connected with the history of these young men, as we infer from the tone of the work, was a cheerful humorous harmony which always prevailed in their little circle, and what is most pleasing to see, an implicit confidence in Him who holds "the sea in the hollow of his hand," thus evincing to a certainty their early and excellent religious training. As many of our readers may not obtain the book, we will extract a chapter or two from it, which will give a fair idea of the character of the work :—

ISLAND HOME, OR THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS.

LAST HOPE, WITHOUT IMMEDIATE RELIEF—MUST PERISH.
SANGUINARY ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE WHALE AND SWORD FISH.

"Strange creatures round us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The monster of the deep."

"The first thought that flashed through my mind with returning consciousness in the morning, was, 'This is the last day for hope—unless relief comes to-day in some shape, we must perish.' I was the first awake, and glancing at the faces of my companions lying about in the bottom of the boat, I could not help shuddering. They had a strange and unnatural look—a miserable expression of pain and weakness. All that was familiar and pleasant to look upon, had vanished from those sharpened and haggard features.

"There was still no indications of a breeze. A school of whales was visible about a quarter of a mile to the westward, spouting and pursuing their unwieldy sport; but I took no interest in the sight, and leaning over the gunwale, commenced bathing my head and eyes with the sea-water. While thus engaged I was startled by seeing an enormous cachelot suddenly break the water within fifteen yards of the boat. Its head, which composed nearly a third of its entire bulk, seemed a mountain of flesh. A couple of smal calves followed it, and came swimming playfully round us. For a minute or two, the cachelot floated quietly at the surface where it had first appeared, throwing a slender jet of water, together with a large volume of spray and vapor into the air; then rolling over upon its side, it began to lash the sea with its broad and powerful tail, every stroke of which produced a sound like the report of a cannon. This roused the sleepers abruptly, and just

as they sprang up, and began to look around in astonishment, for the cause of so startling a commotion, the creature cast its misshapen head downwards, and throwing its immense flukes high into the air, disappeared. We watched anxiously to see where it would rise, conscious of the perils of such a neighborhood, and that even a playful movement, a random sweep of the tail while pursuing its gigantic pastime, would be sufficient to destroy us. It came to the surface at about the same distance as before, but on the opposite side of the boat, again it commenced lashing the sea violently, as if in the mere wanton display of its terrible strength, until far around, the water was one wide sheet of foam. Meantime, the entire school seemed to be edging down towards us. But our attention was soon withdrawn from the herd, to the singular and alarming movements of the individual near us. Rushing along the surface for short distances, it threw itself several times half clear of the water, turning after each of these leaps, as abruptly as its unwieldy bulk would permit, and running a tilt with equal violence in the opposite direction. Once, it passed so near us, that I think I could have touched it with an oar, and we saw distinctly its small, dull eye, and the loose wrinkled folds of skin about its tremendous jaws. For a minute afterwards, the boat rolled dangerously in the swell caused by the swift passage of so vast an object. Suddenly, after one of these abrupt turns, the monster headed directly towards us, and came rushing onward with fearful velocity, either not noticing us at all, or else mistaking the boat for some sea-creature, with which it designed to measure its strength. There was no time for any effort to avoid the danger; and even had there been, we were too much paralyzed by its imminence, to make such an effort. The whale was scarcely twelve yards off—certainly not twenty. Behind it stretched a foaming wake, straight as an arrow. Its vast, mountainous head ploughed up the waves like a ship's cutwater, piling high the foam and spray before it. To miss us, was now a sheer impossibility, and no earthly power could arrest the creature's career. Instant destruction appeared inevitable. I grew dizzy, and my head began to swim, while the thought flashed confusedly through my mind, that infinite wisdom had decreed that we must die, and this manner of perishing had been chosen in mercy, to spare us the prolonged horrors of starvation. What a multitude of incoherent thoughts and recollections crowded upon my mind

in that moment of time! A thousand little incidents of my past life, disconnected and trivial—a shadowy throng of familiar scenes and faces, surged up before me, vividly as objects revealed for an instant by the glare of the lightning, in the gloom of a stormy night. Closing my eyes, I silently commended my soul to God, and was endeavoring to compose myself for the dreadful event, when Morton sprang to his feet, and called hurriedly upon us to shout together. All seemed to catch his intention at once, and to perceive in it a gleam of hope; and standing up, we raised our voices in a hoarse cry, that sounded strange and startling even to ourselves. Instantly, as it seemed, the whale dove almost perpendicularly downwards, but so great was its momentum, that its fluked tail cut the air within an oar's length of the boat as it disappeared.

"Whether the shout we had uttered, caused the sudden plunge to which we owed our preservation, it is impossible to decide. Notwithstanding its bulk and power, the cachelot is said to be a timid creature, except when injured or enraged. Suddenly recollecting this, the thought of undertaking to scare the formidable monster, had suggested itself to Morton, and he had acted upon it in sheer desperation.

"Our reprieve from danger was only momentary. The whale came to the surface at no great distance, and once more headed towards us. If frightened for an instant, it had quickly recovered from the panic, and now there was no mistaking the creature's purpose: it came on, exhibiting every mark of rage, and with jaws literally wide open. We felt that no device or effort of our own could be of any avail. We might as well hope to resist a tempest, or an earthquake, or the shock of a falling mountain, as that immense mass of matter, instinct with life and power, and apparently animated by brute fury.

"Every hope had vanished, and I think that we were all in a great measure resigned to death, and fully expecting it, when there came a most wonderful interposition.

"A dark, bulky mass, (in the utter bewilderment of the moment, we noted nothing distinctly of its appearance) shot perpendicularly from the sea twenty feet into the air, and fell with a tremendous concussion, directly upon the whale's back. It must have been several tons in weight, and the blow inflicted was crushing. For a moment the whale seemed paralyzed by the

shock, and its vast frame quivered with agony; but recovering quickly, it rushed with open jaws upon its strange assailant, which immediately dove, and both vanished. Very soon, the whale came to the surface again; and now we became the witnesses of one of those singular and tremendous spectacles, of which the vast solitudes of the tropical seas are doubtless often the theatre, but which human eyes have rarely beheld.

"The cachelot seemed to be attacked by two powerful confederates, acting in concert. The one assailed it from below, and continually drove it to the surface, while the other—the dark bulky object—repeated its singular attacks in precisely the same manner as at first, whenever any part of the gigantic frame of the whale was exposed, never once missing its mark, and inflicting blows, which one would think, singly sufficient to destroy any living creature. The first glimpse which we caught of the second antagonist of the whale, as it rose through the water to the attack, enabled us at once to identify it as that most fierce and formidable creature—the Pacific Sword-fish.

"The other, as I now had an opportunity to observe, was a fish of full one third the length of the whale itself, and of enormous bulk in proportion; it was covered with a dark rough skin, in appearance not unlike that of an alligator. The cachelot rushed upon its foes alternately, and the one thus singled out invariably fled, until the other had an opportunity to come to its assistance; the sword-fish swimming around in a wide circle at the top of the water, when pursued, and the other diving when chased in its turn. If the whale followed the sword-fish to the surface, it was sure to receive a stunning blow from its leaping enemy; if it pursued the latter below, the sword-fish there attacked it fearlessly, and, as it appeared, successfully, forcing it quickly back to the top of the water.

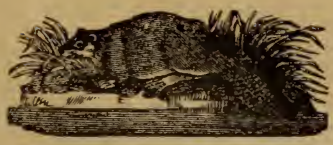
"Presently the battle began to recede from us, the whale evidently making towards the school, which was at no great distance. The whale must have been badly hurt, for the water which it threw up on coming to the surface and spouting, was tinged with blood. After this I saw no more of the sword-fish and his associate; they had probably abandoned the attack. After awhile the school of whales appeared to be moving off, and in half an hour more, we lost sight of them altogether.

All this while, Johnny had continued to sleep soundly, and his

slumbers seemed more natural and refreshing than before. When at length he awoke, the delirium had ceased, and he was calm and gentle, but so weak that he could not sit up without being supported. After the disappearance of the whales, several hours passed, during which we lay under our awning without a word being spoken by any one. Throughout this day, the sea seemed to be alive with fish; myriads of them were to be seen in every direction; troops of agile and graceful dolphins; revolving black-fish chased by ravenous sharks; leaping albacore, dazzling the eye with the flash of their golden scales, as they shot into the air for a moment; porpoises, bonito, flying-fish, and a hundred unknown kinds which I had never seen or heard of. At one time we were surrounded by an immense shoal of small fishes, about the size of mackerel, so densely crowded together that their backs presented an almost solid surface, on which it seemed as if one might walk dry-shod. None, however, came actually within our reach, and we made no effort to approach them."

The wonderful escape of our heroes, and the sanguinary battle between the Cachelot, or sperm whale, and its adversaries, the Thresher and Sword Fish, may look to our readers like a veritable "fish story," particularly when taken in connection with the account of the multitudinous variety of strange fish with which at this time they were surrounded. However, those who sail in the tropical seas, and especially those engaged in the whale fishery, often relate far more astonishing things which they have seen, than those recorded by the young castaways. We landsmen know but little of the wonders of the deep. Many an old tar can give more real information about the marvels of the ocean, and the natural history of its inhabitants, "than all the books and bookish men in the world."

Our next number will also contain a chapter from the "Island Home," of more absorbing interest, and will be accompanied with a fine engraving of the yawl and the young crew, as they appeared in their exhausted and famished state, after their wonderful escape from the whale.



THE BEAVER.

Up in the north if thou sail with me,
A wonderful creature I'll show to thee,
As gentle and mild as a lamb at play,
Skipping about in the month of May;
Yet wise as any old learned sage
Who sits turning over a musty page!

And yonder, the peaceable creatures dwell
Secure in their watery citadel!
They know no sorrow, have done no sin;
Happy they live 'mong kith and kin—
As happy as living things can be,
Each in the midst of his family!
Ay, there they live, and the hunter wild
Seeing their social natures mild,
Seeing how they were kind and good,
Hath felt his stubborn soul subdued;
And the very sight of their young at play
Hath put his hunter's heart away;
And a mood of pity hath o'er him crept,
As he thought of his own dear babes and wept.*

I know ye are but the Beavers small,
Living at peace in your own mud-wall;
I know that ye have no books to teach
The lore that lies within your reach.
But what? Five thousand years ago
Ye knew as much as now ye know;
And on the banks of streams that sprung
Forth when the earth itself was young,
Your wondrous works were formed as true
For the All-Wise instructed you!

But man! how hath he pondered on,
Through the long term of ages gone;
And many a cunning book hath writ,
Of learning deep, and subtle wit;
Hath encompassed sea, hath encompassed land,
Hath built up towers and temples grand,
Hath travelled far for hidden lore,
And known what was not known of yore,
Yet after all, though wise he be,
He hath no better skill than ye!

MARY HOWITT.

* A fact.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

Continued from Page 51.)

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT'S that?" said Aunt Chloe, starting up and hastily drawing the curtain. "My sakes alive, if it an't Lizy! Get on your clothes, old man, quick!—there's old Bruno, too, a pawin' round; what on airth! I'm gwine to open the door."

And, suiting the action to the word, the door flew open, and the light of the tallow candle, which Tom had hastily lighted, fell on the haggard face and dark, wild eyes of the fugitive.

"Lord bless you!—I'm skeered to look at ye, Lizy! Are ye tuck sick, or what's come over ye?"

"I'm running away,—Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child—Master sold him!"

"Sold him?" echoed both, lifting up their hands in dismay.

"Yes, sold him!" said Eliza, firmly; "I crept into the closet by Mistress' door to-night, and I heard Master tell Missis that he had sold my Harry, and you, Uncle Tom, both, to a trader; and that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day."

Tom had stood, during this speech, with his hands raised, and his eyes dilated, like a man in a dream. Slowly and gradually, as its meaning came over him, he collapsed, rather than seated himself, on his old chair, and sunk his head down upon his knees.

"The good Lord have pity on us!" said Aunt Chloe. "O! it don't seem as if it was true! What has he done, that Mas'r should sell *him?*"

"He has n't done anything,—it is n't for that. Master don't want to sell; and Missis—she's always good. I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her 't was no use; that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him;

and that if he did n't pay him off clear, it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off. Yes, I heard him say there was no choice between selling these two and selling all, the man was driving him so hard. Master said he was sorry; but oh, Missis—you ought to have heard her talk! If she an't a Christian, and an angel, there never was one. I'm a wicked girl to leave her so; but, then, I can't help it. She said, herself, one soul was worth more than the world; and this boy has a soul, and if I let him be carried off, who knows what'll become of it? It must be right: but, if it an't right, the Lord forgive me, for I can't help doing it!"

"Well, old man!" said Aunt Chloe, "why don't you go, too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, any day! There's time for ye,—be off with Lizy,—you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come bustle up, and I'll get your things together."

Tom slowly raised his head, and looked sorrowfully but quietly around, and said,

"No, no—I an't going. Let Eliza go—it's her right! I would n't be the one to say no—'t an't in *natur* for her to stay; but you heard what she said! If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why, let me be sold. I s'pose I can b'ar it as well as any on'em," he added, while something like a sob and a sigh shook his broad, rough chest convulsively. "Mas'r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass no ways contrary to my word, and I never will. It's better for me alone to go, than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r an't to blame, Chloe, and he'll take care of you and the poor—" . . .

"And now," said Eliza, as she stood in the door, "I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew then what was to come. They have pushed him to the very last standing place, and he told me, to-day, that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went, and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again," —she turned away, and stood with her back to them for a moment, and then added, in a husky voice, "tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of heaven." . .

A few last words and tears, a few simple adieus and blessings, and, clasping her wondering and affrighted child in her arms, she glided noiselessly away.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERY.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, after their protracted discussion of the night before, did not readily sink to repose, and, in consequence, slept somewhat later than usual, the ensuing morning.

"I wonder what keeps Eliza," said Mrs. Shelby, after giving her bell repeated pulls, to no purpose.

Mr. Shelby was standing before his dressing-glass, sharpening his razor; and just then the door opened, and a colored boy entered, with his shaving-water.

"Andy," said his mistress, "step to Eliza's door, and tell her I have rung for her three times. Poor thing!" she added, to herself, with a sigh.

Andy soon returned, with eyes very wide in astonishment.

"Lor, Missis! Lizy's drawers is all open, and her things all lying every which way; and I believe she's just done clared out!"

The truth flashed upon Mr. Shelby and his wife at the same moment. He exclaimed,

"Then she suspected it, and she's off!"

"The Lord be thanked!" said Mrs. Shelby. "I trust she is."

"Wife, you talk like a fool! Really, it will be something pretty awkward for me, if she is. Haley saw that I hesitated about selling this child, and he'll think I connived at it, to get him out of the way. It touches my honor!" And Mr. Shelby left the room hastily. . . .

Never did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation than the report of Tom's fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field, but to discuss its probable results. Eliza's flight—an unprecedented event on the place—was also a great accessory in stimulating the general excitement.

Black Sam, as he was commonly called, from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision and a strict look-out to his own personal well-being, that would have done credit to any white patriot in Washington.

"It's an ill wind dat blows nowhar,—dat ar a fact," said Sam, sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing suspender-button, with which effort of mechanical genius he seemed highly delighted.

"Yes, it's an ill wind blows nowhar," he repeated. "Now, dar, Tom's down—wal, course der's room for some nigger to be up—and why not dis nigger?—dat's de idee. Tom, a ridin' round de country—boots blacked—pass in his pocket—all grand as Cuffee—who but he? Now, why should n't Sam?—dat's what I want to know."

"Halloo, Sam," said Andy, cutting short Sam's soliloquy.

"Mas'r wants Bill and Jerry geared right up; and you.

and I's to go with Mas'r Haley, to look arter Lizy, she's cut stick and clared out, with her young un."

"Good, now! dat's de time o' day!" said Sam. "It's Sam dat's called for in dese yer times. He's de nigger. See if I don't cotch her, now; Mas'r 'll see what Sam can do!"

"Ah! but, Sam," said Andy, "you'd better think twice; for Missis don't want her cotched, and she 'll be in yer wool."

"High!" said Sam, opening his eyes. "How you know dat?"

"Heard her say so, my own self, dis blessed mornin', when I bring in Mas'r's shaving-water. She sent me to see why Lizy did n't come to dress her; and when I telled her she was off, she jest ris up, and ses she, 'The Lord be praised;' and Mas'r, he seemed rael mad, and ses he, 'Wife, you talk like a fool.' But Lor! she 'll bring him to! I knows well enough how that 'll be, —it's allers best to stand Missis' side the fence, now I tell yer."

Black Sam, upon this, scratched his woolly pate, which, if it did not contain very profound wisdom, still contained a great deal of a particular species much in demand among politicians of all complexions and countries, and vulgarly denominated "knowing which side the bread is buttered;" so, stopping with grave consideration, he again gave a hitch to his pantaloons, which was his regularly organized method of assisting his mental perplexities. . . .

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him. Sam approached with as good a determination to pay court as did ever suitor after a vacant place at St. James' or Washington.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell you to hurry."

"Bless you, Missis!" said Sam, "horses won't be cotched all in a minit." . . .

"Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week; *don't ride them too fast.*" . .

"Let dis child alone for dat!" said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning. . . . "Yes, Missis, I'll look out for de hosses!"

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech-trees, "you see I would n't be 't all surprised if dat ar

gen'lman's crittur should gib a fling, by and by, when he comes to be a gettin' up. You know, Andy, critturs *will* do such things;" and therewith Sam poked Andy on the side, in a highly suggestive manner.

"High!" said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

"Yes, you see, Andy, Missis wants to make time,—dat ar's clar to der most or'nary 'bserver. I jis make a little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin' permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I spec Mas'r won't be off in a hurry."

Andy grinned.

"Yer see," said Sam, "yer see, Andy, if any such thing should happen as that Mas'r Haley's horse *should* begin to act contrary, and cut up, you and I jist lets go of our'n to help him, and *we'll help him*—oh yes!" And Sam and Andy laid their heads back on their shoulders, and broke into a low, immoderate laugh, snapping their fingers and flourishing their heels with exquisite delight.

At this instant, Haley appeared on the verandah. Somewhat mollified by certain cups of very good coffee, he came out smiling and talking, in tolerably restored humor. Sam and Andy, clawing for certain fragmentary palm-leaves, which they were in the habit of considering as hats, flew to the horse-posts, to be ready to "help Mas'r."

Sam's palm-leaf had been ingeniously disentangled from all pretensions to braid, as respects its brim; and the slivers starting apart, and standing upright, gave it a blazing air of freedom and defiance, quite equal to that of any Fejee chief; while the whole brim of Andy's being departed bodily, he rapped the crown on his head with a dexterous thump, and looked about well pleased, as if to say, "Who says I have n't got a hat?"

"Well, boys," said Haley, "look alive now; we must lose no time."

"Not a bit of him, Mas'r!" said Sam, putting Haley's rein in his hand, and holding his stirrup, while Andy was untying the other two horses.

The instant Haley touched the saddle, the mettlesome creature bounded from the earth with a sudden spring, that threw his master sprawling, some feet off, on the soft, dry turf. Sam, with

frantic ejaculations, made a dive at the reins, but only succeeded in brushing the blazing palm-leaf afore-named into the horse's eyes, which by no means tended to allay the confusion of his nerves. So, with great vehemence, he overturned Sam, and, giving two or three contemptuous snorts, flourished his heels vigorously in the air, and was soon prancing away towards the lower end of the lawn, followed by Bill and Jerry, whom Andy had not failed to let loose, according to contract, speeding them off with various direful ejaculations. And now ensued a miscellaneous scene of confusion. Sam and Andy ran and shouted,—dogs barked here and there,—and Mike, Mose, Mandy, Fanny, and all the smaller specimens on the place, both male and female, raced, clapped hands, whooped, and shouted, with outrageous officiousness and untiring zeal. . . .

Nothing was further from Sam's mind than to have any one of the troop taken until such season as should seem to him most fitting,—and the exertions that he made were certainly most heroic. . . .

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam appeared triumphant, mounted on Jerry, with Haley's horse by his side, reeking with sweat, but with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, showing that the spirit of freedom had not yet entirely subsided.

"He's cotched!" he exclaimed, triumphantly. "If 't had n't been for me, they might a bust theirselves, all on 'em; but I cotched him!"

"Well, well!" said Haley, "you 've lost me near three hours, with your nonsense. Now let's be off, and have no more fooling."

"Why, Mas'r," said Sam, in a deprecating tone, "I believe you mean to kill us all clar, horses and all. Here we are all just ready to drop down, and the critters all in a reek of sweat. Why, Mas'r won't think of startin' on now till arter dinner. Mas'r's hoss wants rubben down; see how he splashed hisself; and Jerry limps too; don't think Missis would be willin' to have us start dis yer way, no how. Mas'r we can ketch up, if we do stop. Lizy never was no great of a walker."

Mrs. Shelby, who, greatly to her amusement, had overheard this conversation from the verandah, now resolved to do her part. She came forward, and, courteously expressing her concern for

Haley's accident, pressed him to stay to dinner, saying that the cook should bring it on the table immediately. . . .

SOUNDS OF SUMMER.

"Soft winds murmuring as they pass,
Locusts singing in the grass,
Rivers through the meadows rushing,
Fountains in the woodlands gushing,
Insects humming 'mid the flowers,
Sudden falls of sunny showers,
Cascades leaping from the rocks,
Tinkling bells among the flocks,
Blackbirds whistling in the glen,
Songs of sturdy harvest men,
Rustlings of the golden grain,
Creakings of the loaded wain,
Robins singing round the porch,
Swallows twittering on the church,
Wild ducks plashing in the lakes,
Croaking frogs among the brakes,
Little children at their play,
Shouting through the livelong day,
Echo screaming from the hills
Every idle sound it wills,
Flutterings of the leafy vines,
Hollow sighing of the pines,
Low sounds from the porous earth
Where the insects have their birth,
Distant boomings from the rocks,
Far off groans of thunder shocks,
Rushings of the sudden gale
Loaded with the rattling hail,
Soft subsidings of the rain,
Dripping o'er the prostrate grain,
These, and countless sounds like these,
Load the languid summer breeze,
Coming from the cool blue seas;
These throughout the growing year,
With their rich abounding cheer,
Thrill the ear and flood the heart."

THE HISTORY OF CANADA.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Some time since you perhaps read in the "*Snow Drop*," a series of letters on the History of Canada from its discovery by Jacques Cartier in 1535, to its capture by England in 1759, and to the treaty signed at Paris, (which is the capital city of France,) in 1763, by which treaty the French King, Louis the Fifteenth, transferred all his rights over this country to Great Britain. I trust, my young friends, that you found those letters instructive, and as it is very important that we should all be acquainted with the history of our country, I now propose to continue those letters, in telling you the events which happened here from 1763, up to the present time.

I may here remark that I shall try to avoid saying anything in my epistles which I may think untrue or partial, or that may wound the religious or national prejudices of any of my young readers.

The present letter will be occupied with a brief sketch of the events which took place from 1763 to 1774.

By the law of nations, when one country is captured by another, the conqueror has a right to place those who are conquered under his laws and government, unless it is otherwise expressly agreed. Consequently as soon as Canada became a British Province, the French laws which were formerly in force here became, by the conquest, abolished. But as the King of England was desirous of being kind to his new Canadian subjects, he commanded, by his Royal Proclamation in 1763, that the French Canadians should continue to enjoy their own laws and customs with regard to all matters except crime; that the English who settled here should have the English laws; and because the criminal law of England was milder than that of France, and because both the English and French settlers liked it best, he likewise ordered that it should govern the people of both races.

It is very important that the laws of a country should be clearly defined and thoroughtly understood, for without this knowledge

it would be very difficult to settle disputes about the rights of property, or to punish the disorderly and the wicked. You will remember, that this Proclamation of the English King, who was George the Third, introduced the French law for the French Canadians, and the English law for the English Canadians, in certain cases. These two different systems of law produced much difficulty, because in a dispute between a person of French origin and a person of English, it was difficult to decide whether the dispute should be settled by the French law or by the English law. Then again, the English Judges who were then here, did not know much about the French law, and the French inhabitants from whom they asked information gave different opinions, and in these uncertainties, a particular dispute would sometimes be settled in one way sometimes in another.

Canada was from 1759 to 1774 under the administration of a Governor, and two or three other officers, without any particular form of Government. Imperfect as such a government may appear now, it seemed to have then given satisfaction to the inhabitants.

But with a view to improve the Government of Canada, an act or law was passed in 1774, in the Parliament of England, which is called "the Quebec act," because at that time the whole of Canada was one Province, and was called "the Province of Quebec." This law, after stating the extent or size of this country, and that the Proclamation of 1763 was abolished, declared, 2ndly, that the Roman Catholic Clergy were to have the exercise of their religion, subject to the supremacy of the Crown. 3rdly. That all Canadian subjects, *except* religious orders and communities, were to hold all their property, and that all disputes respecting property were to be regulated by laws which then existed here, or by such other laws as the Governor and the Legislative Council might afterwards make; and that all persons might dispose of all their property by will, in any way they liked, a right which they had not by the French law. 4thly. It declared the criminal law of England to be in force, and that the Government of Canada could alter it, as it might see fit. 5thly. It ordered that the Province should be governed by a Governor General and a Legislative Council, which was to consist of not less than 17 nor more than 22 of the respectable inhabitants of the Province, who were to be appointed by the Crown,

and to hold their offices as long as they lived. They could not make the inhabitants pay any taxes, and they were ordered to send every law they made to the King in England, and if he and his Councillors did not like it, he caused it to be abolished. Nor could the Legislative Council pass any law which interfered with religion, or which would inflict any punishment greater than a fine or imprisonment for three months, until the Government of England had given consent. (See Annual Register for 1774, vol. 17, from whence the above extract was taken.)

This law did not remove the conflicts which continued between the French laws and the English laws. That evil was not cured until 1791, by an act of the English Parliament, which I shall speak more about in my next letter. But the present law conferred some privileges, upon which I would offer a word or two. In the first place, it gave permission to the Roman Catholic clergy to exercise their religion, a privilege which they had not, by the laws which were then in force in Great Britain. For in those days, I am sorry to say, the English Government oppressed the Roman Catholics in a similar manner as many Roman Catholic Governments oppress the Protestants in the present day. Such conduct is both foolish and unchristian. No convert can be made by intolerance. And as England and the United States and Canada now give to every person the free exercise of religion, we must pray and hope that religious freedom will soon be enjoyed all over the world. The treaty of Paris, which I have alluded to, stipulated that the Roman Catholics of Canada should enjoy their religion "as far as the laws of England would permit," but as those laws did not *then* give permission for the free exercise of that religion, the stipulation was valueless, and the religious freedom granted by the English Government was therefore voluntarily given to Canada.

Another instance of the liberality of the English Government to Canada is shewn by the fact, that although this law of 1774 deprived all Roman Catholic societies, such as convents and monasteries, &c., of their lands, because it thought that such possession might be injurious and opposed to the interests of the English Crown ; yet, notwithstanding, all of these societies have been allowed to keep possession of their lands, with the exception of that land which belonged to the Jesuits, which is now used for paying the education of the little boys and girls in Lower

Canada. And these lands of the Jesuits would have been taken away from them by the King of France, if Canada had then belonged to him, because at this time he banished them from France, and deprived them of their property there.

There was another cause than that I have mentioned, which induced the British Government to pass this "Quebec act," which I have described. About this time, the country now called the United States, were English Colonies, such as Canada, New Brunswick, &c., are now. These Colonies were dissatisfied with England, because she wanted them to pay taxes for the support of the English Government, and they refused to pay any taxes but those required for their own Governments. The disputes which arose from this opposition, caused the Americans to declare themselves independent of England, and they tried to get the Canadians to assist them in making war against her. Accordingly, on the 26th of October, 1774, they sent an address to Canada, saying, that England was trying to deprive all her subjects in America, of a share in their own Government, of trial by jury, of freedom of the press, and of other privileges, and begging the Canadians to assist them in fighting against England. But, it is said, that this address was not seen by many here, because a great number of our colonists could not read—there was only one printing press and newspaper then in Canada—and if any one had been found circulating it, he would have been severely punished. It was partly, therefore, to gain the good-will of the Canadians, to prevent them from assisting the Americans, that England passed this Bill, because she thought the Canadians would be pleased at having more power placed in their own hands, to govern themselves, than they had before. Nor did the Canadians rebel against her. They remained loyal to the British Crown throughout the war between her, and the American colonists.

I must now conclude this long letter. In my next I shall speak of the further changes which this law produced here.—In the meantime, I remain, my dear young friends, yours sincerely,

J. POPHAM.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

As joy rises to the greatest height at the removal of some violent distress of body or mind, so sorrow is felt most acutely at the removal of what makes us happy.

Paternal love is the same in every bosom, and in every country. The caresses bestowed by the lowest gradation of Arabs, in a mud hut, on their children, are as pure and cordial as the tenderest exhibitions in a Christian family. A mother is always true to the instincts of her nature. She cherishes and defends her child, and death alone can limit the extent of her efforts.

"*Affairs* must suffer when recreation is preferred to business. *Affectation* in dress, implies a flaw in the understanding. *Affectation* in wisdom often prevents our becoming wise. *A man* had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles. *A virtuous* mind in a fair body, is like a fine picture in a good light. *A burden* which one chooses is not felt. *A careless* watch invites a vigilant foe. *Acquire honesty;* seek humanity; practice economy; love fidelity. *Against* fortune oppose courage; against passion reason. *A fop* is the tailor's friend, and his own foe. *A thing* worth doing at all, is worth *well* doing."

THE BIBLE.

Golden Treasure; Book Divine!
Simple, beautcous, pure, sublime
Eloquence and Poesy
Find their richest gems in thee:
Truth and love in flaming light
Burn upon thy pages bright.
Ages hidden in the past
Are upon thy mirror cast.
Oh thou art a glorious guide
O'er life's dark and boisterous tide.
For when doubts and mysteries reign
In the troubled human brain,
And eternity doth seem
Only as a wondrous dream—
Then thy spirit o'er the night
Gives the mandate, "Let be light!"
Then be mine thou precious boon
Light my pathway to the tomb,
And when life's short reign is done,
Give me to a higher home.

"THE EARTH is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. *For He hath* founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods. *Who shall* ascend into the hill of the *Lord? Or who* shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; *who hath* not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully."

There was sent from China to the Great Exhibition at London, a set of *Early Cups and Saucers*, with the gilding laid on,—by a process unknown to English manufacturers, in solid gold plates; of these plates each cup contains no less than 961, and of these 260 are ornamented with imitation rubies. Each cup is also enriched with 269 solid silver plates, of which 31 bear small emeralds. The saucers are still more highly enriched, each being inlaid with 1,035 plates of pure gold, and of these 416 bear imitation rubies. They have also 432 solid silver plates inserted in each, in 56 of which are emeralds. This unique set belonged to a mandarin of the highest rank, and is the first specimen of the kind ever imported.

Fuller's Earth.—Fuller, the well-known author of British Worthies, wrote his own epitaph as it appeared in Westminster Abbey. It consists of but four words, but it speaks volumes:—

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

The term "We."—The plural style of speaking (we) among Kings was begun by *King John* of *England*, A. D. 1119. Before that time, Sovereigns used the singular person in their edicts. The German and the French Sovereigns followed the example of King John in 1200. When editors began to say "we," is not known.

Laconic.—A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Lemidius and his countrymen to shame. An Edinburgh Quaker sends, to a brother Quaker in London, a sheet of letter paper, containing nothing whatever in the writing way, save a note of interrogation, thus (?); his friend returned the sheet, adding, for a sole reply, a (0). The meaning of the question, and answer, is as follows:—"What news?" "Nothing."

KEEP CALM.

Is a lion in the way!
Keep calm:
Tell him you respect his pride,
But that you may go ahead
He must please to stand aside,
Keep calm.

Can't you find your guardian friends?
Keep calm.
You have only lost your cash—
They will all come dancing back,
When they see the dollars flash
Keep calm.

Are your virtues not admired?
Keep calm:
Rest assured if they exist,
They will never sue for praise;
On their own wealth they subsist.
Keep calm.

Let things jostle as they will,
Keep calm.
Outward evils need a check:
But the greatest curse of all,
Is the stiffening in your neck.
Keep calm.

Talents in a napkin.—A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by a letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honor to the University of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and I fear buries his talents in a napkin." A short time afterwards, the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

"Nobody likes to be nobody; but every body is pleased to think himself somebody. And everybody is somebody: but where anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he generally thinks everybody else to be nobody."

Windsor Soap.—To make the celebrated Windsor Soap, slice the best white bar soap as thin as possible, and melt it over a slow fire; then take it off, and when luke warm, add sufficient oil of carraway to scent it, or any other fragrant oil. Pour it into moulds, and let it remain five or six days in a dry place.

To extract the essential oil of flowers.—Take a quantity of fresh, fragrant leaves, both the stalk and flower leaves, cord very thin layers of cotton, and dip them in fine Florence oil; put alternate layers of the cotton and leaves in a glass jar or large tumbler; sprinkle a very little fine salt on each layer of the flowers; cover the jar close, and place it in a window exposed to the sun. In two weeks a fragrant oil may be squeezed out of the cotton. Rose leaves, mignonette, and sweet scented clover, make nice perfumes.

Cheap family cake.—To one egg and four ounces of butter well beaten together, add a tea-spoonful of allspice, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, pint of molasses, tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in a cup of cream or milk, and flour enough to make the consistency of fritters; set it where quite warm to rise, and when perfectly light bake moderately.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

WHAT THE AGE REQUIRES OF US—SELF-RELIANCE, SELF-CULTURE, SELF-DENIAL.

We have chosen the above motto, and intend devoting two or more pages each month to subjects in keeping with its import. We wish to show that in almost every condition of life there is an opportunity for study and self-culture, and for those ardently desirous of improvement, "there is a way." Past history shows that the most learned have often acquired their knowledge and celebrity under circumstances of the most discouraging nature. As we so frequently hear from the young, particularly those engaged in commercial houses and mechanical occupations, a description of their trying situation in regard to early advantages, and present opportunities for improvement, we are led to present what we hope may prove incentives to earnest effort after knowledge, excellence and usefulness. There are many motives which might be mentioned to stimulate us all to activity. For the sake of our own happiness let us look away from ourselves into the grand and wonderful world which God has spread before us, until, by becoming acquainted with its resources, so varied and beautifully adapted to all its phenomena, we feel our hearts swelling, and great and good thoughts and desires gushing forth. The best incentive to self-improvement is an honest wish *to be useful to our fellow beings.* We owe a duty of love and self-denial to the suffering sons of misfortune and misery, who, with sorrowful voices, implore our aid. There are evils growing rank around them, and increasing, because we, who are now happily situated, neglect to exert ourselves to ameliorate their condition. We owe a duty to the future of our country. Nobly overcoming every obstacle, each one of us should advance with the heroism of determined resolution, and a will that knows no backward wavering, or longing for ease and indulgence, to high attainments in all that is "lovely and of good report."

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho' stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime!
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Socrates was probably the greatest and best philosopher of antiquity. His motto, *Esse quam videri, i.e., be* rather than *seem*, is worthy of our adoption, for as this illustrious man used to say, "The only way to true glory is for a man to be truly excellent—not affect to appear so." In the defence of Socrates before the Judges, we find these words:—"I never wronged any man, or made him more depraved, but contrarywise, have steadily endeavored throughout life to benefit those who conversed with me, teaching them to the very utmost of my power, and that, too, without reward, whatever could make them wise and happy." If this heathen philosopher, without the word of God and its sanctifying influences to guide him, was actuated by such principles, certainly there can be no reason why we should

rest supinely contented in selfish indolence. The excuses, "no time," "no ability," "too much advanced in life to accomplish anything," &c., will appear futile, if we familiarize our minds with the lives of the world's benefactors, who have been esteemed for their learning and talents, not the less because they bravely surmounted obstacles to attain that knowledge and develope those talents. A distinguished merchant and philanthropist (Sir Thomas Fowel Buxton) said:—"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men,—between the feeble and the strong, the great and the insignificant,—is, Energy, Invincible Determination,—a purpose once fixed, and then DEATH or VICTORY. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature A Man without it."

We have grouped together the following remarkable instances, which prove that even old age need not exempt man from the necessity and advantage of cultivating his intellectual powers:—*Socrates* learned to play on a musical instrument in his old age. *Cato* at eighty learned Greek, and *Plutarch* almost as late in life Latin.—*Theophrastus* began his admirable work on the characters of men at the age of ninety. The great *Arnauld* translated Josephus at the age of eighty. *Sir Henry Spelman*, whose early years were chiefly devoted to agriculture, commenced the study of the Sciences at the age of fifty, and became a most learned antiquary and lawyer. *Tellier*, the Chancellor of France, learned logic merely for an amusement to dispute with his grand-children. *The Marquis de St. Aulaire*, whose poetry has been admired for its sweetness and delicacy, began his poetical compositions at the age of seventy. *Ogilby*, the translator of Homer and Virgil, knew little of Latin or Greek till he was past fifty. *Franklin's* philosophical studies began when he was near fifty.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leaves your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest, and ill content:

And more—though free from seeming harm
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly employed, or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be link'd again
By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies:

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

The following singular calculation was made by Lord Stanhope:—"Every professed inveterate snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, together with the agreeable ceremony of wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and-a-half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every nat-

ural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, and snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will form the subject of a second essay," he says, "in which it will appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does his time." If so much time is lost by the habitual snuffer, what shall be said of the habitual smoker? His hours pass away in a kind of reverie, ere he is aware. There are many who consume six hours every day in fumigating their pipe or cigar. This will be disputed by the guilty persons, because time passes so insensibly under the influence of smoke. If they wish to be convinced of the truth, let them ask some friend to note the hours they pass in smoking, when they feel themselves under no restraint. When an habitual smoker quits his pipe or cigar, one considerable source of uneasiness is, that he has so much spare time. Let any habitual smoker, who is a man of business, throw away his pipe or cigar, and employ the time which he has been accustomed to waste, diligently in business, and he may literally add hundreds, perhaps thousands, to his yearly income.

EDITORIAL.

With this number our subscribers have another proof of our existence, as well as a testimony of our fidelity. We promised in our first to make the "Maple Leaf" unexceptionable, particularly in a moral point of view. As we have not seen in the public prints any disparaging reflections, or heard any expressions of disapprobation in this respect, we hope that it has generally pleased. If any of our subscribers have been dissatisfied, but from respect to our feelings have adopted the old adage, "speak well of a person or not at all," we assure them we can fully appreciate such a sentiment, and we are quite sure none of us will ever regret taking such a stand in regard to our neighbors. It is common to hear people freeing their minds when things do not suit them, but it is more lovely and admirable to govern the tongue which, unrestrained by Christian principle, often gives pain to ourselves and others.

If the first numbers of our Magazine have not attained the mechanical excellence which may have been expected, we think all will be pleased with the improvement in this. It is, however, but an approximation to what we wish to bring the "Maple Leaf," when an extended circulation shall enable us to beautify its pages by contributions and embellishments still more attractive. Our subscribers can be sure that the publisher will not be backward in improving it, since he is very desirous that it should become truly welcome, interesting, and instructive. We have been so engaged with our multifarious duties that we can hardly realise that three months have sped since we presented our little Magazine to the Canadian public. As to the editorial work, we can say that it brightens and grows really charming as we engage in it. A hearty good will is the key to success, and we have not only brought that to the editorial table, but many other

resources, from which we shall draw from time to time, as we ply the pen or arrange the subjects which we select.

We would assure our friend who has so kindly suggested that there should be more original matter in our Magazine, that every word has originated from some source! Those articles not expressly prepared for its pages, we intend to be very particular in crediting to their proper source. We were very sorry to have inadvertently omitted to acknowledge our indebtedness to Chambers' Miscellany for the description of the 'Voyage of an Elephant,' which appeared in our last number. If, by originality, is meant a faculty to give thrilling descriptions of imaginary adventures, or write histories of wonderful characters figuring in love scenes, escaping most astonishingly all the dangers and horrors of the battle field, and living in an ideal world far above the stern principles of life, we cheerfully grant that there is not, nor will there appear, much original matter in our pages. We leave that department undisturbed to those whose tastes lead them in that direction. Fictious writings have long flooded the country. The Magazines, and works in other forms, now in circulation, in which this branch of literature is handled in a masterly style, amount almost to legion. Certainly, those whose palate is not satisfied with the true and substantial, can obtain a surfeit from them. There is so much information, of the most enticing character, so many interesting things really existing, which we can collect, collate, and write about, and make a magazine of this size valuable, that we do not wish to enter much upon the unreal.

Our neighbours on the other side of the line have adopted the republican plan, that of a sovereign right to draw from the productions of others. If we reprint from some of their works, they will have no cause of complaint. For this number we have drawn largely from some of the "smart folks down east," and we can, with confidence, recommend the purchase of those books from which we have taken extracts. They are from a large publishing house in Boston, Gould & Lincoln. We mention, as coming from the same house, 'Plymouth and the Pilgrims,' 'Novelties of the New World, or the Adventures and Discoveries of the first Explorers of America,' 'The excellent Woman, as described in the Book of Proverbs,' with an introduction by William B. Sprague, D.D. This last is very interesting, and gives some views of woman's character, and the dignity of her station, that we should like to see generally understood. We have also received from the same house, 'The Principles of Zoology,' for schools and colleges, by Agissiz and Gould. The mechanical execution of these works is praiseworthy, and both the religious and secular press give high encomiums in regard to their merit.

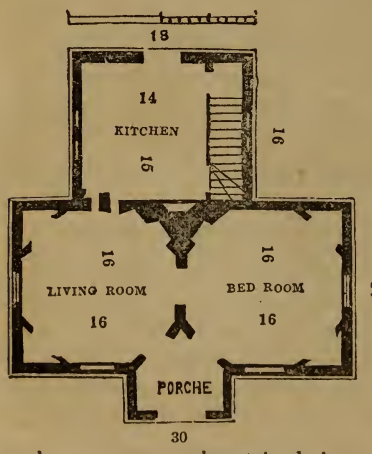
We are sorry to observe that the publisher has been so misrepresented, in regard to his former connection with the "Snow Drop." We cannot understand why it is not proper for him to issue as many books and periodicals as he sees fit. Unless much mistaken in the man, the statement which he has caused to appear on the second page of the cover of this Magazine, WILL BE FOUND CORRECT AND NECESSARY, from the circumstances of the case.

DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE.

The accompanying design of a small cottage, in a simple and yet ornamental style, we think best adapted for the purpose, in which *wood* is the material to be employed in building.

The roof projects two feet, showing the ends of the rafters as brackets. The exterior is covered with the *vertical weather boarding*. For a cottage of this class, we would be content with unplaned plank, the joints covered with the necessary strip or fillet, and the whole painted and sanded.

GROUND PLAN.



A glance at the plan of the first floor will show that its accommodation is very compactly arranged. By placing all the flues in one stack, no heat is lost in winter; and by cutting off the corners of the two principal rooms, convenient closets are afforded. As, in a house of this class, the kitchen is usually the room most constantly occupied by the family, there is no objection to the entrance to the stairs being placed within it.

The plan of the second floor shows four good bed-rooms, which, with the best bed-room on the first floor, makes five sleeping apartments. This would enable a family, consisting of a number of persons, to live comfortably in a house of this size.

In portions of the country where timber is abundant, this cottage may be built at a cost of from £100 to £150.

HISTORY OF CANADA.

LETTER II.

Y YOUNG FRIENDS,—In my last letter I described to you the events which took place in Canada from 1759, when she was conquered by England from France, up to 1774, when the "Quebec Act" was introduced here for the better government of the country. My present epistle will be occupied with the events which transpired from 1774 up to 1792. In 1775, the United States were colonies belonging to England, such as Canada, Nova Scotia, &c., are at the present time. For some time previous to 1775, the English Government made several efforts to make the Americans contribute towards its expenses, by laying a tax on various articles which might enter the United States, such as glass, paints, oil; and the last effort they made was to place a tax on tea. The Americans refused to pay this tax. They said they ought only to be asked to pay the expenses of their own Government, and not be compelled to assist in paying the expenses of the Government in England. The English, however, persisted in levying a tax, and the Americans, in consequence, drew up a declaration, at the city of Philadelphia, in the United States, on the 4th of July, 1775, in which they declared themselves independent of England. Of course, England would not consent that the United States should be independent of her, and the two countries therefore made war on each other for seven years, that is, until 1782, when England consented that the United States should be, in future, an independent nation.

During this war the Americans struggled hard to induce the Canadians to join them in fighting against England: but the principal part of the Canadians refused to do so, in consequence, says M. Garneau,* of the preference which the Seigneurs and the

* Histoire du Canada, page 383.

Roman Catholic Clergy had for England, because England had decreed that the tithes, (that is, the twenty-sixth part of every bushel of wheat, which Roman Catholics are bound by law to give to their priests,) and the seigniorial tenure, should not be abolished in Canada; and because they feared that both the tithes and the seigniorial tenure would be abolished if Canada became a Republic such as the United States. The lower classes, the same author observes, while they did not openly assist the Americans, did not, except by fear, assist England, but remained, as far as possible, indifferent to both the English and the Americans.*

During the war, the United States' soldiers came to Canada and captured, in 1775, the Forts Carillon, St. Frederic, and St. John. The latter fort, however, was retaken from them on the next morning by a body of 80 French Canadians. During the month of September, the Americans again invaded Canada under General Montgomery, with one thousand men. Being joined by the French Canadians of Chambly, a village 17 miles distant from Montreal, the Americans captured the fort which still stands there. Montgomery then took possession of Montreal and Three Rivers, the inhabitants of the suburbs, in Montreal, having, says Garneau, opened their gates to him, and expressed their sympathy with the Americans. Montgomery next appeared before Quebec, and being joined by Colonel Arnold, and now having about 1000 or 1200 men, he, on the 31st of December, commenced an attack upon that city. Quebec then contained about 5000 inhabitants, and had about 1800 men to defend it, composed of soldiers, sailors and Canadians. In the attack, Montgomery was killed, and his army was defeated. Upon the news of this defeat, the Americans sent, during the spring of 1776, some more soldiers to invade Canada, and they were accompanied by the celebrated philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, and two other persons named Chase and Carroll. These three gentlemen were ordered to converse with the Catholic clergy here to induce them to recommend the French Canadians to rebel against England. Their efforts did not succeed. The American soldiers then retreated from Quebec, being pursued by the English under General Carleton. During the month of May there were about 4000

* T. iii. pp. 391-92.

American soldiers in the district of Montreal. Being in distress, they took what food they wanted by force from the inhabitants. On the 8th of June the Americans were defeated at Three Rivers, and again at Sorel and Chambly. The English, under General Burgoyne, subsequently gained one or two more victories; and before the close of the year 1776, the American soldiers abandoned Canada, and did not return again during the remainder of this war between them and England.

In my last letter, I stated that the Quebec Act of 1762 did not remove the uncertainties which were produced by having both the law of England and the law of France in operation in Canada, because the judges were frequently doubtful whether one law or the other should decide the disputes which were laid before them. The people, therefore, continued dissatisfied from this, and other causes, which are not necessary here to mention. To remove their complaints, however, the English Parliament made a law in 1791, which is commonly called "the Constitutional Act." This law caused some very important changes in our Government, which I will endeavor to explain to you.

This "Constitutional Act" was first laid before the British Parliament, in England, in the Spring of 1791, by a celebrated orator and statesman, Mr. Pitt. As soon as the Canadians heard this, and had read the alterations he was going to make, they sent a gentleman, named Lymburner, to London, to state to the members of that Parliament what remedies Canada wanted, and to entreat the Parliament to make some alterations in the changes which Mr. Pitt desired to make. He objected, on behalf of the Canadians to Mr. Pitt's proposal to divide Canada into two parts; one to be called Upper Canada, and the other part Lower Canada. He said it would be much better not to divide Canada, because then, the English who had settled here would be separated from the French Canadians. This separation would create distinctions, and make them strangers to each other, and, perhaps, cause them to dislike each other. But I am sorry to say, that the Parliament, notwithstanding this, divided Canada into two parts, and this division, no doubt, produced some of the bad feeling which formerly existed between those of English and those of French origin in this country. But in 1841 Canada was no longer divided, but united into one Province; and this ill-feeling is, I am glad to say, rapidly dying away. I

is very wrong for any one to dislike another, because he or his forefathers were born in France, or in England, or in any foreign country. We should look upon all mankind as brethren, and know no distinction but that which exists between a bad man and a good man.

Mr. Lymburner also begged that the English Parliament would let the Canadians know what disputes should be settled by the French law, and what by the English law; and he suggested that the French law should govern disputes about lands and houses, &c.; that the English law should settle disputes which might arise between merchants; and that criminals should be tried according to the criminal law of England. He opposed Mr. Pitt's proposal, that the office of Legislative Councillor should be hereditary—that is, that the office should descend to the eldest son of a Legislative Councillor, on the death of his father. He desired that the Feudal Tenure should be gradually abolished, and that Canadians should have more power in their self-government than they before had.

Some of Mr. Lymburner's suggestions were adopted, and, the "Constitutional Act" was made law in December, 1791, and put in force in Canada on the 7th May, 1792, by a Royal Proclamation.

In my next I will describe the principal changes which this law created. I remain, truly yours,

J. P.

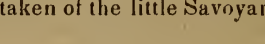
PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight gentlemen had been appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," says he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late." A Quaker present, said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It was a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but there are seven, besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole, to two hours; and only one-eighth of it was thine *own property*."

THE BEAR.

RUIN is a softer appellation for the unwieldy and terrible Bear, who has reigned in his native forest and been invoked from time immemorial by thoughtless mothers, and unprincipled nurses to still noisy children. He is occasionally seen with a keeper walking with a measured tread through our streets. The best place to make his acquaintance is in a Zoological Garden where he is secured by a chain. He is not so rough, and uncouth in nature as we are apt to suppose. The following account of a Bear shows that kindness and intelligence are possessed by the species :—

"The Bear is capable of generous attachment. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following remarkable instance :—During the winter of 1709 a Savoyard boy ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with some of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which had occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy that the bear reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing anything of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear its supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of waking the

child, whom he had clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and, fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought the morning before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the Prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard."—*Popular Natural History.*



News Boy Wit.—A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries, was accosted by one of those peripatetic venders of cheap literature, and weekly newspapers, to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, Sir? Only two shillin'." The gentleman willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself." Off went the lad, and whispering to another at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, Sir? *You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?*" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

Umbrella.—It was introduced into Bristol about 1780. A lady, now 83 years of age, remembers its first appearance, which produced a great sensation. Its color was red, and it probably came from Leghorn, with which place, Bristol, at that time, maintained a great trade.

THE ISLAND HOME.

(*Continued from Page* 76.)

FROM the time of our wonderful escape from the whale, until the occurrence which I am about to relate, I remember nothing distinctly—all seems vague and dream-like. I could not say with confidence, from my own knowledge, whether the interval consisted of several days, or of only a few feverish and half-delirious hours; nor whether the sights and sounds of which I have a confused recollection, were real or imaginary. I think, however, that it must have been in the afternoon of the same day (Arthur is confident that it was,) that Morton came to me as I lay in the bottom of the boat in a state of utter desperation and self-abandonment, and aroused me, saying in a hoarse and painful whisper, that there was a vessel in sight. . . . Morton had already called Arthur's attention to it, and he was watching it intently. Gradually it became more distinct, and in half an hour, I could make it out plainly, to be a small sailing vessel of some description. As she was coming directly down before the wind, there seemed to be no need of doing anything to attract her attention. I now hastened to reanimate Max and Browne, by communicating to them the intelligence that relief was probably at hand. In three quarters of an hour more, the strange sail was near enough to enable us to see that she was a large double canoe, such as is used by some of the islanders of the South Pacific, in their trading voyages. It had two masts, with large triangular mat-sails, and appeared to contain six or seven persons only, whom we supposed to be natives of some neighboring island. As soon as they were within speaking distance, one of them, to our great astonishment, hailed us in French. . . . Of course the first thing with us, was to make known our wants, and to ask for food, and above all for water. As soon as they could bring the canoe near enough, the Frenchman, watching his opportunity, reached out to us a large gourd containing water, of which we drank plentifully, passing it round several times. . . . The Frenchman next tossed us something wrapped in Banana leaves, a thick

dark-colored paste of some kind. It was enough that it was an article of food, and we devoured it, without pausing for any very close examination, though its appearance was by no means inviting, and it had a crude and slightly acid taste. . . . On finding that the natives were well supplied with water, having several large gourds full, we passed the calabash round again, until we had drained it dry, when they gave us another gourd. Meanwhile, though we were too busy to look about us much, the canoe's people watched us very narrowly, and in such a manner as to make me feel uneasy and doubtful as to their intentions notwithstanding their kindness thus far. . . . At this moment the gilt buttons upon Max's jacket seemed to strike the fancy of one of our new friends, and excited his cupidity to such a degree, that after fixing on them a long and admiring gaze, he suddenly reached over and made a snatch at them. He got hold of one, and in trying to pull it off, came very near jerking Max overboard. Morton, who was sitting next to Max, interfered,

and caught the man by the arm, with a look and manner that made me fear he might do something imprudent. The savage, who was an athletic fellow, obstinately maintained his hold of Max's jacket, and casting a ferocious glance at Morton, snatched up a short, thick paddle, and brandished it over his head as if about to strike. Arthur appealed to the Frenchman to interpose, but before he could do so, one of the natives, a handsome boy, who was seated cross-legged upon a platform between the masts, spoke to the man in a raised voice, and with an air of authority, whereupon, to my surprise, he immediately dropped the paddle, and sullenly desisted from his attempt. This lad, who seemed to be so promptly obeyed, did not look to be more than thirteen or fourteen years of age. In answer to the question of the Frenchman, Arthur told him that we were Americans, and related very briefly how we had come into our present situation. He then informed us in turn, that he had been cast away, some six years before, in a French barque engaged in the tortoise-shell traffic, upon an uninhabited island, about forty miles from the one where he and those with him, now lived. After remaining there for more than a year, he and his companions, having reason to believe that they were in the neighborhood of a group occasionally visited by trading vessels, had set out in search of it, in a small boat. Their belief as to the existence and situation of these islands proved to be well founded; they had finally succeeded in reaching them, had been hospitably received and treated by the natives, among whom they had acquired considerable influence, but had as yet had no opportunity of returning home. . . .

He directed us to put up our sail, and steer after the canoe. He spoke with the air of one delivering a command, and evidently considered us entirely under his control. But of course we felt no disposition to object to what he directed. . .

The young native who had interfered so effectually in Max's behalf, observing the eagerness with which we had devoured the doughy mass of pounded bread-fruit, tossed another cake of the same substance into the boat as we separated, which when distributed, afforded a morsel or two to each of us. I had particularly observed this boy on the first approach of the canoe, from the circumstance of his occupying a small raised platform, or dais, of wicker-work covered with mats. . .

We had been sailing in the wake of the canoe, perhaps half an hour, when I observed in the south-west, a singularly shaped cloud to which a dark column extending downward to the sea appeared to be attached. This column was quite narrow at the base, but enlarged as it rose, until just below the point of union with the cloud, it spread outward like a gothic pillar, diverging into arches as it meets the roof. I surveyed this strange spectacle for several minutes before its true character occurred to me. It was already observed by those in the canoe, and from their exclamations and gestures, they evidently viewed it with apprehension and dread.

It was moving slowly towards us, and we also watched with feelings in which alarm began to predominate over curiosity and interest, the majestic approach of this vast body of water (as we now perceived it to be,) held by some secret power, suspended between heaven and earth.

"It appears to be moving north before the wind," said Arthur, at length; "if it keeps on its present course, it will pass by, at a safe distance on our left."

This seemed probable; but we felt disposed to give it a still wider berth, and shifting the sail, we steered in a north-easterly direction. Scarcely had our sail filled on the new tack, when a cry of terror again drew attention to the canoe, and the natives were seen pointing to another water-spout, moving slowly round from the east to the north, and threatening to intercept us in the course we were pursuing. This, unlike the first, was a cylindrical column of water, of about the same diameter throughout its entire length, extending in a straight and unbroken line from the ocean to the heavens. Its upper extremity was lost amid a mass of clouds, in which I fancied I could perceive the effects of the gradual diffusion of the water drawn from the sea, as it wound its way upward with a rapid spiral motion, and poured into that elevated reservoir. As the process went on, the cloud grew darker, and seemed to stoop with its accumulating weight of waters.

Our position was fast becoming embarrassing and dangerous. We had changed our course to avoid the first water-spout, and now we were confronted by another still nearer at hand.

For a moment all was confusion, indecision, and dismay. . .

"What can we do, then?" exclaimed Max; "we can't sail in the teeth of the wind."

"I am for going about to the left again, and steering as near the wind as possible," said Arthur, "the one on that side is farthest north."

This was the course which the natives had already adopted, and they were now steering nearly south-west. We immediately followed their example, and the fore and aft rig of the yawl enabled us to sail nearer the wind than they could do.

In a few moments the funnel-shaped water-spout, which we had first seen, had passed off northward, and was at such a distance as to remove all apprehensions on account of it. Not so, however, with the second; for hardly had we tacked again, when, notwithstanding that we were to windward of it, it began to move rapidly towards us.

Its course was not direct and uniform, but it veered now to the right, and now to the left, rendering it difficult for us to decide which way to steer in order to avoid it.

Arthur sat at the helm, pale, but quite calm and collected, his eyes steadfastly fixed on the advancing column, while Johnny crouched at his side, holding fast one of his hands in both his own. Morton held the sheet, and stood ready to shift the sail, as the emergency might require.

Onward it came, towering to the skies, and darkening the ocean with its impending bulk: soon we could perceive the powerful agitation of the water far around its base, and within the vortex of its influence: a dense cloud of spray, thrown off in its rapid revolutions, enveloped its lower extremity: the rushing sound of the water as it was drawn upward, was also distinctly audible. And now it seemed to take a straight course for the canoe. The natives, with the exception of the boy, threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat in abject terror; it was indeed an appalling spectacle, and calculated to shake the stoutest heart, to see that vast mass of water, enough as it seemed, to swamp the navies of the world, suspended so strangely over them.

The Frenchman appeared to be endeavoring to get the natives to make some exertion, but in vain. He and the boy then seized a couple of paddles, and made a frantic effort to escape the threatened danger: but the whirling pillar was almost upon them, and

it seemed as though they were devoted to certain destruction. The Frenchman now threw down his paddle, and sat with his hands folded on his breast, awaiting his fate. The boy, after speaking earnestly to his companion, who merely shook his head, stood up in the prow of the canoe, and casting one shuddering look at the dark column, he joined his hands above his head, and plunged into the sea. In a moment he came to the surface, and struck out vigorously towards us.

The canoe seemed already within the influence of the water-spout, and was drawn towards it with the violently agitated waters around its base. The Frenchman, unable longer to endure the awful sight, bowed his head upon his hands; another moment, and he was lost to sight in the circle of mist and spray that encircled the foot of the column; then a strong oscillation began to be visible in the body of the water-spout; it swayed heavily to and fro; the cloud at its apex seemed to stoop, and the whole mass broke and fell, with a noise that might have been heard for miles. The sea, far around was crushed into smoothness by the shock; immediately where the vast pillar had stood, it boiled like a caldron; then a succession of waves, white with foam, came circling outward from the spot, extending even to us.

The native boy, who swam faster than we sailed, was already within forty or fifty yards of us, and we put about and steered for him: in a moment he was along side, and Arthur, reaching out his hand, helped him into the boat. . . .

We sailed backward and forward in the neighborhood of the place, carefully scrutinizing the surface in every direction, and traversing several times, the spot, as nearly as we could determine it, where the canoe had last been seen: but our search was fruitless: the long billows swelled and subsided with their wonted regularity, and their rippled summits glittered as brightly in the sunshine as ever, but they revealed no trace of those whom they had so suddenly and remorselessly engulfed. . .

The native lad now seemed to be quite overwhelmed with grief. He had made no manifestations of it while we were endeavoring to discover some trace of his companions, but when at length we relinquished the attempt, and it became certain that they had all perished, he uttered a low, wailing cry, full of distress and anguish, and laying his head upon his hands, sobbed bitterly.

THE OLD MILL.

Bright in the foreground of wood and hill,
Close by the bank of my native rill,
Rumbling early ere dawn of light,
Rumbling late through the winter night.
When all the air and the earth is still,
Toileth and groaneth the old red mill.

Around its cupola, tall and white,
The swallows wheel in their summer flight;
The elm trees wave o'er its mossy roof,
Keeping their boughs from its touch aloof,
Although four stories above the rill,
Towereth aloft the old red mill.

Idly now in its tower is swung,
The brazen bell with lolling tongue;
Above, the vane on the rod point shows
Which way the wind in its changes blows;
While down in the waters, deep and still,
Is the mirrored face of the old red mill.

The winds through its empty casements sweep,
Filling its hall with their wailings deep:
Its rotten beams in the tempest's sway,
O'er its iron rod the lightnings play;
Yet brave and bold by the fair green hill,
Like a bridegroom, standeth the old red mill.

Fair forms once moved through those spacious rooms,
Fair hands once tended its clattering looms;
Those walls with the spider's tapestry hung,
With the music and laughter of youth have rung;
But now the song and the laugh are still,
In the upper lofts of the old red mill.

But down below still the work goes on;—
In the groaning vortex the "waste" is thrown;
While heavily turneth the pondrous wheel,
And the web comes forth o'er the whirling reel;
Good honest service it doeth still,
That shattered and wind-swept old red mill.

And one, who with long and patient care,
Kept guardian watch o'er labors there,—
Who at early morning and evening late,
By those groaning engines was wont to wait,

That he with comfort his home might fill,
No longer treads through the old red mill.

No more we see him, with silvery hair,
Slowly ascending the broken stair
That leads from that doorway, with rubbish strewed,
Up the steep green bank to the village road;
Or, pausing awhile on the brow of the hill,
Gaze thoughtfully down on the old red mill.

He has passed away with his kindly smile,
With his heart so cheerful and free from guile;
Sweet is his memory, sweet and dear,
To the friends that loved him while he was here;
And long will the depths of our being thrill,
To the memories linked with the old red mill.

The sire has passed, and ah! *not alone*,
Another link from our chain is gone!
Another whose heart of love is cold,
Whose form has passed to the dust and mould,
No more will cross our cottage sill,
Or gaze with us on the old red mill.

Then let old ruin about it lurk,
Let it rumble on in its daily work:
It will pass away as they have passed,
For we all must tottle and fall at last;
Well would it be could we each fulfil
As patient a lot as the old red mill! MRS. MAYO.

A MAN who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one tries a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say: "They are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction, if you do but perform your duty; and hundreds, who were once alienated from you, will flock to you, and acknowledge their error.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

HALEY'S DELAY AND PURSUIT.—ELIZA'S STRUGGLE AND NARROW ESCAPE.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on the table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. . . .

There was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that "Mas'r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he could n't sit in his cheer no ways, but was a walkin' and stalkin' to the winders and through the porch."

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don't mend his ways."

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her, and to listen to her remarks.

"Sich 'll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won't ther?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I 'll be boun'," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice, that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeard you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We would n't to anybody but the soul-drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on em?" said Aunt Chloe.

. . . "Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em?—and all the while does they feel one bit,—don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy? Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that 'spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom. . . .

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you; he's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over your master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he 'd hear to me, he would n' trust any on ye—slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom,—and he stood very straight,—"I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you was n't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world should n't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of who you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back."

* * *

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or other."

"Poh!" said Haley. . . . "But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round considerable sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most any thing, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer must n't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I

know the way of all of 'em,—they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in the middle. Now der's two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas'r mean to take?" . . .

THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that? . . .

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T———, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Is n't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped runing." . . .

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, . . . till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy!—he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they 're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they 'll help you,—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly. . . .

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam. . . . "Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r 'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

. . "Bless you, Mas'r, I could n't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's, a leapin' and springin'—ice a crackin' how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. . . .

"Good-evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis would n't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

"WHAT an odd looking fellow!" said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back.—"How the boatmen stare at him. Sure he must be an original." He ascended with a rapid step, and approaching me, asked if I could point out the house of Mr. Audubon. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

"The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal, and read as follows:—"My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me, always your friend, B." With all the simplicity of a backwoodsman, I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T., (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist,) smiled, rubbed his hands, and with the greatest good humor said, "I am that odd fish I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer out an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds, which had at first drawn my attention. He said in the gayest mood imaginable, that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on the *ark* to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled in the garden that his attire struck me as very remarkable: a long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sack; a waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of light pan-

taloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankle; his beard was long, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders; his forehead was so broad and prominent that any tyro of phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers; his words impressed an assurance of rigid truth; and as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly to see my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some impatience in his request to be allowed to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolio and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head, and said no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told him that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I would show it to him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon; let us go now." We did so, and on reaching the bank of the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T., I thought, had gone mad; he plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species but a new genus.—When we returned home the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal, rendered water-proof by a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings went on. His criticisms were of the greatest advantage to me; being well acquainted with books as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof.

Several days passed, during which we followed our several

occupations: M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He remained with us three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes. We were fully reconciled to his oddities, and finding him a most agreeable companion, hoped his sojourn might be of long duration. But one evening, when we expected him to join the family at tea, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses and other valuables were all removed from his room. That night was spent in searching for him, but no eccentric naturalist could be found. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a garfish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety. —*National Magazine.*

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Soda Biscuit.—Six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, one tea-spoonful of the carbonate of soda, one pint of milk, flour enough to form a dough. Melt the butter in the milk, and dissolve the soda in it. Stir in the sugar, and add flour enough to form a stiff dough. Knead it well, then roll it out thin, then knead it up again till it is light and smooth. Roll it out in sheets about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it out into cakes, and bake them in a rather hot oven.

Preserved Pumpkins.—Cut a thick yellow pumpkin, peeled, into strips two inches wide, and five or six long. Take a pound white sugar for each pound of fruit, and scatter it over the fruit, and pour on two wine-glasses of lemon-juice for each pound of pumpkin. Next day, put the parings of one or two lemons, with the fruit and sugar, and boil the whole three-quarters of an hour, or long enough to make it tender and clear, without breaking. Lay the pumpkin to cool, and strain the syrup, and pour it on the pumpkin. If there is too much lemon peel, it will be bitter.

To Pickle Onions.—Peel, and boil in milk and water ten minutes, drain off the milk and water, and pour scalding spiced vinegar to them.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—As you gather them, throw them into cold vinegar. When you have enough, take them out, and scald some spices tied in a bag, in good vinegar, and pour it hot on them.

Pickled Cabbage.—Shred red and white cabbage, spread it in layers in a stone jar, with salt over each layer. Put two spoonfuls of whole black pepper, and the same quantity of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, in a bag, and scald them in two quarts of vinegar, and pour the vinegar over the cabbage, and cover it tight. Use it in two days after.

To Cement Stone on Wood.—The following is a very secure manner, and will not be injured by water. The stone, say a hone, must first be made perfectly flat on the side that is intended to be fastened to the wood; the wood, also, must be flat, and roughened with a rasp. When the stone and wood are thus prepared, take stucco, or plaster of Paris, and mix with it melted glue, not too thin or watery, and lay this mixture evenly over both surfaces to be joined, place the stone on its situation, press it a little, and lay it by for twenty-four hours, or so, till the mixture hardens.

PALACE OF ROSENBERG, COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is one of the finest cities in Northern Europe. Its situation is favorable for commerce, having a fine harbor; and it is noted for its docks, and its extensive fortifications. It stands on the two islands of Zealand, and Amager—principally on the former. The city is divided into two parts, by a canal running up to the Royal New Market, and by a street called Gother Gade. The northern part is called the New Town, and the southern the Old Town. Both of these contain many fine public buildings, among which are the Amejien Plads, (or Amalian Place), surrounded by four palaces—the Exchange, the Mint, the Royal Museum, and the Palace of Rosenberg.

The city is entirely surrounded by a wide rampart, with a deep moat beyond. This rampart is now used as a public promenade, and forms a beautiful walk, being about four miles in extent; and adorned with rows of trees.

There is quite a contrast in the style of architecture in the two parts of the city. In the New Town, the simple style of building found in the modern cities of Europe generally prevails; while

in the Old Town, the semi-Gothic style is mostly seen. The New Town is remarkably well built. The streets are broad and regular. The houses in all parts of the city are built of brick, and are from three to four stories high. They are generally stuccoed, and painted white or lead color.

The Amalien Plads is situated not far from the harbor, in the New Town. Its form is circular, and it is intersected by two streets, which divide it into four parts. It is surrounded by four palaces, two of which are occupied by the king, and the other two by some of the branches of the royal family.

Among the various public buildings and palaces with which this city abounds, perhaps none is more interesting to a traveller than the Palace, or Chateau of Rosenberg. This is situated in the new part of the city. It was erected by Christian IV., and was his favorite place of residence. It is built in the Gothic style, with a high pointed roof, surmounted by four towers of different heights and dimensions. This palace is not now used as a residence, but as a place of deposit for various valuable articles collected by Christian IV., and by his successors. Among these treasures are the crown jewels and the thrones of the King and of the Queen ; the latter is of massive gold. Here are also deposited many curious goblets and drinking horns, remarkable swords, and antique boxes, with many other costly articles. Here is the old iron sword of Christian II., with which he performed the wonderful feats which the Swedes attribute to him. The famous sword of Charles XII. is also found here. In this palace are deposited the vessels used at the baptism of the children of the royal family. These vessels are very precious. The cabinet of coins and medals, which is deposited here, is one of the richest in the world. It is said to contain eighty thousand specimens. Here is also a collection of glass and china ware, presented to Christian IV. by the Republic of Venice. Here is also the portrait of this Monarch, and his clothes, his saddle and hammock. As a whole, this is perhaps the most extensive collection of the kind in the world.

Connected with this palace is a beautiful and extensive garden. It is open to the public ; and is as great a resort to the inhabitants of Copenhagen, as the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg are to the Parisians.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

A large portion of mankind cannot be said to *live*, in the highest sense of the word. They, like vegetation, only proceed regularly through a series of natural changes to the termination of their earthly existence. Such cannot comprehend or appreciate the truly beautiful in this world. The germ of exalted happiness lies concealed in their inner being, far from the genial sunshine, which might expand it into bright flowers, and ripen it into perfect fruit. Something is wanting to stir the depths of such minds! Some outward influence to draw them from their own narrow views, and fix in them new principles and aims. Human life, to be made desirable, should be rightly understood! We should invest it with a moral sublimity, and with that greatness that looks beyond the rewards of this world. The cares, and toils, and little annoyances of every-day life, would weigh down the strongest heart, and paralyze the noblest efforts, if considered only with reference to the present; but when viewed as necessary to prepare us for immortal life, they become ennobling, and we resolutely surmount each day's trials with cheerfulness. The world is not wholly made up of the prosperous and wealthy. The majority are those who are struggling for a firm footing in the crowded pathway of life. But there are some who, by their own powers, have made themselves exceptions to the common lot, and have worked out, by their own energy of mind and purpose, a passage into the upper air of knowledge, and have thus become useful to their race.

"A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heats of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird's sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing traveller scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issues great—
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd,
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
And saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."

Energy of Character.—"I lately happened to notice," says Foster, "with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much importance as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, injustice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution that will appear like a new faculty."

Work if you would rise.—Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother Richard Burke, and

questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was not considered inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

A Maxim of Washington.—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial life, *Conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principles, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding way. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West Indies,—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed,—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO.

"There's something for us all to do,
In this great world of ours;
There's work for you, there's work for me,
Heaven sends no idle hours.
We have a mission to perform,
A post of trust to fill;
Then rouse the soul and nerve the arm,
And bend the lofty will.
Fame may not grave our names in brass,
Or monumental stone;
But virtue's trophies far surpass
What heroes ever won.

There's something for us all to do,
Whate'er may be our lot;
From jewelled loyalty unto
The peasant in his cot.
There's ignorance with crime to stay,
And God's own truth to spread,
Despair and want to chase away,
And hope's bright beams to shed;
And not a man in this wide earth,
Who holds the Christian's creed,
But may hand down some deed of worth
The yet unborn may read."

A Noble Example.—"Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble conscientious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town, and pursue his fortune there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that part of the country. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Next he is found on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the Committee of Six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest councillors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies, regretted and respected by his state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman."

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

She seeketh wool and flax, and walketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchants. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

It was the pride of Augustus Cæsar, that his imperial robes, his fringed tunic, and costly girdle, were wrought in his own household, by the hands of his wife, his daughter, and his grand-daughter: and Alexander the Great, when advising the mother of Darius to teach her neices to imitate the Greek ladies in spinning wool, showed her the garments which he wore, and told her they were made by his sisters.

We are judged, not only by the expression of our sentiments, but by the hourly acts, which make up human life. The impulse which prompts the unconsidered word, the look which betrays the thought; the little things which, in their individual manifestation seem nothing, yet, the amount of which makes up the character, and causes it to be rightly read.

How much exquisite enjoyment is afforded by the mere possession of health; the pure taste, the high spirits which render existence an enjoyment, and a blessing; the good humor, the pleasure in innocent delights, the light refreshing sleep, the appetite that needs no dainties, the untiring footstep, and the placid breathing, which scarcely quickens at the ascent of a hill.

CHIDING

Reproach will seldom mend the young,
If they are left to need it;
The breath of love must stir the tongue,
If you would have them heed it.

How oft we see a child caressed,
For little faults and failings
Which should have been at first suppressed,
To save the after railings;

If, when the heart would go astray,
You would the passion smother,
You must not tear the charm away,
But substitute another.

Thus it is pleasant to be led,
If he who leads will measure
The heart's affection by the head,
And make pursuit a pleasure.

Make not one child a warning to another, but chide the offender apart; nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment. *Verily*, there is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it. *Verily*, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it. *Error* is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked but it hath in it some lines of truth; nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use. A wise man in a street, winneth his way with gentleness, nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his way.

Origin of the word Teetotal.—The word teetotal originated with a Lancashire working man, who being unused to public speaking, and wishing to pronounce the word *total*, in connection with "abstinence from intoxicating liquors," hesitated, and pronounced the first letter by itself, and the word after it, making, altogether, the word "t-total." This fact it is well to know, because it refutes the vulgar notion, that *tee* has reference to tea.

Natural Compass.—It is a well-known fact, that in the prairies of Texas, a little plant is always to be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a weary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide, or a compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in a humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

A Miller's Portrait.—A miller wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill; but when any one looks at me, I wish

to pop my head *in*, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done." He painted the mill, and the mill-window. The miller looked at it, and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?" "O," said the painter, "whenever any one looks at the mill, you know you pop *in* your head." "That's right," said the miller, "I am content; that's right, that will do."

A Beautiful Idea.—"'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out, when it is bed-time, and sing their national song, until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers, answer them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village."

Iron Paper.—At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron-works, exhibits a sheet iron of such a degree of tenuity, that the leaves can be used for paper. Of the finest sort, the machinery rolls 7040 square feet, of what may be called leaf-iron, from a cwt. of metal. A bookbinder of Breslau has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexible as the finest fabric of linen rags. As yet, no extensive application for this form of the metal has been found, but the manager says, the material must precede the use for it. Perhaps books may, hereafter, be printed for the tropics on these metallic leaves, and defy the destructive power of insects, of any color, or strength of forceps. We have only to invent a white ink, and the thing is done.

Physic, feasting, fretting,
Brandy, gin and betting,
Will kill the strongest man alive.
But water, air, and diet,
Domestic peace and quiet,
Will cause the weakest man to thrive.

See the rivers, how they run
Through woods, and meads, and shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Though heavy the burden on thy back,
And hilly and rough the road,
A smiling eye and a hopeful heart
Will bid a thousand cares depart,
And lighten every load.

EDITORIAL.

In this bustling world of ours, time fairly slips away from us, and unless we are doing something important, commencing or finishing some useful work to benefit ourselves and others, we are not acting well our part ; but yield to a dreamy state. Now, this state of listlessness is one from which we ought to rouse ourselves, and not allow precious moments to glide uselessly away.

Our readers have seen the long warm summer days with their beautiful sunshine, and rich fruit and flowers, pass one after another away ; and they may look back upon them as upon a pleasant moving picture, in which light and shade, refreshing green and golden tints, are gracefully blended. We rejoiced in the wooing breeze that played gently through the tree tops, or rustled the curtains of our city windows, and welcomed the reviving shower that came down upon the fields, and poured impetuously through our streets ; but now the winds sweep rudely by, mournfully sighing Æolian music amid the forest trees, while the mellow graver light of Autumn already gives a variegated coloring to our fine landscape.

Perfection is written on fruits, and flowers, and trees, and all natural productions. They have fulfilled their destiny. So let us acquire grace and beauty, in perfecting ourselves for our higher destiny, by cultivating our minds and hearts ; that each passing moment may bear some record of improvement, some noble reaching after excellence, and some proofs that we have not lived in vain.

It is astonishing how much the imagination has to do with our happiness. We have only to call it to our aid, and we seem talking, instead of writing, to our friends, the patrons of the " Maple Leaf " ; and we feel a warm desire to be of service to them and to contribute to their amusement and instruction. We are confident that we shall succeed, for we have a large organ of hope, and a fair share of perseverance, in our composition, and these, with cheerful industry, will achieve wonders.

In this number, our young readers will get another pleasant chapter on he History of Canada. Ignorance of this subject is quite unpardonable in his age, where so much is written to make it interesting.

All will read with interest the account of the waterspout, as described by the young castaways in the South Pacific Ocean. We wish to encourage a love for the wonders of nature, and a study of the natural sciences, which is highly beneficial to the youthful, as well as to the mature mind. They furnish objects upon which we can exert a great amount of mental and physical activity.

We have to thank " A Subscriber" for his friendly suggestion, an expression we can appreciate. We are much pleased to receive any hints that will enable us to improve our magazine. We will say for his satisfaction that " Kom Ombus" was once a city on the banks of the Nile in Egypt, but is now a collection of ruins ; a beautiful temple, dedicated to Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra, is still standing, nearly entire. The wonderful displays of skill and energy, in quarrying stone for such gigantic columns as are still

to be found at Kom Ombus, must have required the labor of thousands of men Instruments of iron and steel were then unknown, all their exquisite sculpture was performed with copper tools; the tempering of this metal is now a lost art. The allusion to Shem, and Japheth in the July number, and to O. J. Samsoe in the August number, do not throw much light upon the history of those personages. It was not our intention to give the biography of O. J. Samsoe; our object was to give an idea of the good sense and taste of the citizens of Copenhagen, with a brief description of their beautiful cemetery, and the time and circumstances which led to its establishment.

We have received some fine original pieces, too late for this month. The music was unavoidably omitted last month, owing to the absence of our musical compositor. The pattern for crochet work is entirely new, and will be much liked. Such is the demand for these articles, that Mrs. Walton finds it difficult to prepare them fast enough. We could hardly get one long enough for Mr. Welch to take a copy for the engraving. Extra patterns with description can be had at the Berlin Wool Rooms, Great St. James Street, for 3d each, or 2s 6d per dozen.

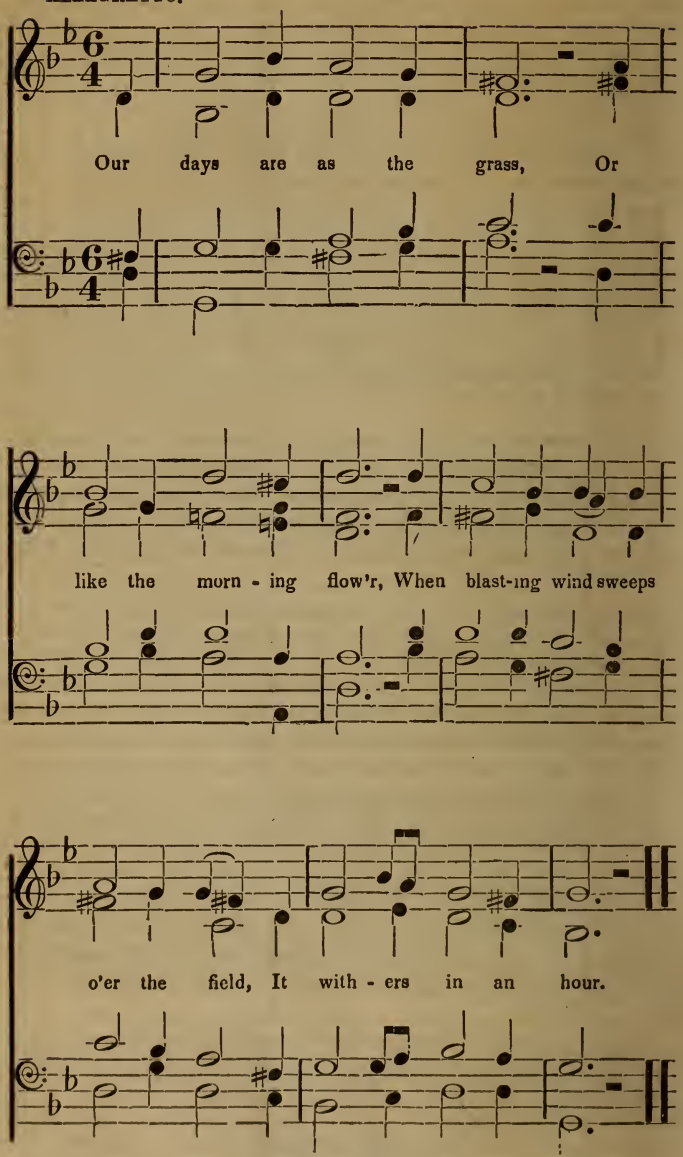
As all connected with this Magazine must suffer when the character of the publisher is attacked unjustly, we feel it our duty to put forth an effort to vindicate his rights, and assure all who read the "*Maple Leaf*," that the publisher acted in good faith towards the present proprietors of the "*Snow Drop*" and was not only very careful of their feelings, but most anxious to bring about an amicable arrangement.

In corroboration of our opinion we take the following postcript from his letter on the subject, No. 2, and extracts from letters No. 3, and 4, bearing their respective dates, April 29, 1852:—"If in the letter I have sent, there is anything that gives you pain, I beg you to believe that it was unintentional on my part. If I know myself, I desire to be very careful of the feelings of others, especially of the feelings of the ladies. However, it contains suggestions which I felt it my privilege, as publisher to make." Letter, No. 3, May 14, "Since completing the year for the Agricultural Journal, I have devoted my means and efforts to the '*Snow Drop*,' with the full intention of continuing my labors in the same laudable enterprise, and I shall be very sorry to place myself in the attitude of an opponent to any plan of your own." Letter, No. 4, May 17th:—"If I could have anticipated your wishes, in relation to a future arrangement, I might have given you perfect satisfaction. I have always had a careful regard to your sensitive nature, and have labored most assiduously to secure your approval, not only, but to do all consistently in my power to aid your pecuniary interest."

We refer our readers to the Publisher's letter, which appears on the cover of this number, and to his remarks on the cover of the September number, and trust they may remove any unfavorable impression.

MONTREAL, S. M.

ALLEGRETTO.



THE VICTORIA REGIA.

ON the Continent of Europe, much time and skill have been devoted to the cultivation of certain plants. We have heard of the splendid tulips and hyacinths of Holland, and the wonderful varieties and beauties, which the rose presents in France, but in no country is floriculture in every point carried to so great an extent, as at this time in Great Britain. We shall not be surprised at this, when we remember that with many noblemen, and persons of wealth, gardening is a passion; and they expend immense sums of money upon their favorite plants and flowers, and the gardeners they employ are men of high intelligence. The exhibitions of the Horticultural, and of the Royal Botanic Societies, are the most wonderful sights of the kind in the world. Such has been the interest taken by the English in the subject of botany, that men have spent years in foreign countries, to collect rare plants, learn their habits, and if possible bring home specimens for cultivation. Among the foreign plants discovered by English botanists, perhaps none is more remarkable than the splendid Victoria Regia. This Queen of water lilies, was discovered in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburg, in his progress up the river Berbice, in British Guiana. All the calamities and trials, which he had endured in his explorations, were forgotten, when he saw this vegetable wonder. He says, "I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded, when I saw a gigantic leaf, *from five to six feet in diameter*, salver shaped, with a broad rim; of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf, was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate

tints, from pure white, to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to another, I always found something new to admire. We met the plants frequently afterwards, and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was 6 feet 5 inches in diameter, its rim five and a half inches high, and the flower across fifteen inches." It is said that a French traveller discovered the same, or a similar plant, in the river Plato, as early as 1828; and it was seen in a branch of the Amazon, in 1832; and other travellers have found it occupying large districts in all the lakes, and tranquil tropical rivers of South America; where its seeds are roasted and eaten by the natives, who call them *Water Maize.*

Various attempts to introduce it into Europe, were made by Sir Robert Schomburg, but all to no purpose, until the year 1849, when some seeds sent to Sir J. W. Hooker, at the Royal Gardens, of Kew, England, gave germs of active vitality. We extract the following account of these plants from the Annual of Scientific Discovery: "They were immediately sent to Chatsworth, where, under the care of Sir Joseph Paxton, they grew and flowered. The germs were planted in a large tank, prepared especially for the purpose, in loam, and fine sand. The water was kept by means of hot-water pipes, at a temperature of 75°, to 90° F., and, in order to place the plant, as far as possible, under the same conditions in which it exists naturally, a small water-wheel was placed in the pond, in order to produce gentle undulations, as in the Guiana rivers. The development of a leaf, on first arising to the surface of the water, presents a most curious sight not easily described. Rolled into a body of a brownish color, and covered with thorny spines, it might readily be taken for some large species of sea-urchin. The form of the leaf is almost orbicular, the ribs are very prominent, almost an inch high, radiating from a common centre; there are eight principal ones, with many others branching off from them; the veins contain an enormous quantity of air-cells of considerable size, which give the leaves great buoyancy. The young leaf is convulate, and expands slowly. The under side of the leaves, as well as the long stems by which the flowers and leaves seem anchored in the water, are thickly covered with thorns, about

three quarters of an inch long. The colors of the lily are white and pink, the outer rows of petals being white, and the inner a rich pink. The entire flower is from nine inches to a foot in diameter; it is of short duration, opening only on two successive evenings; but there is a constant display of flowers throughout the season. The petals always open early in the evening, and partially close about midnight. During the day-time, therefore, the Victoria Regia is seldom seen in its fullest splendor, unless when removed from the parent stem.

If the development of the leaves presents such a singular appearance, the successive changes in the flower, are not less extraordinary, and are far more beautiful. The crimson bud, which for several days, has been seen rising, at last reaches the surface of the water, and throws off its external investment in the evening. Soon after which, the flower petals suddenly unfold, the expanded blossom, like a mammoth magnolia, floating upon the surface of the water, decked in virgin white, and exhaling a powerful and peculiar fragrance, which has been

compared to the mingled odors of the pine-apple and melon. On the morning of the second day, another change is seen; the outer petals of the flower are found turned backwards or reflexed, leaving a central portion of a conical shape, surrounded by a range of petals, white on the outside, but red within. A slight tint of pink is discernible through the interstices of these petals, which increases as the day advances. In the evening, about five o'clock, the flower is to be seen again in active motion, preparatory to another production. The white petals, which were reflexed in the early part of the day, now resume their original upright position, as if to escort their gay-colored companions, surrounding the central cone, to the limpid surface below. After this, the immaculate white of the first bloom changes to gay and brilliant pink, and rose colors. Finally, a third change ensues, marked by the spreading of the petals further backwards, so as to afford the enclosed fructifying organs liberty to expand. They are soon seen to rise, giving to the disc of the flower a peach-blossom hue; the stamens and pistils assuming, at the same time, a figure not unlike a crown. On the third day, the flower is nearly closed. All the petals seems suffused with a purplish pink; the coloring matter, which was originally seen only in the centre, having penetrated the delicate tissues of the whole flower.

During the past year, the Victoria Regia has been introduced into the United States, by Mr. Cope, President of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. This gentleman has succeeded in bringing the plant to a greater perfection, as regards the size of the flowers and leaves, than has been attained in England. He has also succeeded in raising the lily under glass, without the aid of stove-heat.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

"The Pen and the Press, bless'd alliance! combin'd
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For *that* to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And *this* sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant, indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed:
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAPTER VII.

SAM AND ANDY'S RETURN AND DESCRIPTION OF ELIZA'S ESCAPE—UNCLE TOM LEAVES WITH HALEY.

(*Continued from page* 116.)

ELIZA made her desperate retreat across the river just in the dusk of twilight. The gray mist of evening, rising slowly from the river, enveloped her as she disappeared up the bank, and the swollen current and floundering masses of ice presented a hopeless barrier between her and her pursuer. Haley therefore slowly and discontentedly returned to the little tavern, to ponder further what was to be done. . . .

Sam was in the highest possible feather, and expressed his exultation by all sorts of supernatural howls and ejaculations, by divers odd motions and contortions of his whole system. Sometimes he would sit backward, with his face to the horses tail and sides, and then, with a whoop and a somerset, come right side up in his place again, and, drawing on a grave face, begin to lecture Andy in high-sounding tones for laughing and playing the fool. Anon, slapping his sides with his arms, he would burst forth in peals of laughter, that made the old woods ring as they passed. With all these evolutions, he contrived to keep the horses up to the top of their speed, until, between ten and eleven, their heels resounded on the gravel at the end of the balcony. Mrs. Shelby flew to the railings.

"Is that you, Sam? Where are they?"

"Mas'r Haley's a-restin' at the tavern; he 's drefful fatigued, Missis."

"And Eliza, Sam?"

"Wal, she 's clar 'cross Jordan. As a body may say, in the land o' Canaan."

"Why, Sam, what *do* you mean?" said Mrs. Shelby, breathless, and almost faint, as the possible meaning of these words came over her.

"Wal, Missis, de Lord he persarves his own. Lizy 's done gone over the river into 'Hio, as 'markably as if de Lord took her over in a charrit of fire and two hosses."

Sam's vein of piety was always uncommonly fervent in his mistress' presence; and he made great capital of scriptural figures and images. . . .

"Now, Sam, tell us distinctly how the matter was," said Mr. Shelby. "Where is Eliza, if you know?"

"Wal, Mas'r, I saw her with my own eyes, a crossin' on the floatin' ice. She crossed most 'markably; it was n't no less nor a miracle; and I saw a man help her up the 'Hio side, and then she was lost in the dusk."

"Sam, I think this rather apocryphal,—this miracle. Crossing on floating ice is n't so easily done," said Mr. Shelby.

"Easy! could n't nobody a done it, widout de Lord. Why, now," said Sam, "'twas jist dis yer way. Mas'r Haley, and me, and Andy, we comes up to de little tavern by the river, and I rides a leetle ahead,—(I 's so zealous to be a cotchin' Lizy, that I could n't hold in, no way),—and when I comes by the tavern winder, sure enough there she was, right in plain sight, and dey diggin' on behind. Wal, I loses off my hat, and sings out nuff to raise the dead. Course Lizy she hars, and she dodges back, when Mas'r Haley he goes past the door; and then, I tell ye, she clared out de side door; she went down de river bank;—Mas'r Haley he seed her, and yelled out, and him, and me, and Andy, we took arter. We come right behind her, and I thought my soul he 'd got her sure enough,—when she gin sich a screech as I never hearn, and thar she was, clar over t' other side the current, on the ice, and then on she went a screeching and a jumping',—the ice went crack! c'wallop! cracking! chunk! and she a boundin' like a buck! The spring that ar gal 's got in her an't common, I 'm o' 'pinion."

Mrs. Shelby sat perfectly silent, pale with excitement, while Sam told his story.

"God be praised, she is n't dead!" she said; but where is the poor child now?"

"De Lord will pervide," said Sam, rolling up his eyes piously. "As I 've been a sayin', dis yer 's a providence and no mistake, as Missis has allers been a instructin' on us. Thar 's allers instruments ris up to do de Lord's will. Now, if 't had n't been for me to-day, she 'd a been took a dozen times. Warn't it I started off de hosses, dis yer morning', and kept 'em chasin' till nigh dinner time? And did n't I car Mas'r Haley nigh five miles out of de road, dis evening, or else he 'd a come up with Lizy as easy as a dog arter a coon. These yer 's all providences." . . .

It will be perceived, as has been before intimated, that Master Sam had a native talent that might, undoubtedly, have raised him to eminence in political life,—a talent of making capital out of everything that turned up, to be invested for his own especial praise and glory; and having done up his piety and humility, as he trusted, to the satisfaction of the parlor, he clapped his palm-leaf on his head, with a sort of rakish, free-and-easy air, and proceeded to the dominions of Aunt Chloe, with the intention of flourishing largely in the kitchen.

"I 'll speechify these yer niggers," said Sam to himself, "now I've got a chance. I'll reel it off to make 'em stare!"

. . . .

The kitchen was full of all his compeers, who had hurried and crowded in, from the various cabins, to hear the termination of the day's exploits. Now was Sam's hour of glory. The story of the day was rehearsed, with all kinds of ornament and varnishing which might be necessary to heighten its effect; for Sam, like some of our fashionable dilettanti, never allowed a story to lose any of its gilding by passing through his hands. . . .

"Yer see, fellow-countrymen," said Sam, elevating a turkey's leg, with energy, "yer see, now, what dis yer chile 's up ter for fendin' yer all,—yes, all on yer. For him as tries to get one o' our people, is as good as tryin' to get all; yer see the principle 's de same,—dat ar 's clar. And any one o' these yer drivers that comes smelling round arter any our people, why, he 's got *me* in his way; *I'm* the feller he 's got to set in with,—I'm the feller for yer all to come to, bredren,—I'll stand up for yer rights,—I'll fend em to the last breath!"

"Why, but Sam, yer telled me, only this mornin', that you 'd help this yer Mas'r to cotch Lizy; seems to me yer talk don't hang together," said Andy.

"I tell you now, Andy," said Sam, with awful superiority, "don't yer be a talkin' 'bout what yer don't know nothin' on; boys like you, Andy, means well, but they can't be spected to collusitate the great principles of action." . . .

"Dat ar was *conscience*, Andy; when I thought of gwine arter Lizy, I railly spected Mas'r was sot dat way. When I found Missis was sot the contrar, dat ar was conscience *more yet*,—cause fellers allers gets more by stickin' to Missis' side,—so yer see I 's persistent either way, and sticks up to conscience, and holds on to principles. Yes, *principles*," said Sam, giving an enthusiastic toss to a chicken's neck,—"what 's principles good for, if we is n't persistent, I wanter know? Thar, Andy, you may have dat ar bone,—'tant picked quite clean."

Sam's audience hanging on his words with open mouth, he could not but proceed. . . .

"Yes, indeed!" said Sam, rising, full of supper and glory, for a closing effort. "Yes, my feller citizens and ladies of de other sex in general, I has principles,—I'm proud to 'oon 'em,—they's perquisite to dese yer times, and ter *all* times. I has principles, and I sticks to 'em like forty,—jest anything that I thinks is principle, I goes in to 't;—I would n't mind if dey burnt me 'live,—I'd walk right up to de stake, I would, and say, here I comes to shed my last blood for my principles, for my country, fur der gen'l interests of s'ciety."

"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "one o' yer principles will have to be to get to bed some time to-night, and not be a keepin' everybody up till mornin'; now, every one of you young uns that don't want to be cracked, had better to be scase, mighty sudden."

"Niggers! all on yer," said Sam, waving his palm-leaf with benignity, "I give yer my blessin'; go to bed now, and be good boys."

And, with this pathetic benediction, the assembly dispersed. . . .

The February morning looked gray and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. It looked on downcast

faces, the images of mournful hearts. The little table stood out before the fire, covered with an ironing-cloth ; a coarse but clean shirt or two, fresh from the iron, hung on the back of a chair by the fire, and Aunt Chloe had another spread out before her on the table. Carefully she rubbed and ironed every fold and every hem, with the most scrupulous exactness, every now and then raising her hand to her face to wipe off the tears that were coursing down her cheeks.

Tom sat by, with his Testament open on his knee, and his head leaning upon his hand ;—but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed.

Tom, who had, to the full, the gentle, domestic heart, which, woe for them! has been a peculiar characteristic of his unhappy race, got up and walked silently to look at his children.

"It 's the last time," he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it ; and finally setting her iron suddenly down with a despairing plunge, she sat down to the table, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

"S'pose we must be resigned ; but oh Lord! how ken I? If I know'd anything whar you's goin', or how they'd sarve you! Missis says she 'll try and 'deem ye, in a year or two ; but Lor! nobody never comes up that goes down thar! They kills 'em! I've hearn 'em tell how dey works 'em up on dem ar plantations." . . .

"I'm in the Lord's hands," said Tom ; "nothin' can go no furder than he lets it ;—and thar's one thing I can thank him for. It's me that's sold and going down, and not you nur the chil'en. Here you're safe ;—what comes will come only on me ; and the Lord, he'll help me,—I know he will. Yer ought ter look up to the Lord above—he 's above all—thar don't a sparrow fall without him."

"It don't seem to comfort me, but I spect it orter," said Aunt Chloe. "But dar 's no use talking' ; I'll jes wet up de corn-cake, and get ye one good breakfast, 'cause nobody knows when you 'll get another."

In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south,

it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. . . . The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind is the threat of being sent down river. We have ourselves heard this feeling expressed by them, and seen the unaffected horror with which they will sit in their gossipping hours, and tell frightful stories of that "down river," which to them is

> "That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
> No traveller returns."

A missionary among the fugitives in Canada told us that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south,—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of re-capture. . . .

"Now," said Aunt Chloe, bustling about after breakfast, "I must put up yer clothes. Jest like as not, he 'll take 'em all away. I know thar ways—mean as dirt, they is! Wal, now, yer flannels for rhumatis is in this corner; so be careful, 'cause there won't nobody make ye no more. Then here 's yer old shirts, and these yer is new ones. I toed off these yer stockings last night, and put de ball in 'em to mend with. But Lor! who 'll ever mend for ye?" and Aunt Chloe, again overcome, laid her head on the box side, and sobbed. . . .

Here one of the boys called out, "Thar's Missis a-comin' in!"

Mrs. Shelby entered. "Tom," she said, "I come to—" and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, began to sob.

"Lor, now, Missis, don't—don't!" said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company. And in those tears they all shed together, the high and the lowly, melted away all the heart-burnings and anger of

the oppressed. O, ye who visit the distressed, do ye know that everything your money can buy, given with a cold, averted face, is not worth one honest tear shed in real sympathy?

"My good fellow," said Mrs. Shelby, "I can't give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and bring you back as soon as I can command the money;—and, till then, trust in God!"

Here the boys called out that Mas'r Haley was coming, and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door. Haley stood there in very ill humor, having ridden hard the night before, and being not at all pacified by his ill success in re-capturing his prey.

"Come," said he, "ye nigger, ye'r ready? Servant ma'am!" said he, taking off his hat, as he saw Mrs. Shelby.

Aunt Chloe shut and corded the box, and, getting up, looked gruffly on the trader, her tears seeming suddenly turned to sparks of fire.

Tom rose up meekly, to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the waggon, and the children, still crying, trailed on behind. . . .

"Get in!" said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of servants, who looked at him with lowering brows.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon seat a heavy pair of shackles, made them fast around each ankle.

A smothered groan of indignation ran through the whole circle, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah,—

"Mr. Haley, I assure you that precaution is entirely unnecessary."

"Do'n know, ma'am; I 've lost one five hundred dollars from this yer place, and I can't afford to run no more risks." . .

"I 'm sorry," said Tom, "that Mas'r George happened to be away."

George had gone to spend two or three days with a companion on a neighboring estate, and having departed early in the morning, before Tom's misfortune had been made public, had left without hearing of it.

"Give my love to Mas'r George," he said, earnestly.

Haley whipped up the horse, and, with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away. . . .

Tom and Haley rattled on along the dusty road, whirling past every old familiar spot, until the bounds of the estate were fairly passed, and they found themselves out on the open pike. After they had ridden about a mile, Haley suddenly drew up at the door of a blacksmith's shop, when, taking out with him a pair of handcuffs, he stepped into the shop, to have a little alteration in them. . . .

Tom was sitting very mournfully on the outside of the shop when suddenly he heard the quick, short click of a horse's hoof behind him; and, before he could fairly awake from his surprise, young Master George sprang into the wagon, threw his arms tumultuously around his neck, and was sobbing and scolding with energy.

"I declare its real mean! I don't care what they say any of 'em! It's a nasty, mean shame! If I was a man, they should n't do it,—they should not, *so!*" said George, with a kind of subdued howl.

"O! Mas'r George! this does me good!" said Tom. "I could n't bar to go off without seein' ye! It does me real good, ye can't tell!" . . .

Look here, Uncle Tom," said he, turning his back to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "*I 've brought you my dollar!*"

"O! I could n't think o' taking on 't, Mas'r George, no ways in the world!" said Tom, quite moved.

"But you *shall* take it!" said George; "look here—I told Aunt Chloe I 'd do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. . . ."

"And now, Mas'r George," said Tom, "ye must be a good boy; 'member how many hearts is sot on ye. Al'ays keep close to yer mother. Don't be gettin' into any of them foolish ways boys has of gettin' too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but he don't give ye a mother but once. Ye 'll never

see sich another woman, Mas'r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So, now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar 's my own good boy,—you will now, won't ye ?"

"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of yer speaking, Mas'r George. Young boys, when they comes to your age, is wilful, sometimes—it's natur they should be. But real gentlemen, such as I hopes you'll be, never lets fall no words that is n't 'spectful to thar parents. Ye an't 'tended, Mas'r George ?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice." . . .

"Be a good Mas'r, like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. 'Member yer Creator in the days o' yer youth, Mas'r George," said Uncle Tom.

"I'll be *real* good, Uncle Tom, I tell you," said George.

"Well, good-by, Uncle Tom;" said George.

"Good-by, Mas'r George," aaid Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. "God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky han't got many like you!"

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Tom, to pursue the fortunes of other characters in our next chapter.

(*To be Continued.*)

Eastern Method of Measuring Time.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow." —*Robert's Illustrations.*

THE DOG.

"*He will not come*," said the gentle child.
And she patted the poor dog's head,
And she pleasantly call'd him and fondly smil'd;
But he heeded her not, in his anguish wild,
Nor arose from his lowly bed.

'Twas his master's grave where he chose to rest,
He guarded it night and day;
The love that glowed in his grateful breast,
For the friend who had fed, controlled, carest,
Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near
Beneath some hasting tread,
He started up with a quivering ear,
For he thought 'twas the step of his master dear,
Returning from the dead.

But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
And the clouds were dark and fleet,
He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
As if he would force his way, or die,
To his much-loved master's feet.

So there through the summer's heat he lay,
Till Autumn nights grew bleak,
Till his eye grew dim with his hope's decay,
And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought;
But his buried master he never forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

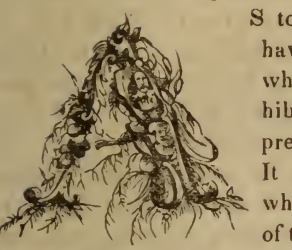
Cold winter came with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and sore,
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till close where the broken tombstone lay
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And Death was by his side,
With one loud cry that shook the plain,
He called for his master,—but all in vain,
Then stretched himself and died.

L. H. S.

Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. There is nothing, says Plato, so delightful, as the hearing or the speaking of truth.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.



S to the bottom of the sea, it seems to have inequalities similar to those which the surface of continents exhibits; if it were dried up, it would present mountains, valleys, and plains. It is inhabited almost throughout its whole extent by an immense quantity of testaceous animals, or covered with sand and gravel. It was thus that Donati found the bottom of the Adriatic Sea; the bed of testaceous animals there, according to him, is several hundred feet in thickness. The celebrated diver, Pescecola, whom the Emperor, Frederick 2d, employed to descend the Strait of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous polypi attached to the rocks, the arms of which, being several yards long, were more than sufficient to strangle a man. In a great many places, the madrepores form a kind of petrified forest, fixed at the bottom of the sea, and frequently, too, this bottom presents different layers of rock and earth.

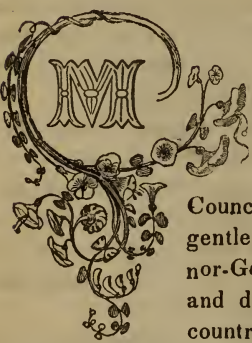
The granite rises up in sharp-pointed masses. Near Marseilles, marble is dug up from a submarine quarry. There are also bituminous springs and even springs of fresh water, that spout up from the depths of the ocean; and, in the Gulf of Spezia, a great spout or fountain of fresh water is seen to rise like a liquid hill. Similar springs furnish the inhabitants of Aradus with their ordinary beverage.

On the southern coast of Cuba, to the south-west of the port of Batabans, in the bay of Xagua, at two or three miles from the land, springs of fresh water gush up with such force, in the midst of the salt, that small boats cannot approach them with safety; the deeper you draw the water, the fresher you find it. It has been observed, in the neighborhood of steep coasts, that the bottom of the sea also sinks down suddenly to a considerable depth; whilst near a low coast, and of gentle declivity, it is only gradually that the sea deepens. There are some places in the sea, where no bottom has yet been found. But we must not conclude that the sea is really bottomless; an idea which, if not absurd, is, at least, by no means conformable to the analogies of natural science. The mountains of continents

seem to correspond with what are called the abysses of the sea; but now, the highest mountains do not rise to 20,000 feet. It is true that they have wasted down and lessened by the action of the elements: it may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that the sea is not beyond 30,000 feet in depth; but it is impossible to find the bottom, even at one-third of that depth, with our little instruments. One of the most singular attempts to ascertain the depth, was made in the Northern Ocean, by Lord Mulgrave. He heaved very heavy sounding-leads, and gave out with it cable rope to the length of 4,680 feet, without finding bottom.—*Family Friend.*

HISTORY OF CANADA.

LETTER III.



Y Young Friends,—I will now endeavor to describe to you the principal changes which the "Constitutional Act" of 1792 made in the Government of Canada.

In the first place, it abolished the Council, composed of between 17 and 22 gentlemen, who, in company with the Governor-General, used to meet together at Quebec, and devise measures for the welfare of the country.

Secondly, it divided Canada into two parts, namely, into Upper Canada, and Lower Canada. It gave a separate Government to each part, and, in some respects, different laws.

The Government, in both parts, was composed of three branches. 1st. The Governor-General, who represented the Crown. 2nd. The Legislative Council; and the 3rd. was the House of Assembly. The Governor-General, for each part, was to be appointed by the Government in England. The Members of the Legislative Council were likewise to be appointed by the English Government, and to hold their office during their lifetime. The number of Members in the Council, in Upper Canada, was not to be less than seven; and in Lower Canada, they were not be less than fifteen. It also

ordained, that no one could be made a Member of the Legislative Council, who was not twenty-one years of age; or who was an alien, that is, a person not born, nor naturalized in a country belonging to Great Britain.

It also ordained, that the third branch of the Government, namely, the House of Assembly, should be, in Upper Canada, comprised of not less than sixteen Members; and that the House of Assembly, in Lower Canada, should not have less than fifty members. It ordered, that the Members to the House of Assembly should be elected by the male inhabitants of Canada; and that, to enable an inhabitant to vote for the election of a Member to the House of Assembly, he should possess certain qualifications, which I will endeavor to explain, thus:

We will suppose you are residing in Montreal, and that, from some cause, there is no one to represent the City in the House of Assembly. Accordingly, some gentleman, perhaps a resident in the City, who fancies himself able to promote the interests of the country, calls upon you, and asks you to vote for him, so that he may be elected the Representative of Montreal. Now, then, this law which I am endeavoring to describe, declares, that to enable you to give this vote, you must be a British subject, and 21 years of age, or upwards; and you must possess a house, or a piece of ground in the City of Montreal, which is worth a rent of not less than five pounds sterling a year; or, if you do not possess a house or land, you must have resided in the City for twelve months previous to the election, and pay not less than ten pounds sterling per annum, for the rent of a dwelling-house. But, if you reside in the country, instead of in a city or town, and a gentleman asked you to vote for him to represent the county in which you reside in the House of Assembly,—in that case, the qualifications to enable you to do so are different. You must possess land in that county of the yearly value of not less than forty shillings sterling a year, be 21 years of age, and a British subject, and then you can, if you see fit, give him a vote.

This Constitutional Act also enacted, that no Member of the Legislative Council could sit in the House of Assembly, nor any clergyman. That the Legislative Council, and the House of Assembly should meet once every year; and that, at the end

SIR GUY CARLETON.

of every four years, the Members of the House of Assembly should be deprived of their Membership, so that the people might elect them again, or others in their stead, for another term of four years.

It also enacted, that the seventh part of the land—that is, one acre out of every seven acres of the land belonging to the Crown in Canada—should be given for support of the Protestant Church in this country. This appropriation is known as the Clergy Reserves, which has caused, and is now causing, much political excitement and bad feeling in this country, but more particularly in Upper Canada.

It declared that his Majesty should empower the Governors of the Province to erect parsonages, and endow them with lands, and present them to ministers of the Episcopal Church. Power was given to our Legislature to repeal these provisions for the clergy, but any repeal or alteration could not come into force, until it had been confirmed and approved of by the Imperial Parliament.

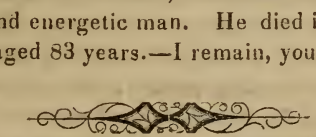
All lands to be given or sold by the Crown in Upper Canada were ordered to be granted in free and common soccage; and so also in Lower Canada, when the grantee or purchaser re-

quired it. The owner of land, under the tenure of free and common soccage, enjoyed the absolute control of it, without being burthened by any feudal obligations, or periodical payments, provided he has paid the purchase money, and, (if it be wild land which he has purchased,) cleared it from trees, &c., according to the requirements of the agreement, by which he became the proprietor.

In fine, this Constitutional Act gave Canada the right, subject, however, in certain cases, to the approval of the Imperial Parliament, of governing itself in all matters; except, as regards levying duties on foreign vessels which came to Canada, or for the regulation of the duties on goods passing between Upper and Lower Canada, and on goods coming from, or going from Canada to any foreign country. In these matters England claimed exclusive control, as an acknowledgment of her sovereignty and protection, but she gave us the use of the money obtained from these sources, to dispose of as we might see fit.

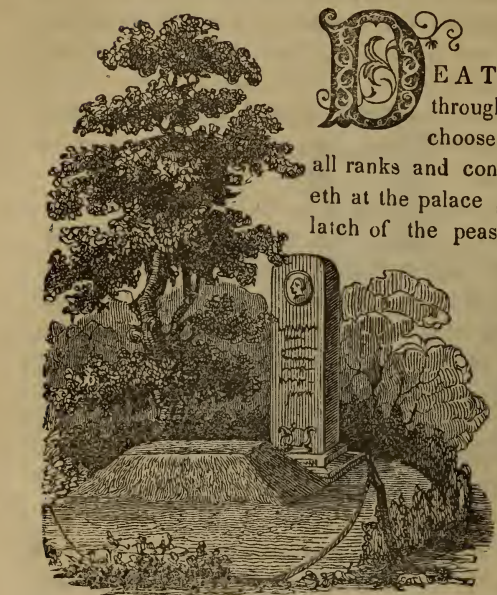
In my two former letters, I omitted to mention the names of those who held the office of Governor general. Eight gentlemen held that post successively from 1765 to 1792. Only one of these is deserving of particular mention, namely Sir Guy Carleton, whose portrait is before you. He was Wolfe's quartermaster, at the storming of Quebec, in 1759. In 1766 he was made Captain General and Governor of Canada. He successfully commanded the British at Quebec, when attacked by the Americans under Montgomery, compelled the latter to raise the siege, and drove his forces out of the Colony. In 1777, he was superseded in military command by General Burgoyne. He succeeded Sir Henry Clinton in 1782, as Commander of the British Forces. In 1792 he was re-appointed Governor General of Canada, and was distinguished as a brave, skilful and energetic man. He died in England, at the close of 1808, aged 83 years.—I remain, yours, &c.

J. P.



Think nought a trifle though it small appear,
Sands make the mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die, ere you have learned to live.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.



DEATH walketh abroad through our world, and chooseth his victims from all ranks and conditions. He knocketh at the palace gate, and lifteth the latch of the peasant's straw-thatched hovel. No mansion so magnificent as to intimidate him; no roof so lowly as to escape his notice.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But hath one vacant chair."

"Passing away." We read our destiny in the fading flower, the falling leaf, and the changing seasons. We feel it in declining strength, in flagging energies, and failing faculties. Yet even were Revelation silent here—we *know*—that all does not perish with the frail form.—This strong, intuitive conviction has in all ages mocked the weak reasoning that would shake it, for it is the impress of God, and nothing less than immortality could satisfy the soul! We cannot even consent to let our memories perish from earth. Who does not wish to leave behind him at least, "Some stone to tell the wanderer, when he came here, and when he went away;" and how it oppresses the heart with sadness, to anticipate the time, when even this will refuse to bear its record! All are anxious to be remembered; the ignorant and obscure, as well as the mighty and honored. Hence man seeks to build up for himself a name of enduring glory. Fame has been said to be man's ruling passion; he desires his memory to live in the hearts of his fellow-men, when he shall sleep beneath the sod. He will place himself foremost on the field of battle, where the death-shots fall thickest; to be called a hero, to have the world applaud his bravery. And to gain the nobler, and

more enduring fame, that talents and knowledge bring, what sacrifices, what efforts are made! How life itself is coined into the pure gold of literature, until the writer, like the fabled swan, sings his own death-song. This principle is universal; perhaps no sentient being was ever entirely divested of it.

We learn from history, that the ancients erected costly, and magnificent monuments, and pyramids, the work of ages of immense toil, to perpetuate their memories, as long as stone and marble resist the impress of time. One of the earliest, of which we have any record, is that of Absalom, who having no children to bear his name, "reared up for himself a pillar." These substantial structures have for centuries bid defiance to the battling elements. But few of the inscriptions upon them can now be deciphered; the tears of time have long ago blotted them out, no one now living can tell by whom, or for whom, many of them were built; while some bear names of which history has preserved no record. They stand there in their greatness and majesty, as if in mockery of the vanity, and frailty of man. Can the most costly and enduring structure long bear our names? No! Time defies the skill of the sculptor, his busy fingers will soon erase them, and beneath his mighty hand the very stone and marble will crumble to atoms. Yet like the ant, man toils over what the next careless foot may crush. Our friends are taken from us, and we seek to make their memories as enduring in other hearts, as in our own. We choose for their last resting place, some cherished spot, which seems to us beautiful; we adorn it with flowers, and give to it the quiet peaceful shade of foliage, we carve their names upon marble, and fondly believe that none can pass the spot, or read the inscription without one thought of interest in the sleeper beneath. To us it becomes a *home*, where one, by one, we bear all that is dear to us, on earth, and where by each fresh mound, we think with a calm pleasure of the time when the sod we have marked for our own rest, shall be lifted, to open for us the gate of immortality.

In every country, we find chosen spots for the reception of the dead; and here may the different degrees of advancement in civilization be seen. It has been remarked by travellers, that the cemeteries of the United States, are the most beautiful in the world. One reason may be, that our country presents

so many appropriate natural situations; and, perhaps, somewhat is to be attributed to the taste of the Americans. This prompts them to choose a spot far away from the busy haunts of men, far from the hum of human voices; and guides art in decorating and embellishing it. Some of these cities of the dead, are within hearing of old ocean's mysterious and solemn music. Mt. Auburn and Greenwood, are thus situated; and are perhaps the most beautiful. In visiting one of these art-embellished cemeteries, or even, the quiet country grave-yard, decorated only by the hand of nature; a calm repose steals over the spirit; we feel that death is not such a bitter, and painful thing; that the rest of the grave has no terrors.

It has been said that we can judge of the character of a nation, from the mode of interment, and the inscriptions on its monuments. The devotional character of the Germans, in former times, led them to call this last home "God's acre," where the

"Seed sown by Him, shall ripen for the harvest."

Infidel Paris inscribed over the gate of Pere la Chaise—"Death is an *eternal* sleep." The rude Scottish tribes, in their rocky country, heaped piles of stones, as monuments; while in smoother England, mounds of earth were raised for the same purpose. The inhabitants of the remote north, unable to open the frozen ground, cover their dead with branches of trees; and many of the wandering tribes of South America, carry the body of their relative, on his favorite horse, hundreds of miles, to the family cemetery. The Greeks believed that the spirits of the unburied could not enter the abodes of the blessed, so if one died at sea, or where his body could not be found, they built for him a cenotaph.

Our word "cemetery" was introduced by the early christians, who regarded the grave as a sleeping place, and interred bodies without burning them. Their burial places were generally caves of vast extent, which in times of persecution, served as hiding places. In visiting various places of sepulture, we see a great diversity in the style of the monuments and their inscriptions. Some only tell the name, age, and death of the sleeper, while others are carried to the other extreme; long and flattering epitaphs are inscribed; which in many instances, we

feel, must be untrue. Should the sleepers beneath, be suddenly awakened, could they be gratified with such gross flattery? There is one feature of the human mind, which is here often exhibited. The man, who during his life time toiled on, unnoticed, and unrewarded, is after his death, suddenly discovered to have been a hero, a patriot, or a child of genius, and he is immortalized by a long inscription on his tomb-stone: but these honors came too late, to benefit the departed. He heeds them not, and would sleep as sweetly if nought but the green turf, and the glad sunshine were above his breast.

Many of the inscriptions on the tombs in Westminster Abbey, are in Greek and Hebrew, and none but the learned can decipher them. There are few such in our country; though the same inscription in Latin, and in English, is often placed on monuments of public interest, because Latin is everywhere understood by the learned.

Perhaps the curious mind may be most interested in visiting the quiet country grave yard; where age after age, sire and son have been buried. It is here the quaintest epitaphs are seen; and it is impossible to read some of them without a smile, even in so sacred a spot; but the very solemnity of the place often increases the ludicrousness.

What can be more beautiful, and congenial to the man of taste, than a few simple, and true words, carved upon the marble-tablet; and how refreshing it is to turn to such a one, after wearying the eye, and vexing the soul, with reading some long inscription, amounting almost to a history. We occasionally meet with such a one as this:—"Our MOTHER *fell asleep Feb. 9th* 1840. *When will the morning come?*" A name is often seen, carved on the stone, telling that it is also inscribed on a far more enduring tablet above. In a grave-yard in Missouri, among epitaphs, that seem relics of barbarism, stands a pure white stone, with only this inscription:—"MY WIFE and LITTLE WILLIE." One of the most beautiful monuments in beautiful Laurel Hill, is the statue of the sleeping infant that lies beneath. The tablet, canopy, and pillow, are all of the same pure white marble, with the figure of the child. The expression of the sweet baby face, is that of sadness and weariness; as though it had wept itself to sleep: and insensibly as

you gaze upon it, your eyes fill with tears of gratitude that it shall weep no more!

It is well for the living to visit the abodes of the dead, 'tis well to think often of the grave, and to look forward to futurity.

"How frail is man! his earliest breath
Is but the promise sure of death;
From being's dawn, to darkling age,
The grave his certain heritage!"

MARY.

THE FOREST MONARCH AND HIS DEPENDANTS.

A FABLE.

By Mrs. Traill.

On a green extensive plain, grew a lofty oak, of noble stature; its wide-spreading arms affording a refreshing shade from the scorching sunbeams. Thither the cattle came at noon-day, to repose upon the velvet turf, and rest beneath its grateful shelter. The breeze played among its shining leaves; the birds sang joyfully amid the boughs; there they built their nests, and securely hatched their young brood. Myriads of insects dwelt there; the leaves, the bark, the wood affording them food and shelter. At its roots sprung the greenest grass, among which grew deep blue violets, that scented the air with their odor, and gladdened the eye with their half-concealed beauty—and the violets grew and spread on every side, protected by the Forest King.

Spring came and went, and still the birds sang on, and built new nests, and hatched new broods; and the oak rejoiced in their prosperity, and asked them not why they came, or whither they went. The squirrel gambolled freely among the topmost branches, and gathered there his store of winter food; the gay-winged insects fluttered their little day of pleasure among the glossy leaves; the violets blossomed sweetly at its roots; and the cattle found shelter and comfort in the cool shade. None had cause to complain of their patron; he extended his blessings alike to all his dependants. Ignorance begets envy. A stranger came and rested himself on the green sward beneath the Oak, and he looked upward, and admired its grandeur and its beauty, its

mossy trunk, and its wide-spreading arms, its glossy foliage, and shining fruit; but he gave no heed to the birds, or the insects, or the blue violets, and went on his way. Then there was a murmur of discontent. The birds were indignant that their songs had been unheeded; the insects, that their bright wings had not been noticed; and, most of all, did the violets complain, that their beauty and perfume had been disregarded. Envy and hatred filled their jealous hearts, and they lifted up their voices with one accord, to reproach the mighty monarch of the wood, and clamorously desired that the woodsman would come with his axe, and level the oak with the ground. Then the oak was moved with anger at the injustice and malice of his ungrateful dependants, and said, "Have I not sheltered you and your children from the summer's scorching heat—from the gales of autumn, and the bitter frosts of winter? The thunderbolt that would have smitten you, has fallen upon my head—my arms were spread over you—my leaves nourished and sheltered you—from my own vitals have I fed you—O! ungrateful children!" and the sighing breeze that swept sadly through the branches seemed to lament the rebellion among the dependants of the mighty Forest King. But the birds, and the insects, and the violets still sighed for the destruction of the oak, that they might rise into public notice. That day, the stranger returned, and with him, many woodsmen, with axes and hatchets. "Let us cut down this glorious old tree," they said, "that he may help to build a mighty ship to navigate the seas." And the axe was laid to the root of the tree. The turf, torn and bruised, no longer hid the violets from the iron heels of the choppers, who trode them beneath their feet, and crushed their slender stems. The oak fell, and, in its fall, buried the envious flowers, never again to rise. The birds no longer sang among its branches—the cradles of their unfledged younglings were broken, and scattered to the winds of heaven—the squirrels saw their magazine of food destroyed, and, with the mighty monarch, perished the happiness and prosperity of his dependants.

My children—Our Lord has commanded us to render honor unto whom honor is due—to honor and obey the king, and all that are placed in authority under him—and to be meek and lowly, that, in good time, He may exalt us.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

Time is the only gift or commodity, of which every man who lives, has just the same share. The passing day is exactly of the same dimensions to each of us, and by no contrivance can any one of us extend its duration by so much as a minute or a second. It is not like a sum of money, which we can employ in trade, or put out at interest, and thereby add to, or multiply its amount. Its amount is unalterable. We cannot even keep it by us. Whether we will or no, we must spend it; and all our power over it, therefore, consists in the manner in which it is spent. Part with it we must; but we may give it either for something or for nothing. Its mode of escaping from us, however, being very subtle and silent, we are exceedingly apt, because we do not feel it passing out of our hand like so much told coin, to forget that we are parting with it at all; and thus, from mere heedlessness, the precious possession is allowed to flow away, as if it were a thing of no value. The first and principal rule, therefore, in regard to the economizing and right employment of time, is to habituate ourselves to watch it.

"The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering,
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
Those viewless angel hours. * * *

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission flight, by day by night,
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute,
Which God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

Those bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel too oft when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go, they may not show,
My heart a poison-flower.

So, when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last,
Shall bear my hopes on angel's wings,
Unfettered by the past."

"*It was the* boast of Cicero that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the republic; and that he had only dedicated to them the hours which others gave to their walks, their repasts, and their pleasures. Looking on his voluminous labors, we are surprised at this observation; how honorable it is to him, that his various philosophical works bear the titles of the different villas he possessed; which shows they were composed in their respective retirements. Cicero must have been an early riser, and must have practised that magic art of employing his time so as to multiply his days."

"*Knowledge*, while it is essentially *power*, is indirectly *virtue*, and can hardly be acquired without the exertion of several high moral qualities. Some distinguished scholars have no doubt been bad men, but we do not know how much worse they might have been, but for their love of learning, which to the extent it did operate upon their characters, must have been beneficial. A genuine relish for intellectual enjoyments is naturally as inconsistent with a devotion to the coarser gratifications of sense, as the habit of assiduous study is to that dissipation of time and thought and faculty, which a life of vicious pleasure implies.

Knowledge is also *happiness*. And were its pursuit nothing better than mere amusement, it would deserve the preference over all other amusements, on many accounts. Of these, the chief is, that it must become something better than an amusement, must invigorate the mind, and refine, and elevate the character. So far from losing any part of its zest with time, the longer it is known, the better it is loved. It may be resorted to by all, in all circumstances; by both sexes; by the young and the old; in town or in the country; by him who has only his stolen half-hour to give to it, and by him who

can allow it nearly his whole day. Above all, it is the cheapest of all amusements, and consequently the most universally accessible.

The habit of reading is rapidly extending itself, even among the humblest ranks. Nothing can be more natural than this. A book is emphatically the poor man's luxury; for it is, of all luxuries, that which can be obtained at the least cost. By means of district libraries, almost every individual of the population might be enabled to secure access to an inexhaustible store of intellectual amusement and instruction; at an expense which even the poorest would scarcely feel. As yet, these advantages have been in the possession of a few individuals, comparatively speaking, to whom they have been a source, not more of enjoyment, than of intelligence and influence. Wealth and rank are perhaps, on no account more valuable, than for the power which their possessor enjoys, of prosecuting the work of mental cultivation, to a greater extent than others. Many have seldom more than the mere fragments of the day to give to study, after the bulk of it has been consumed in procuring merely the bread that perisheth; while the man of wealth may make literature and philosophy the vocation of his life. To be able to do this, many have willingly embraced comparative poverty, in preference to riches. Among the philosophers of the ancient world, some are said to have spontaneously disencumbered themselves of their inheritances, that the cares of managing their property might not interrupt their philosophic pursuits. Crates, Thales, Democritus, and Anaxagoras, are particularly mentioned as having made this sacrifice."

Cicero, who was more sensible of moral pleasures, than of those of any other kind, says in his oration on the poet Archias:—"Why should I be ashamed to acknowledge pleasures like these, since for so many years the enjoyment of them has never prevented me from relieving the wants of others, or deprived me of the courage to attack vice and defend virtue? Who can justly blame—who can censure me—if while others are pursuing the views of interest, gazing at festal shows and idle ceremonies, exploring new pleasures; engaged in midnight revels: in the distraction of gaming; or the madness of intemperance; neither reposing the body, or recreating the mind; I spend the recollective hours in a pleasing review of my past life—in dedicating my time to learning and the muses?"

DROOP NOT UPON YOUR WAY.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind!
Mark out the path ye fain wou'd tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep stedfast on your way!

Although ye may not gain at once
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work,
Plod on, and do not tire;
Obstructions too, may crowd your path,
In threatening stern array,
Yet flinch not, fear not! they may prove,
Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move you make,
Let "onward" be your cry.
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labor 's done.
Then DROOP NOT on your way!

The Harpers.—In 1826, James and John Harper, worked as journeymen in a printing office in New York. They were distinguished, like Franklin, for industry, temperance, and economy, The well-known editor of the Albany *Evening Journal* worked as a journeyman printer at that time in the same establishment. 'James" says he," was our partner at the press. We were at work as soon as the day dawned, and though on a pleasant summer afternoon, we used to sigh occasionally for a walk upon the Battery before sundown, he would never allow the 'balls to be capped,' until he had broken the back of the thirteenth 'token'" What is the sequel? The journeyman printer of 1826 has become the head of one of the first, if not the first, publishing houses in the world, a man of ample fortune, and enjoying the confidence of his fellow-citizens in an eminent degree. It was in 1844, that, in the city in which he was first known as a journeyman printer, his name was made the rallying cry of a new political party, whose irresistible enthusiasm and overwhelming numbers speedily elevated him to the chief magistracy of the great metropolis of the western world.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

A Babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love; a resting place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men. Yet is it a talent of trust! a loan to be rendered back with interest; a delight, but redolent of care; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter. For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding, and the bent unto good or evil may be given in the heart of infancy. Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come; even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marring of evil, for disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions. Therefore, though the voice of instruction waiteth for the ear of reason, yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh education.

The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth and addeth learning to his lips. Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

Never was there a severer satire uttered against human reason, than that of Mirabeau, when he said, "*Words are Things.*" This single word explains the whole French revolution. Such a revolution never would have occurred amongst a people who spoke *things* instead of *words*. Just so far as *words* are *things*, just so far the infinite contexture of realities, pertaining to body and soul; to heaven and earth; to time and eternity, is nothing. The ashes and shreds of every thing else are of some value; but of words not freighted with *ideas*, there is no salvage. It is not *words*, but words *fitly spoken*, that are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Which is the happiest season?—At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, which is the happiest season of life?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said,—"When the Spring comes, and in the soft air, the buds are breaking on the tree, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is Spring!* And when the summer comes and covers the trees with heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is Summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear gorgeous tints of frost, I think, *How beautiful is Autumn!* And it is *sere* winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then, I look through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the *stars* shine."

A cloud may intercept the sun;
A web by insect workers spun
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapours take away the same.

A grain of sand upon the sight,
May rob a giant of his might,
Or needle point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for death.

How often at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirr'd,
And ties that years would not have riv'n
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.

A glance that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse, and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts not look'd, nor yet exprest,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love,
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres.

The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land.
Oh, trifles are not what they are,
But fortune's ruling voice and star!

An Invaluable Curiosity.—Horace Walpole tells a lively story of an old porcelain vender, who had an exceedingly rare and valuable jar, on which he set an almost fabulous price. One hot summer, a slight volcanic shock, jarred his house about his ears, and split his precious vase. To an ordinary mind this accident would have been calamitous, but the china seller rose superior to fortune. He doubled its price, and advertised it as "the only jar in the world which had been cracked by an earthquake."

Among the latest discoveries at Nineveh, one coffin was found, containing the body of a lady of the royal House. Many of her garments were entire, also the gold studs which fastened her vest. The most singular discovery, however, was a mask of thin gold, pressed upon the face, so as to assume and retain the features of the deceased.

The First Profile taken, as recorded, was that of Antigonius, who, having lost an eye, had his likeness so taken, 330, B.C.

Belgian thread spinners.—The spinning of fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp under-ground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a subterranean atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers, who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This occupation has an injurious effect on the health, therefore to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid. To form an accurate idea of this operation, it is necessary to see a Brabant thread-spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff, and that she may see it distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a back ground for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the least unevenness, she stops her wheel, breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces broken off are laid aside, to be used in other ways. All this could never be done by machinery. The prices current of the Brabant spinners usually include a list of various sorts of thread suited to lace-making, varying from sixty francs to one thousand eight hundred francs per pound. Instances have occurred in which as much as ten thousand francs have been paid for a pound of this fine yarn. So high a price has never been paid for the best spun silk.

Remarkable Ignorance.— A correspondent of the Boston Post gives the following description of an incident at Faneuil Hall:—"While my mind was riveted on the Departure by Wier, my attention was arrested by a question from a young man who was sitting by my side. 'Which is Columbus?' 'He does not appear in this picture,' said I, 'it is the *Departure of the Pilgrims*.' 'Oh, no,' said the young man, 'he does not; he came over afterwards!'"

AUTUMN.

The leaves are falling on the ground,
The vale is damp and chill;
The wheat is gathered to the store,
Which waved upon the hill:
The summer birds have taken wing
The sky looks wan and grey,
And from the coppice calls the crow
Through all the gloomy day.

The joyous bee is heard no more
Amid the faded bowers;
Low lying in the silent graves
Are all the gentle flowers:
The azure fount is choked and dumb,
And 'neath the rivulet
The water-blooms have left the stalk
On which they late were set.

The fall of leaves and wane of flowers
Make sad a lonely heart;
They, like the loveliest of our race,
From this world soon depart.
But as the dark is changed to light
When morning's dawn-beams pour,
So death's long night shall turn to day
When Time itself is o'er.

RECIPES.

Preserved Quinces.—Pare and core your quinces, taking out the parts that are knotty and defective; cut them in quarters, or round slices; put them in your preserving kettle; cover them with the parings and a very little water; lay a large plate over them to keep in the steam, and boil them until they are tender. Take out the quinces, and strain the liquor through a bag. To every pint of liquor allow a pound of loaf sugar. Boil the juice and sugar together about ten minutes, skimming it well; put in the quinces, and boil them gently about twenty minutes. When the sugar has completely penetrated them, take them out, and put them in a glass jar, and turn the juice over them warm. Tie them up when cold with paper dipped in clarified sugar.

Preserved Apples.—Take equal weights of good brown sugar and of apples; peel or wash, core and chop the apples very fine; allow to every three pounds of sugar a pint of water; dissolve, then boil the sugar pretty thick, skimming it well; add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger, and boil till the apples look clear and yellow. This will keep years. Crab apples done in this way, without paring, are next to cranberries.

Preserved Pears—Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of pears. Clarify the sugar, if brown is used, then put in the fruit, and boil it till tender. A few pieces of ginger, or fine ginger tied up in bags, may be boiled with the pears, to flavor them. Vergaleuse and choke pears are the best for preserving.

Sausage Meat—Take one third fat and two thirds lean pork, and chop them, and then to every twelve pounds of meat, add twelve large even spoonfuls of pounded salt, nine of sifted sage, and six of sifted black pepper. Some like a little summer savory. Keep them in a cool and dry place.

Another Method.—To twenty-five pounds of chopped meat, which should be one-third fat, and two thirds lean, put twenty spoonfuls of sage, twenty-five of salt, ten of pepper, and four of summer savory.

Indelible Ink.—Buy three drachms of nitrate of silver, and put it in a vial, with two spoonfuls of water. Let it stand a few days, then color it with a little ink, and add a table spoonful of brandy. The preparation is made of strong pearlash water, stiffened with gum arabic, and colored with red wafers.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Two travellers once rested on their journey at an inn, when suddenly a cry arose that there was a fire in the village. One of the travellers immediately sprang up, and ran to offer his assistance; but the other strove to detain him, saying, "why should you waste your time? Are there not hands enough to assist? Why concern ourselves about strangers?" His friend, however, listened not to his remonstrance, but hastened to the fire; the other following, and looking on at a distance. A woman rushed out of a burning house, crying, "My children! my children!" When the stranger heard this, he darted into the house

amongst the burning timbers, whilst the flames raged fiercely around him. "He will surely perish!" cried the spectators; but after a short time, behold he came forth with scorched hair, carrying two young children in his arms, and delivered them to their mother. She embraced the infants, and fell at the stranger's feet; but he lifted her up and comforted her. The house soon fell with a terrible crash. As the stranger and his companion returned to the inn, the latter said, "Who bade thee risk thy life in such a dangerous attempt?" "He," answered the first, "who bids me put the seed into the ground, that it may decay and bring forth the new fruit." "But if thou hadst been buried among the ruins?" His companion smiled and said, "Then should I myself have been the seed."—*Krummacher.*

EDITORIAL.

The increasing favor with which our Magazine is received, encourages us to hope that its friends will not be disappointed in its success. We are pleased to hear that it is welcomed to many home circles, where the varied information it contains is read with interest and attention. It shall be ours to aim at continued excellence in the arrangement, as well as choice of subjects, so that it may always be hailed with pleasure, and regarded as an improving visitor.

A fine engraving of the Victoria Regia, a magnificent Water Lily, named by its discoverers in compliment to her majesty Queen Victoria, embelishes the first article of this number.

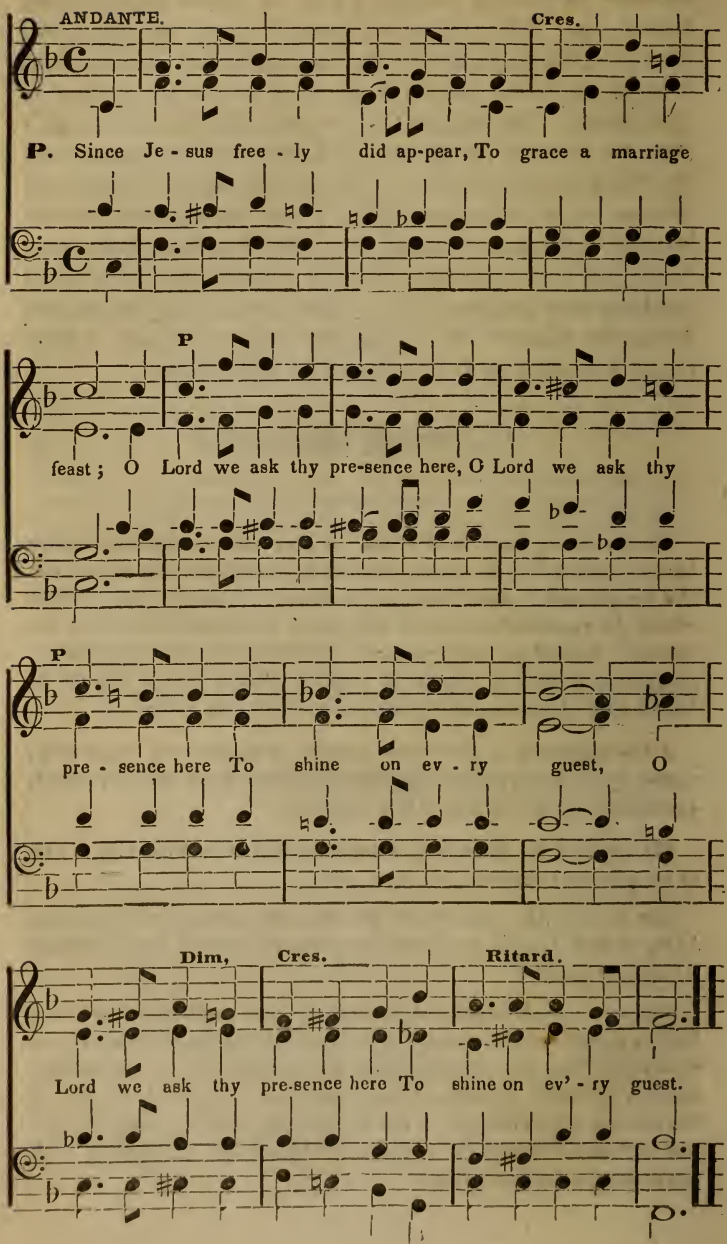
We continue the History of Canada, and give an engraving of one of the principal characters of those times.

The fable of The Oak, which was written expressly for the Maple Leaf, in Mrs. Traill's peculiarly simple and graceful style, contains a beautiful moral.

The article on Monumental Inscriptions was composed by a young lady, a member of the senior class of a celebrated female seminary in Granville, Ohio, and communicated for our magazine. It is interesting as a specimen of school composition, and will give us an idea of the training pupils receive in the neighboring States, where the system of female education is at present diffusing the blessings of high moral and intellectual culture.

GARLAND, C. M.

Fred. SEEBOLD.


ANDANTE.
Cres.
P. Since Je - sus free - ly did ap-pear, To grace a marriage
P
feast; O Lord we ask thy pre-sence here, O Lord we ask thy
P
pre - sence here To shine on ev - ry guest, O
Dim.
Cres.
Ritard.
Lord we ask thy pre-sence here To shine on ev' - ry guest.

JEFFRY, LORD AMHERST.

LORD Amherst, who commanded the British army, at the surrender of Montreal, in September 1760, was born in Kent, England, January 29, 1717.

In his childhood he was noted for displaying great fondness for military life, and at that early period gave all his attention to the performance of martial evolutions. His father, observing his strong predilections, was nduced to present him to one of his relatives, who was a Captain. The

sparkling eyes, speaking countenance, and significant manners of the young aspirant, recommended him highly to the superior officers, and at the age of fifteen he received his first commission. Having distinguished himself on several occasions, by his modest, prudent, and calm conduct, as well as by his valor, and constant attention to duty, he was in 1741 appointed General Legonier's aide-de-camp. In this high capacity he continued to serve in the German fields, and thus was present at the battles of Duttingen, Fontenoy, and Rocoux. He was at the side of the Duke of Cumberland, as aide-de-camp, in the battle of Lauffeldt. On that remarkable day, young officer Amherst noticed and appreciated the celebrated James Wolfe, whose enthusiastic devotion and spirited bravery on the same field, drew forth the thanks of the Duke of Cumberland.

No sooner had Pitt established himself in office, than he revived the plan of an expedition against the French colonies in America. This statesman had discovered in Colonel Amherst sound sense, steady courage, and an active genius. He therefore recalled him from Germany, and setting aside military forms, promoted him to the rank of Major-General, and gave him the command of the troops sent against Louisbourg, (Cape Breton.) Hon. Edward Boscawen was chosen admiral of the fleet. Equipments were made with great zeal, and on February 19, 1758, the armament sailed from Portsmouth, for Halifax. General Amherst's army, which was almost exclusively British regulars, was put in motion, being divided into three brigades, under the Brigadier Generals, Whitmore, Laurence, and Wolfe. On the 2nd of June, the armament arrived off Cape Breton. The troops were landed near *Fresh Water Cove*, (Cormoran Creek,) four miles from the town. In a few days the British triumphed over every obstacle, and Amherst entered the city July 26th, and took possession of the whole island of Cape Breton. Many illustrious persons were present at this victorious scene: among whom were James Wolfe, the noble hero, who so gloriously fell on the plains of Abraham, and whose daring skill even then excited great admiration; James Murray, the first British Governor of Quebec; Commodore Durrell, the young Earl of Dundonald, who commanded the grenadiers of the 12th Regiment; and the renowned Captain Cooke, then serving as petty officer on board

of a ship of war. After this brilliant action, in which he distinguished himself, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. There were also Lord Rollo, Major Darling, &c. &c., and Amherst, the moving spirit, whose wisdom and energy had enshrined his name in the grateful affections of his countrymen. Just at this time, Abercrombie was overcome by the superior genius of Montcalm, in Canada. Amherst wished to follow up his success by pushing forward with his whole army to Quebec; but the engagement at Louisbourg, through the protracted defence of the skilful French Governor, Mr. Drucour, delayed the forces of Amherst too long, so that a descent upon Canada, was impracticable that year.

Amherst sailed for Boston, the last of August, and from thence pushed on through the wilderness to Lake George, where he left seasonable supplies with Abercrombie, and returned to Boston, and then to Halifax, to await orders from the English Government. Abercrombie endeavored to sustain himself against the French troops near Ticonderoga,* near which place fell the gallant and good Lord Howe, and with him seemed to pass away the energy and spirit of the army. In this year Fort Duquesne was destroyed. The English officers, with unanimous consent, changed the name of the Fort to Pittsburg; a well earned compliment to the minister who planned the conquest of that large country. With this expedition concluded the campaign of 1758. Amherst was appointed Commander in chief of the British North American armies, in place of Abercrombie, who sailed for England the 24th of January following.

For the next campaign Pitt decided upon nearly the same plan of operations, which had partially succeeded before. The main body of the American army was assembled on the shores of Lake George, being destined to penetrate Canada by the river Richelieu, and occupy Montreal. When Pitt cast his eyes over the maps of the Western world, and traced its net work of lakes and rivers; noted its far stretching wilderness of forests, so solemn, and almost impenetrable; and remembered the resources of the

* *Chi-on-der-o-ga*, means great noise; (say the Indians.) It was near Fort Carrillon of the French, built and occupied by them in 1756, and was a strong post. Its ruins are seen in Essex County, N. Y., and are annually visited by a great number of travellers—Picturesque Tourists.

brave Montcalm, we should expect that his zeal would have cooled, but he thought only of Wolfe and Amherst, and was sure of success. According to the plan, Amherst left New York April 28, 1759, and arrived in Albany, May 3rd, to pursue the great plan of the campaign. An alarming spirit of desertion broke out among the militia, but Amherst's promptness soon quelled it, and a great part of the army, with artillery and stores, arrived and encamped on the woody shores of Lake George, June 21st, and on July 21st, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, all was made ready, and troops and stores were embarked on the lakes. Amherst took Fort Ticonderoga from the French, and repaired it, and gave orders to increase the naval force on the lake. Then Crown Point was to be overcome. It was formerly called *Pointe-a-la-Chevelure*, situated about eighteen miles north of Ticonderoga. It was soon abandoned by the enemy, and Amherst took possession August 4th; thus securing two important forts. On the 16th of August, he learned that the French were so strongly intrenched in Isle-aux-noix, as to prevent him from joining Wolfe's army before Quebec; and he was forced to remain inactive until October, although every hour was precious. He succeeded in crossing the lake on Oct. 18th, when he learned that the fate of Quebec had been decided, and from the uncommonly sickly state of his Provincials, he was forced to prepare for the inglorious quiet of winter quarters. The next year Amherst left New York with part of his army, and proceeded to Oswego. He was followed by General Gage, and soon assembled his army on the shores of Lake Ontario, prepared to descend the St. Lawrence, upon the enemy's Capital, leaving Lake Champlain to Col. Haviland, whilst General Murray with the disposable portion of the garrison of Quebec, was to push up the St. Lawrence. On September 6th, the splendid army landed on Montreal, and invested it in form. On the 8th, the Marquis of Vaudreuil, who commanded in Montreal, signed the capitulation. All Canada was included in this capitulation; French troops were conveyed to France in British ships; and the Canadian Militia allowed to return peaceably to their homes. The French colonists were guaranteed the same civil privileges as British subjects, and the free enjoyment of their customs, laws and institutions. Thus General Amherst planned and executed

an undertaking of the most striking interest. He continued to command in America until 1763, when he was recalled. He presented petitions at several times to the Imperial Government, requesting the donation of the Jesuits' Estates in Lower Canada ; but he always met with a refusal, his Majesty's Government seeing the impropriety of investing an individual with all the property bestowed on an incorporated body, who had been favored with it for religious and public purposes.

Amherst was next appointed Governor of Guernsey, where he gave a high idea of his talents as administrator. His venerable Sovereign, George 3rd, created him Baron of Amherst, in Holmsdale, in 1776, and two years later, gave him the command of the British army. In 1787, Sir Jeffry Amherst, was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron of Amherst of Montreal. A succession of honors attended him, until the period of his death, which took place in his castle of Kent, August 3rd, 1797, at the age of 80 years.

His career was wonderfully brilliant and successful. His time and talents had been faithfully devoted to military duty, from his early years, and the history of his life beautifully illustrates the truth, that unbending application to any pursuit, will assuredly be crowned with success ; and also reminds us that neither exalted station, nor high enjoyment of life, can exempt from the power of death. The veteran of many battles, and victories, must at last resign his commission, and join the ranks of the spirit land. At that hour, all scenes of earthly magnificence, and pomp, and the glorious voice of renown, that had so often thrilled his soldier-heart, faded and grew silent, and the untold sublimity of an eternal existence, asserted its sway. Happy was the great General, in his dying hour, if he could look with confidence to that Mighty Saviour, "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice."

L. B.

He who can wait for what he desires, will not be excessively grieved if he fails of it. While he who labors after a thing too impatiently, will not think its possession, if he succeeds in obtaining it, a sufficient recompense for all the pains he has taken to secure it.

GENEROSITY OF THE POOR.

AVING taken considerable interest in the trials and struggles of the emigrants on their first coming to Canada, I often converse with them, and listen with pleasure to the simple recital of their early sufferings, and manifold difficulties; some of which are sufficient to excite the sympathy of harder hearts than mine. In many instances they serve to awaken feelings of admiration for the noble energies that have been called forth in the hearts of the British peasant, feelings, and powers, that had lain dormant, because, unawakened, or been crushed, and kept down by the cheerless influence of poverty, and its soul-depressing consequences. I have seen the poor man who, while at home, sank hopeless and despondent, beneath the chilling blast of want and disease, here, brave with manly energy the wants and privations of a new colony, and battle, without shrinking, the storms of adversity. Cold, hunger, excessive toil, disease, all in their severest forms, were met, and by turns overcome, or endured without murmuring. In all probability, it is these very trials which the members of an infant colony endure in their first outset, that give them that strength and energy, for which they have ever been noted, and which is ultimately the foundation of the true greatness of their adopted country, and of their prosperity, and that of their families.

I have met with many persons among the rich, and the thoughtless votaries of luxury, and pride, who maintained that the virtues of the poor, were at best but negative qualities—that there were few who acted well, but from interested motives, or from fear of the law; and that genuine, exalted virtue was rarely, if at all, to be found in the abodes of want and poverty. How many opportunities have I had both in England, and since my sojourn in this colony, of proving the untruthfulness of these allegations. A bright and beautiful example of disinterested benevolence at this minute recurs to my mind, and, as I love to look upon the sunny side of the picture, I shall make no apology for introducing to your notice, one of our

poor neighbors, a young woman, who lives three miles up the river, in the opposite township, whose conduct is a lovely illustration of the widow, who was seen by our Lord, casting two mites into the treasury, for she, of her penury, hath done that for the fatherless and motherless children of her poor neighbor, which many persons better circumstanced than herself, would have hesitated to do. It is now between three and four years since, a poor settler named Bulger, was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree, while chopping in the bush, (a casualty that sometimes happens,) his widow had three small children, the eldest boy not quite seven, the youngest child just able to run alone. Under these sad circumstances, the neighbors, who are not very well off, owing to the sterility of their lots of land, did for her all they could. They helped to put in her spring crops, say a little patch of potatoes, and corn, drew in fire wood, logged her summer fallow, and showed by a thousand little kind acts, their genuine sympathy for her desolate situation. The summer passed, and the fall brought with it a sore and deadly sickness, a malignant intermittent, which bore close resemblance to the typhus fever. Among many fatal cases which occurred in the neighborhood, was that of the widow Bulger. The fever attacked her with great violence. Destitute of those little comforts, so necessary to the restoration of the sick, with only occasional attendance, such as her poor neighbors were able to afford, distressed in mind by the wants and wailings of her little ones, and possibly weighed down by her melancholy state, no wonder that she fell a victim to the disease, crushed beneath an accumulation of evils. Still in her dying hours she wanted not the consolation of one kind tender friend to close her eyes, and assure her that she would be a mother to her orphan children. For ten days did this good young woman, Mrs. Jones, tend her on her sick bed, though within a few weeks of her own confinement, and with the tie of three small children at home. She devoted as much time as duty to her family would admit, and it was in her friendly arms that the poor widow breathed her last. When all was over her sorrowful nurse took her away through the woods, to her own humble dwelling, bearing in her arms the youngest child, while the two elder ones clung to her gown weeping—"and sad enough it made me

to hear the poor creatures ask me day after day, to take them back to see poor mammy," said the kind creature, when telling me, with eyes filled with tears, of the sad death of the widow. After a little time two of the neighbors, who could better afford their maintenance, took the two elder children, who would soon become useful to them, though none seemed disposed to burden themselves with the helpless little one. But it became dearer each day to the heart of its adopted mother, and precious in her eyes. It ate of the scanty portion of her children's bread, and drank of her own cup, shared the cradle-bed of her own babe, and was to her as a daughter.

"Indeed Madam," she said, "I have had little Bridget now two years, and she is as dear to me, every bit as any of my own, for the little thing seems to know that I have been good to her, and clings to me with more than a daughter's love. If I am away for a few hours, she is the first to run smiling to me, and say, 'Mammy Jones come back.' She is as gentle as a lamb, and seems to have thought beyond her years; for she is sure to tell me if any thing has gone wrong during my absence. I do not think I could bear to part with the child, unless I were well assured she would be taken good care of; and she shall never want the bit or the sup, while I have a potatoe, or a drop of milk to give her." At this very time, want and sickness had visited her log-hut, and potatoes and milk were all she had to support her family. The harvest had proved a failure, and her own babe was languishing at her breast for want of nourishment. I saw her not many weeks ago, she was in ill-health, and her baby was dead, but she told me with tears of joy shining in her soft hazel eyes, that a kind good lady had taken her little adopted one, and had promised to bring it up, and do well by it, "better indeed than I could do for her; and she was dressed so beautifully, just like a lady's child, but she says she will never forget her mammy Jones." Indeed it were a pity she should ever forget the kind hearted friend, who had cherished her in her desolate infancy.

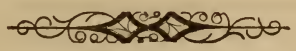
This poor woman has had her own share of trials since she came into the bush. You would have been interested in the account she gave of the first year of their settlement, "we were" said she, "too poor to make any stay at a town, when

we came up the country, after paying the first instalment on our lot, (which is unfortunately of the worst description, almost one block of stone,) we had but a few dollars remaining; so I agreed with my husband, as it was then early in the spring, to go directly to the land, and try what we could do in putting up a bit of a hut, which people told us, a man with a little help from his wife could do in one day; but it was nightfall before we reached the place, and much ado, we had to make it out, I had two little children, one at the breast, and another not much more than a babe. These I had to carry, one on my back, the other in my arms, while my husband bore what bedding and utensils he could carry on his back. As ill-luck would have it, before we could get even a few boughs cut down to shelter us, one of the most awful tempests came on that I ever witnessed. The thunder and lightning made my very heart tremble within me, and the torrents of rain that came down, drenched us entirely. I had much ado to keep the children dry, by covering them with everything I could get together, and setting up a blanket on sloping sticks, over the place where they lay; but the poor things were so weary that they slept without heeding the roaring thunder, or the rain; and so we passed the first night in the bush." The next day, she said, they set to work quite early; her husband chopped down the trees, and cut them into lengths, while she tended the children, and did what she could to help. Then they put up the hut. She with the aid of a handspike helped to roll up the logs, and lay the foundation of their little dwelling; and when the walls were raised, she stood on the upper logs, and helped to haul them up with a rope; then her husband notched and fixed them; so that by dint of hard labor, their outside walls were raised ere night; and a few cedar, and hemlock boughs closed them in, till they were able to lay a roof of troughed sapwood the next day. After that they raised a wall of stones and clay, against one end, which served for a chimney, with a square hole cut in the roof to let out the smoke. They next chopped a bit of ground for potatoes. I forget now how they got on, but I think badly, and suffered from want of food during the winter. In the spring the wife fell ill with intermittent fever, and was reduced to the most deplorable condition. She also lost one of her chil-

dren that year. Her husband was at last obliged to leave her to get work at some distance, that he might procure food to keep them from absolute starvation. Just imagine the dreadful condition to which these poor creatures were reduced, when the husband was forced to leave his sick, helpless starving wife and children alone. It so chanced that the person to whom he applied for work, was a good and charitable man. He noticed the anxiety of the distressed husband, and asked the cause. This was soon made known, and without waiting for farther proof, the master instantly hurried him off to the relie of his suffering wife, loaded with food and necessaries for her and the children. "Oh, madam," said she, "sure never was sight so welcome to my eyes, as that of my husband, when he came in, and set before me, first one thing and then another; and I believe that want of food was one cause of my illness, for in a little while, I got well and strong. Our good master would never let my husband go home of a Saturday night, without something for me; and his dear wife would fill a basket with cakes, and butter, and milk, and eggs, and all sorts of nice things, for me; and never as long as I live, shall I forget the goodness of that blessed couple to me and mine."

The above sketch was written some years ago, and appeared in that excellent work, "Chambers's Journal." It was an extract from my "Forest Gleanings," and is so illustrative of Canadian scenes and characters, that I have not scrupled to restore it to its original place among them. It may not be uninteresting for my readers to know, that Bridget Jones, the heroine of my narrative, (and she was a heroine, though one in a lowly station,) has bettered her condition, by leaving the hemlock rock, on which her husband formerly toiled so fruitlessly, thinking it better to sacrifice the small sum they had paid in advance upon the lot, than expend years of labor on that which would yield them so poor a return. They are now living in Douro, and doing well, the children growing up to be useful. So grateful is this kind-hearted woman for any kindness or sympathy shown her, that she never failed coming to see me when in the neighbourhood, and would bring little offerings of maple-sugar, molasses, or fowls, as tokens of good will to the children. The little orphan girl, now a young woman

is, I have heard, in service in a good situation at Toronto. I trust she will in her prosperity ever remember her kind foster-mother—"Mammy Jones." C. P. T.



THE EXILES OF SCIO.

(*From a Collection of Unpublished Poems, by* Miss H. E. F. Lay.)

There came a dark-eyed maiden,
Far o'er the boisterous sea;
She left her bright and much loved home,
To dwell among the free.

Rich tresses clothed her forehead fair,
And much her beaming eye
Told of a lofty spirit there,
Untamed by destiny.

A gray-haired man was by her side,
Who shared her gentle tone,
And watched with mingled grief and pride,
His last and only one.

Through many a stern vicissitude,
Their varying lot had been,
Though scarcely seventeen summers
The maiden's brow had seen.

She told her tale—a tale of woe,
A tale of combat's hour,
Of many a strong and cruel foe,
Wielding his ruthless power.

"From Scio's fair and cloudless sky,
Our wandering footsteps roam,
And deep is graved in memory,
My childhood's happy home.

O 'twas a sweet and lonely spot,
A fair and verdant glade,
Where storm and tempest entered not
Its deep and quiet shade.

The spice-tree lent its rich perfume,
The wild-vine clustered there,
And thousand flowers, with new-born bloom,
Open'd their beauties rare.

The song-bird poured its carol wild,
Melodious on the gale,
And bright Gazelles so fleet and mild,
Dwelt in that peaceful vale.

Three brave and gentle brothers there,
Called me their gem and pride;
In every joy, with patient care,
They lingered by my side.

For me the mountain flower they sought,
Or snared the wild hare's brood,
And many a purple cluster brought
Home to their sister loved.

And oft when twilight dimmed the plain,
They taught my tiny hand,
To wake the lute's melodious strain,
And laud our own bright land.

Thus onward swiftly passed the years,
In rainbow radiance bound,
While future hopes, undimmed by tears,
Their halo cast around.

But ah! there came another hour,
A blight o'er Greece was cast,
With glittering spear, in pomp and power,
A fierce invader passed.

Then rang a voice o'er Scio's heights,
It called her sons from far,
To clashing stern, in bloody fight,
To combat, death, and war.

My noble brothers, firm and bold,
The kindling fire awoke,
For they had souls of dauntless mould,
That scorned a tyrant's yoke.

I girded firm the battle-sword,
On each dear brother's side,
And gave my name the prompting word,
Their conquering steps to guide.

My mother shrieked in wild despair,
'May Heaven my brave boys save,'
My father too, with fervent prayer,
His benediction gave.

They left; full many a weary day
We heard of horrid strife,

Of lion-hearts in bloody fray,
Who fearless gave their life.

I may not dwell. A mightier woe
Our sad hearts soon could tell,
For, driven before a countless foe,
These brave young brothers fell.

And then the desolater's arm
Passed o'er my father's dome,
Mid strife at night, in wild alarm,
We fled our much loved home.

My mother died upon the sea,
But ere she closed her eyes,
She bade us seek the country free,
Columbia's azure skies."

A SWEET VOICE OF COMFORT.

An interesting incident occurred soon after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta. With health prostrated, surrounded by strangers, and a long sea-voyage before her, the weight of her loneliness and grief was almost insupportable. One day, while in her cabin weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and a very sweet voice said, "Mamma, 'though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' Is that true, Mamma?" The bearer of this timely and precious word of hope was her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept into the cabin unobserved.

In Lower Canada there is but one College possessed of University privileges—M'Gill College, Montreal. Besides, however, a great number of very superior Roman Catholic Colleges, theological and secular, there is one Episcopalian theological institution—Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Baptists had a College at Montreal, which has been recently closed.

The Vatican contains eight grand staircases, and two ordinary ones, twenty courts, and four thousand two hundred and twenty rooms. With all its galleries, grounds, and appurtenances, it has been computed to cover as large a space of ground as the City of Turin.

"She is not afraid of the snow, for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet."

So accustomed are we to hear of the serene skies, and genial warmth of the climate of Palestine, that we are, in our thoughts, apt to invest that interesting land with a perpetual sunshine. The flowery heights of the fragrant Carmel; the magnificent and enduring vegetation of Lebanon; the smiling plains of the still lovely and verdant Sharon; the grapes of Eshcol, these are the features of the landscape most familiar to our mind. Although the cold of winter is not so severe as in some other parts of Syria, still it is scarcely less than that experienced in our own country. The autumnal shower is the early rain, for which the "husbandman long waited," that he might sow his seed; and in December, which is the first winter month, the rain falls in torrents, and the snow covers the plains occasionally, and lies on the

elevated mountains long after spring has made considerable advance; while hoar-frost scatters its diamonds, or a mist like that of our northern climates, obscures the face of nature.

Owing to the great inequalities of surface in the Holy Land, there are some sheltered and favored spots which are free from the cold of winter. Here the season is soft and mild; snow is seldom seen on the plains, and the orange-tree and the citron and the goodly palm contrast with the white summits and glittering icicles of Lebanon. On the mountains the snow is peculiarly deep from December, and scarcely decreases before the month of July. Dr. E. D. Clarke, speaking of one of the hills which forms a part of the majestic Lebanon, says:—"The snow entirely covers the upper part of it; not lying in patches, as I have seen it, during summer, upon the tops of very elevated mountains,—for instance, that of Nevis, in Scotland; but investing all the higher part with that perfect white, and smooth, and velvet-like appearance, which snow only exhibits when it, is very deep; a striking spectacle in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament to be on fire." We have various other instances in Scripture besides that quoted at the head of the chapter, of the cold and snow of Palestine. The Psalmist of Israel sung of the fleeces which the Creator "giveth like wool," and prayed that he might be purified and made "whiter than snow." We infer the cold from the statement of the prophet Jeremiah, when he described Jehoiakim king of Judah, as sitting with his nobles around the hearth, and daringly cutting with his penknife, and casting into the fire, the scroll which contained the denunciations of the Almighty. * * *

Scarlet was a color much esteemed in the East, and the Jewish nobles and courtiers were accustomed, on state occasions and festivals, to wear robes of this brilliant dye. In that exquisitely touching lament, uttered by David, over the fallen king, he exclaims, "Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you with scarlet, with other delights,—who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel." And now, in the land endeared to us by the holiest associations, the bright coloring of the scarlet robe still attracts the eye of the traveller, in the winter season; and Lamartine speaks of the picturesque scarlet

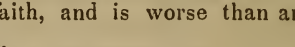
mantles of the Druses of Lebanon, and of the brilliant vests of scarlet velvet sometimes adopted by the Arab women.

The ancient scarlet appears to have been sometimes a vegetable dye, obtained from the berries of a tree common in Canaan, and at others, to have been procured from an insect resembling the American cochineal, though of a less brilliant tint. This insect, which was found chiefly on the leaves of the evergreen oak, (*ilex aculeata*), was called by the Greeks and Romans *coccus*, but by the Arabs *kermes*, and, from this latter word, we derive our *crimson* and *carmine*. * * *

The bright example of this pious woman as portrayed by the Hebrew writer, under the direct Inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, is not that of a mean selfishness, not

> "That strict parsimony
> Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared
> From each day's need, out of each day's least gain :"

Hers was an enlarged and bounteous providence ; one which, while it sought to guard against the ills, and provided for the comforts, of the coming days, while it gathered for her family enough and to spare, yet could have an open hand for the poor and needy. She acted on the principle of the charge given by the wise man to the sluggard, when he bade him consider the ways of the ant, "which provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." She could give liberally to those who had nothing, while she avoided the censure afterwards pronounced by the Apostle, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—*The Excellent Woman.*



"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two words," answered the Prince, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, immediately granted his request.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

IT was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door of a small country hotel, in the village of N——, in Kentucky. In the bar-room he found assembled quite a miscellaneous companyr whom stress of weather had driven to harbor, and the place presented the usual scenery of such reunions. Great, tall, raw-boned Kentuckians attired in hunting-shirts, and trailing their loose joints over a vast extent of territory, with the easy lounge peculiar to the race,—rifles stacked away in the corner, shot-pouches, game bags, hunting-dogs, and little negroes, all rolled together in the corners,—were the characteristic features in the pictures. At each end of the fireplace sat a long-legged gentleman, with his chair tipped back, his hat on his head, and the heels of his muddy boots reposing sublimely on the mantel-piece,—a position, we will inform our readers, decidedly favorable to the turn of reflection incident to western taverns, where travellers exhibit a decided preference for this particular mode of elevating their understandings. . . .

Into such an assembly of the free and easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the bar-room with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantel-piece, who was spitting from right to left, with a courage

and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits. . . .

'What 's that?' said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large handbill.

'Nigger advertised!' said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson, for that was the old gentleman's name, rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and, this operation being performed, read as follows:—

"Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H.

"I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed."

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end, in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged veteran, who had been besieging the fire-iron, as before related, now took down his cumbrous length, and rearing aloft his tall form, walked up to the advertisement, and very deliberately spit a full discharge of tobacco juice on it.

'There's my mind upon that!' said he, briefly, and sat down again.

'Why, now, stranger, what's that for?' said mine host.

'I'd do it all the same to the writer of that ar paper, if he was here,' said the long man, coolly resuming his old employment of cutting tobacco. 'Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way o' treating on him, *deserves* to lose him. Such papers as these is a shame to Kentucky; that's my mind right out, if anybody wants to know!'

'I think you're altogether right, friend,' said Mr. Wilson; 'and this boy described here *is* a fine fellow—no mistake about that. He worked for me some half-dozen years in my bagging factory, and he was my best hand, sir. He is an ingenious fellow, too: he invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp—a really valuable affair; it's gone into use in several factories. His master holds the patent of it.'

'I'll warrant ye,' said the drover, 'holds it and makes money

out of it, and then turns round and brands the boy in his right hand. If I had a fair chance, I'd mark him, I reckon, so that he'd carry it *one* while." . . .

Here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of a small one-horse buggy to the inn. It had a genteel appearance, and a well dressed, gentlemanly man sat on the seat, with a colored servant driving.

The whole party examined the new comer with the interest with which a set of loafers in a rainy day usually examine every new comer. He was very tall, with a dark, Spanish complexion, fine, expressive black eyes, and close-curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely-formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon. He walked easily in among the company, and with a nod indicated to his waiter where to place his trunk, bowed to the company, and, with his hat in his hand, walked up leisurely to the bar, and gave in his name as Henry Butler, Oaklands, Shelby County. Turning, with an indifferent air, he sauntered up to the advertisement, and read it.

'Jim,' he said to his man, 'seems to me we met a boy something like this, up at Bernan's, did n't we ?'

'Yes, Mas'r,' said Jim, 'only I an't sure about the hand.'

'Well, I did n't look, of course,' said the stranger, with a careless yawn. Then, walking up to the landlord, he desired him to furnish him with a private apartment, as he had some writing to do immediately. . . .

The manufacturer, Mr. Wilson, from the time of the entrance of the stranger, had regarded him with an air of disturbed and uneasy curiosity. He seemed to himself to have met and been acquainted with him somewhere, but he could not recollect. Every few moments, when the man spoke, or moved, or smiled, he would start and fix his eyes on him, and then suddenly withdraw them, as the bright, dark eyes met his with such unconcerned coolness. At last, a sudden recollection seemed to flash upon him, for he stared at the stranger with such an air of blank amazement and alarm, that he walked up to him.

'Mr. Wilson, I think,' said he, in a tone of recognition and extending his hand. 'I beg your pardon, I did n't recollect you

before. I see you remember me,—Mr. Butler, of Oaklands, Shelby County.'

'Ye—yes—yes, sir,' said Mr. Wilson, like one speaking in a dream.

Just then a negro boy entered, and announced that Masr's room was ready.

'Jim, see to the trunks,' said the gentleman, negligently; then addressing himself to Mr. Wilson, he added—'I should like to have a few moments' conversation with you on business, in my room, if you please.'

Mr. Wilson followed him, as one who walks in his sleep; and they proceeded to a large upper chamber, where a new-made fire was crackling, and various servants flying about, putting finishing touches to the arrangements.

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and folding his arms in his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

'George!' said Mr. Wilson.

'Yes, George,' said the young man.

'I could n't have thought it!'

'I am pretty well-disguised, I fancy,' said the young man with a smile. 'A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a genteel brown, and I've dyed my hair black; so you see I don't answer to the advertisement at all.'

'O George! but this is a dangerous game you are playing. I could not have advised you to it.'

'I can do it on my own responsibility,' said George, with the same proud smile.

We remark, *en passant*, that a slight change in the tint of the skin and the color of his hair had metamorphosed him into the Spanish-looking fellow he then appeared; and as gracefulness of movement and gentlemanly manners had always been perfectly natural to him, he found no difficulty in playing the bold part he had adopted—that of a gentleman travelling with his domestic.

. . . .

'Well, George, I s'pose you're running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don't wonder at it)—at the same time, I'm sorry, George,—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that George—it's my duty to tell you so.'

'Why are you sorry, sir?' said George, calmly.

'Why, to see you, as it were, setting yourself in opposition to the laws of your country.'

'*My* country!' said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; 'what country have I, but the grave,—and I wish to God that I was laid there!'

'Why, George, no—no—it won't do; this way of talking is wicked—unscriptural. George, you've got a hard master—in fact, he is—well he conducts himself reprehensibly—I can't pretend to defend him. But you know how the angel commanded Hagar to return to her mistress, and submit herself under her hand; and the apostle sent back Onesimus to his master.'

'Don't quote Bible at me that way, Mr. Wilson,' said George, with a flashing eye, 'don't! for my wife is a Christian, and I mean to be, if ever I get to where I can; but to quote Bible to a fellow in my circumstances, is enough to make him give it up altogether. I appeal to God Almighty;—I'm willing to go with the case to Him, and ask him if I do wrong to seek my freedom.'

'These feelings are quite natural, George,' said the good-natured man, blowing his nose. 'Yes they 're natural, but it is my duty not to encourage 'em in you. . . .

'You see, George, you know, now, I always have stood your friend; and whatever I've said, I've said for your good. Now, here, it seems to me, you're running an awful risk. You can't hope to carry it out. If you're taken, it will be worse with you than ever; they'll only abuse you, and half kill you, and sell you down river.'

'Mr. Wilson, I know all this,' said George. 'I *do* run a risk, but—' he threw open his overcoat, and showed two pistols and a bowie-knife. 'There!' he said, 'I'm ready for 'em! Down south I never *will* go. No! if it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of free soil,—the first and last I shall ever own in Kentucky!'

'Why, George, this state of mind is awful; it's getting really desperate, George. I'm concerned. Going to break the laws of your country!'

'My country again! Mr. Wilson, *you* have a country, but what country have I, or any one like me, born of slave mothers?

What laws are there for us? We don't make them,—we don't consent to them,—we have nothing to do with them; all they do for us is to crush us, and keep us down. Have n't I heard your Fourth-of-July speeches? Don't you tell us all, once a year, that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed? Can't a fellow think, that hears such things? Can't he put this and that together, and see what it comes to?' . . .

'See here, now, Mr. Wilson,' said George, coming up and sitting himself determinately in front of him; look at me, now. Don't I sit before you, every way, just as much a man as you are? Look at my face,—look at my hands,—look at my body,' and the young man drew himself up proudly; 'why am not I a man, as much as anybody? Well, Mr. Wilson, hear what I can tell you. . . . I never had a kind word spoken to me till I came to work in your factory. Mr. Wilson, you treated me well; you encouraged me to do well, and to learn to read and write, and to try to make something of myself; and God knows how grateful I am for it. Then, sir, I found my wife; you've seen her,—you know how beautiful she is. When I found she loved me, when I married her, I scarcely could believe I was alive, I was so happy; and, sir, she is as good as she is beautiful. But now what? Why, now comes my master, takes me right away from my work, and my friends, and all I like, and grinds me down into the very dirt! And why? Because, he says, I forgot who I was; he says, to teach me that I am only a nigger! After all, and last of all, he comes between me and my wife, and says I shall give her up, and live with another woman. And all this your laws give him power to do, in spite of God or man. Mr. Wilson, look at it! There is n't *one* of all these things, that have broken the hearts of my mother and my sister, and my wife and myself, but your laws allow, and give every man power to do, in Kentucky, and none can say to him nay! Do you call these the laws of *my* country? Sir, I hav n't any country, any more than I have any father. But I'm going to have one. I don't want anything of *your* country, except to be let alone,—to go peaceably out of it; and when I get to Canada, where the laws will own me and protect me, *that* shall be my country, and its laws I will obey. But if any man tries to stop me, let him take

care, for I am desperate. I'll fight for my liberty to the last breath I breathe. You say your fathers did it; if it was right for them, it is right for me!'

This speech, delivered partly while sitting at the table, and partly walking up and down the room,—delivered with tears, and flashing eyes, and despairing gestures,—was altogether too much for the good-natured old body to whom it was addressed, who had pulled out a great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and was mopping up his face with great energy. . . .

'And now, George, how long are you going to travel in this way?—not long or far, I hope. It's well carried on, but too bold. And this black fellow,—who is he?'

'A true fellow, who went to Canada more than a year ago. He heard, after he got there, that his master was so angry at him for going off that he had whipped his poor old mother, and he has come all the way back to comfort her, and get a chance to get her away.'

'Has he got her?'

'Not yet; he has been hanging about the place, and found no chance yet. Meanwhile, he is going with me as far as Ohio, to put me among friends that helped him, and then he will come back after her.'

'Dangerous, very dangerous!' said the old man.

George drew himself up, and smiled disdainfully.

The old gentleman eyed him from head to foot, with a sort of innocent wonder.

'George, something has brought you out wonderfully. You hold up your head, and speak and move like another man,' said Mr. Wilson.

'Because I'm a *freeman!*' said George, proudly. 'Yes, sir I've said Mas'r for the last time to any man. *I'm free!*'

'Take care! You are not sure,—you may be taken.'

'All men are free and equal *in the grave*, if it comes to that, Mr. Wilson,' said George.

'I'm perfectly dumb-foundered with your boldness!' said Mr. Wilson,—'to come right here to the nearest tavern!'

'Mr. Wilson, it is *so* bold, and this tavern is so near, that they will never think of it; they will look for me on ahead, and you yourself would n't know me. Jim's master don't live in

this county; he is n't known in these parts. Besides, he is given up; nobody is looking after him, and nobody will take me up from the advertisement, I think.'

'I leave early to-morrow morning, before daylight, by to-morrow night I hope to sleep safe in Ohio. I shall travel by daylight, stop at the best hotels, go to the dinner tables with the lords of the land. . . . Mr. Wilson, you have shown yourself a Christian in your treatment of me,—I want to ask one last deed of Christian kindness of you.'

'Well, George.'

'Well, sir,—what you said was true. I *am* running a dreadful risk. There is n't, on earth, a living soul to care if I die,' he added, drawing his breath hard, and speaking with a great effort, —'I shall be kicked out and buried like a dog, and nobody 'll think of it a day after,—*only my poor wife!* Poor soul! she 'll mourn and grieve; and if you'd only contrive, Mr. Wilson, to send this little pin to her. She gave it to me for a Christmas present, poor child! Give it to her, and tell her I loved her to the last. Will you? *Will* you?' he added, earnestly.

'Yes, certainly—poor fellow!' said the old gentleman, taking the pin, with watery eyes, and a melancholy quiver in his voice.

'Tell her one thing,' said George; 'it 's my last wish, if she can get to Canada, to go there. No matter how kind her mistress is,—no matter how much she loves her home; beg her not to go back,—for slavery always ends in misery. Tell her to bring up our boy a free man, and then he won't suffer as I have. Tell her this, Mr. Wilson, will you.'

'Yes, George, I'll tell her; but I trust you won't die; take heart,—you are a brave fellow. I wish in my heart you were safe through, though,—that's what I do. . . . There's a *God*, George,—believe it; trust in Him, and I'm sure He 'll help you. Everything will be set right,—if not in this life, in another.' . . .

'Thank you for saying that, my good friend; I 'll *think of that*.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE ANTELOPE.

AFRICA may be considered as the head-quarters of the Antelope. Of this numerous genus, consisting of nearly seventy different species, upwards of fifty species inhabit the African Continent alone; two or three are common to it, and Asia; about a dozen species are common to the latter country; two inhabit Europe; and one only is found in America. Some frequent the dry and sandy deserts, and feed upon the stunted acacias, and bulbous plants, which spring up in the most arid situations. Some prefer the open stony plains, the steppes of Central Asia, and the Karroos of Southern Africa, where the grass, though parched, is sufficient for their subsistence. Some, again, inhabit the steep rocky mountains, and leap from cliff to cliff with the ease and security of a wild goat, whilst others are found in the thick and almost impenetrable forests of tropical countries.

The characteristics of the genus are, peculiar gracefulness of motion, and elegance of form, united to the most astonishing swiftness. They have spiral hollow horns, which vary in length and appearance in the different species. The common Antelope is remarkable for the beauty of its horns, which compose a spiral of two or more turns, according to the age of the

animal. When fully grown, this beautiful animal is about four feet in length, and two feet and a half high at the shoulders. The head, from the nose to the root of the horn, is seven inches long, and the ears five. The legs are long and slender, the body round but light, the eyes large and lively, the ears long and cylindrical. The color is almost entirely black above, and white beneath; the nose, lips, and a large circle round each eye, being white. The hair is short over the whole body, except on the knees, which are furnished with tufts of long bristles, forming knee-brushes. These animals are so swift that it is useless to slip greyhounds after them. The bounds they make when pursued are wonderful. They have been known to vault to the height of thirteen feet, and pass over ten or twelve yards in a single bound. They reside on the open plains of India, where they can see to a great distance in every direction. They live in large families, and when they lie down to feed, they despatch some of their number to a distance to act as sentinels, and nothing escapes their notice. Every bush, or tuft of grass that might be suspected to conceal an enemy, is strictly examined, and, on the first alarm, the whole herd betakes itself to flight.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

THE INFLUENCE OF PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon the purity of our associations. Thoughts that once engrossed every moment, and gave color and tendency to our characters, have long since been replaced by others of a different nature. But we know those first impressions are not really effaced; those earlier memories are not dead. A word, or look, or trifling incident may recall those images of life and love, that were once arrayed in bright and beautiful groups within the charmed area of our mental conceptions. Form after form comes flitting back, and flowers start up, and scenes of the past grow into fair proportions, and move before us in the present, gracefully draped in a misty moonlight haziness. The scholar, after an absence of years, in which he has encountered every form of character, viewed the wonders of art and science in his native land, and traveled extensively in foreign countries, stands once more in the Halls of his Alma Mater. He may be a man whose warmth of heart has been checked and smothered by disappointment, and trial, but the sight of the old familiar walls of his college home awakens almost sacred emotions. In thought he steps back to those delightful, fresh, and joyous hours he there spent at the feet of wisdom; hours when life was encircled with a halo of brightness, that ever grew wider and wider, and blended enchantingly with rich tints and shadings, as it melted into the distance of the far-off future. Let him look well at every familiar spot, his soul will expand, and his whole being be again softened, and he be made to love mankind more.

Our thoughts come never alone. From early childhood to hoary age, the succession of ideas is going on. Like link within link of invisible chain-work, each thought is in some way connected with the one which has just affected the mind, and joined to the one immediately following. And what is still more wonderful, these thoughts are afterwards recalled to the mind in the same connection in which they first impressed it. Thus the shifting scenes of the battle field moved before the excited fancy of the dying Napoleon. Forgetting his true state, he felt the emotions of the great general, led his legions on the march, and exclaimed "tête de l'armée," as he was about to expire.

The man who has devoted his best years to low and puerile pursuits, is mentally poor. His thoughts revolve within narrow limits. They are confined to the few subjects which have interested him and when he is removed from the scene of these associations, he has nothing left. What hours of misery those experience who have given their early life to dissipation—and spent in the haunts of vice and wickedness that season intended as the precious seed time of a glorious harvest of all that is noble and good. And when such persons begin anew, and strive to repair the wrong they have done to themselves and society, how gladly would they forever escape from the trains of thought associated with their prodigal years, but these spectres of the past will glide in to mar the holiest hours of bliss. It is true that a radical change of character, such as religion effects, and an attention to pure and refined duties, will go a great way towards "laying" these ghosts of bygone years, and may gradually displace them.

The good man derives great pleasure from pure and cheering associations. He can call to mind many acts of generosity and kindness, which he has shown to others, and their remembrance consoles him. The days of his childhood and youth appear full of interest, and he gratefully remembers the wholesome restraints of parental discipline, and the tenderness of parental love, which allured him from the paths of folly and error.

Children should be guarded from evil example, and kept within the healthful moral influence of a happy and well-regulated home. From the mother who presides as priestess in that inner temple, they should learn many lessons of self-denial, and devotion to the happiness of others. She should forget her present trial and toil, while laboring for the future of her little ones. Her far-seeing faith should take in the times when they will be actors in the affairs of life. She should commence with the first dawnings of their tender minds, to instil ardent attachment for every thing truly good, opening to them, as they grow older, enlarged views of human life, unfolding to their comprehension, scenes of amazing sublimity and grandeur, connected with the soul's immortality, and inciting them not only to take a warm interest in the world's progress in general, but urging them to let slip no opportunity of present usefulness. Children thus taught, will never forget home influences. Amid the bustle of after-life, the associations of their childhood will have their sway, and the lessons then received, will modify and strengthen their characters. To the young, we would say, be careful in the choice of your associates; listen attentively to good instruction—cultivate purity of thought, and a love for all that is beautiful and excellent.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night,
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones, and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

"And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!"

IMPORTANCE OF SELF POSSESSION ILLUSTRATED.

"Baltimore is memorable to me," says Willis Gaylord Clark, "for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the dome of the

cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that a view from the topmost round of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be magnificent.

"I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air—that golden edging which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread lightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges and swells of cedar green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison, one with another. The air was rarified and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer, seemed floating by in the sunshine, and I fancied that the voices of summer birds taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flagstaffs waved their signals, and what with the fresh breeze and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala day.

"After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene from the extreme height of the ladder, the voices of the workmen in the cupola, making a pleasant hum in my ears, I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked towards the earth, a dizziness came upon me, which almost led me to self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim, a sleepy sensation came over me; the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze, and I seemed as if sailing in the air. A languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming indifferent to my peril, though I knew it well, I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely say that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above say, and the words came to my ear, as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit,—'My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!'

"This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his agony, at the slenderest spar. Every footfall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave."

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

Our brightest moments are frequently those which arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety; like the gems that sparkle most brightly upon a dark ground. As "darkness shows us worlds of light, we never saw by day," so afflictions in our lot show us what goodness there is down in the heart, what earnest sympathy in those who ordinarily pass us, intent on their own pleasures, or their own interests, giddy as butterflies, or cold as the "Parian Stone." We know not what treasures of rich and holy feeling, our ignorance of each other's nature, leads us to throw away or trample under our feet. He had a deep insight into human nature, who made it the law of his morality, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves.

Domestic life is the most delightful, because it repeats our childhood. When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties are the lights on that altar. In order not to be made servile by the great, let us place before our minds a still greater.

Ardent Enthusiasm.—The enthusiasm of ardent and forcible minds, appears madness to those that are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires, is the greatest, and the most independent remuneration that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertion. Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith, and on giving it the last stroke of the chisel, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now! I am sure you can!"

Sirvah is built of fossil salt, or rather earth in which salt is mixed in great proportions sometimes more than half; and this circumstance, curious in itself, becomes more so from the fact that, as long ago as the age of Herodotus, the people of these regions built their dwellings of the same material, and that the Father of history, for recording this, among other facts, gained the name of the father of lies. It was extremely interesting to us to detach portions from the walls that rose on every side, and see, on breaking them, the pure salt, white and sparkling within; whilst without, of course, dust, and dirt, and heat had imparted a greyish hue.

Contentment.—It happened, one hot summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large stone trough, near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go thirsty away; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stone-work, I saw a

little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there, had been to the bird a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment. Again, I stood by a lovely sweet smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew; for it had no nectary. "What then," thought I, "will the bee do?" It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but as it came up, it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making the wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like "yellow hosen," as the bee keepers say, and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said, "Thou camest seeking honey, and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax; and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou also, shalt be to me a lesson of contentment."

A Striking Thought.—"The death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak, that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered, as if one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made, only brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones, which might have smoothed his passage to the grave."

THE FOUR AGES OF THOUGHT.

What is Thought?
In childhood—an imperfect gleam,
A summer bower, a moonlight dream,
Glimpses of some far shining stream,
A rosy wreath, the blessed beam,
That dwells in mothers' eyes.

In youth—an urn brimm'd with delight,
Sweet thronging fantasies of light,
Meek eyes, with love's own radiance bright,
Soft music on a summer night,
Hope budding into joy.

In manhood—a benighted shore,
With wrecks of bliss, all scattered o'er;
Dark swelling doubts, fears scorned before,
A spirit withered at the core—
A sea of storm and strife.

In age—a calm undazzled eye.
Living in worlds of memory,
Low breathed thanks for love on high,
A patient longing for the sigh,
That wafts it into rest.

A certain American planter had a favorite domestic negro, who always stood opposite to him when waiting at the table. His master often took the name of God in vain, when the negro immediately made a solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied, that he never heard that *great* name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. Thus, without offence, he cured his master of a criminal and pernicious custom.

The Soap Plant.—From a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, it appears that the Soap Plant grows in all parts of California, the leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks afer the rainy reason has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop off entirely in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with, in all parts of the country; and by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it, is merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick white lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different countries as a substitute for soap.

Boz.—A fellow-passenger with Mr. Dickens, in the Britannia steam-ship across the Atlantic, inquired of the author the origin of his signature, "Boz," Mr. Dickens replied that he had a little brother, who so much resembled Moses, in the Vicar of Wakefield, that he used to call him Moses also, but a younger child who could not articulate plainly, was in the habit of calling him "Bozie," or "Boz." This simple circumstance made him assume that name in the first article risked to the public, and, therefore he continued the name, as the effort was approved.

When Lord Erskine was Chancellor, being asked by the Secretary of the Treasury, whether he would attend the grand ministerial Fish-Dinner, at the end of the Session; he answered, "To be sure, I will; what would your Fish-dinner be without the "Great Seal?"

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

(*Written for the Maple Leaf.*)

E'en thus we thought, sweet loving child,
When first we gazed on thee,
But, O! we deemed not that so soon
Thou in that heaven would be.

Thy gentle spirit for awhile
Gladdened our pathway here,
Now the glad music of thy voice,
No more delights the ear.

We hear no more thy fairy step
Which like the gladsome fawn,
Rejoiced to bound with childish glee,
O'er the green summer lawn.

Thy parents mourn their absent one,
Thy brothers sigh for thee,
And the gay earth less lovely seems,
Without thy smile to see.

Sadly they gaze upon the flowers,
Thy tiny hands had sown,
They little thought to see them bloom,
And thou from them have flown.

Now in the Paradise of God;
Thou wilt for ever bloom;
This thought will cheer the drooping heart
And lead beyond the tomb.

We would not, if we could, recall
Thy spirit to us here;
But onward in thy footsteps tread,
With childlike faith and fear.

C. H. *Rice Lake.*

"Why weepest thou, fond parent, why?
Thy infant is no more;
Canst thou not upward glance an eye,
And view her wafted through the sky
To Canaan's happy shore?

"Her lovely form, so light and fair,
Has vanished from thy view;
Her blooming cheeks, the flaxen hair,
Which once adorned her neck so fair,
You bid them all adieu.

"Transplanted from this world of care
To her eternal home;
Too frail a plant for earth to rear,
Nipp'd from its root, and grafted where,
'Twill in perfection bloom.

"Why weepest thou, fond parent, why?
Thy darling does not mourn;
That lovely smile, that decked her cheek,
Say, has it grown more faint or weak,
Because from you she's borne?

"Ah! no, if ought of earthly joy,
Her infant mind did cheer,
Thrice happy now those features shine,
With smiles more heavenly, more divine,
Unsullied by a tear.

"'T was Israel's shepherd bade her fly,
To dwell with him above;
His tenderness can well supply,
His soft compassion far outvie
An earthly parent's love.

"Could she for one short hour resign
That heavenly land for this;
Like Noah's dove no rest she'd find,
But fly and leave this world behind,
To reach the ark of bliss.

"Then cease forever, cease to mourn,
Press on, to reach the crown;
The smiling of a Father's face,
The brightest beamings of his grace,
Oft lie beneath a frown."

RECIPES.

Fruit Cake without Eggs.—Two pounds of flour; one and three quarter pounds of sugar; one pint of milk; half a pound of butter; half a teaspoonful of salt; one and a half spoonfuls of soda, or salæratus, or sal volatile, dissolved in a little hot water, one nutmeg, one pound of raisins, and one wine glass of brandy. This makes three loaves. Warm the milk, and add the butter and salt to it. Work the butter and sugar to a cream and then add the milk, then the flour, then the salæratus, and, lastly, the spice and fruit.

Golden Cake.—This and the following cake are named from gold and silver, on account of their color as well as their excellence. They should be made together, so as to use both portions of the eggs. To make *Golden cake*, take one pound of flour, dried and sifted; one pound of sugar; three quarter pounds of butter; the yolks of fourteen eggs; the yellow part of two lemons grated, and the juice also. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, and add the yolks, well beaten and strained. Then add the lemon peel and flour and a teaspoonful of sal volatile, dissolved in a little hot water. Beat it well, and just before putting it into the oven add the lemon juice, beating it in very thoroughly. Bake in square flat pans, ice it thickly, and cut it in square pieces. It looks finely on a dish with the silver cake.

Silver Cake.—One pound of sugar; three quarters of a pound of dried and sifted flour; six ounces of butter; mace and citron; the whites of fourteen eggs. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream; add the whites cut to a stiff froth, and then the flour. It is a beautiful looking cake.

A Delicate Pudding.—Mix five table spoonfuls of cold milk, stirred well, and add five well beaten eggs; a little salt; then boil one quart of milk, and pour on the above mixture; bake in a buttered basin. Bake fifteen minutes. Sugar to the taste; or eat with sauce of butter and sugar, beaten to a cream.

EDITORIAL.

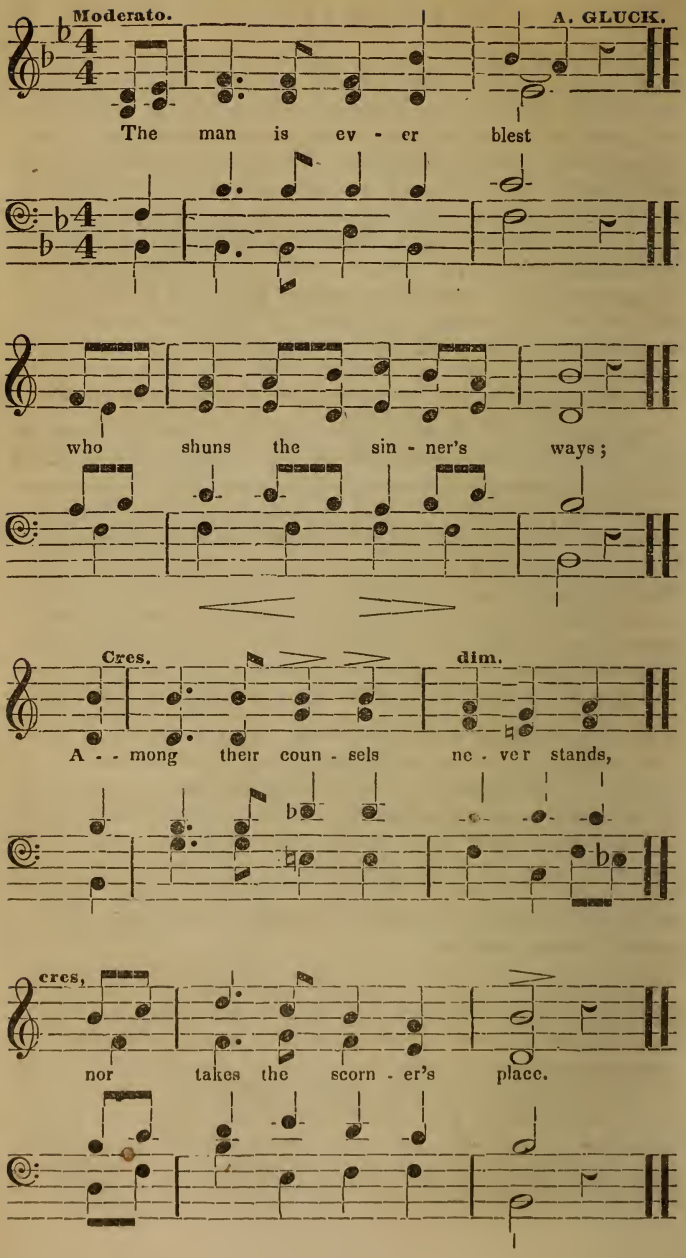
The year 1852, will furnish many interesting items for the pages of universal history. The pen of the historian will linger when he reaches this era, so full of startling and important events—an era in which mind triumphs over almost every obstacle, and nothing seems improbable but absolute the moral and physical impossibilities. The earth, never wearying, obeys laws of motion, rolling onward in her acrial pathway among the heavenly bodies; while of the myriads who people her vast surface, few know or care how near she rushes into danger, or how nicely balanced are the powers that hold in check those wondrous forces, and keep her ever circling the orb of day. Time, which has been venerable for centuries, grows still older, and earth must now put off her autumnal habiliments of fading beauty, and robed in white, deck herself in countless gems of the purest water; but in her bosom are hidden springs, whence flows the elixir of perpetual youth, to revive her decayed energies, and renew, year by year, her vital life-giving elements.

The happy hearts of multitudes are beating with a quicker pulsation for those festivities, the Christmas holidays, are near at hand, and excited fancy already pictures their pleasures, and grasps their gifts. While we most heartily wish our readers "a merry Christmas," we cannot refrain from expressing the hope, that they will not forget the words of that Saviour, whose birth the Christmas day celebrates: "The poor ye have always with you." Though infinitely rich, yet he tenderly felt for the humble and needy. Many a cold and famishing child of sorrow will bless you, if, from your store of comforts, you kindly send a share to him; and you may be sure that the bright holiday-hours will bring you all the more zest, if you can now and then think of those who, but for you, would have spent them in suffering.

We think our readers will find a pleasing variety in this number. Most of the articles were either communicated expressly for our magazine, or are editorial. The first article, with the fine engraving which accompanies it, will add much interest to this volume. We have interesting articles from various sources which we shall bring out as soon as possible. In the meantime, we would assure our correspondents of our warmest gratitude for the interest they take; by and by, when the "Maple Leaf" secures a general circulation, there will be a conscious pleasure in the thought, that they helped to render it inviting.

We ought here to say, for our mutual encouragement, that our little magazine, which, not long since, went forth like Noah's dove, and sought a place "among the inhabitants of the land," is steadily prospering. The Publisher is at present in a distant part of Canada, where he is successfully engaged in promoting its interests. Our readers will find a letter from him on the third page of the cover, which will show his great desire to improve and beautify the work, and now that the season of leisure is approaching, they will perhaps assist us by forming clubs, and sending the subscriptions for a large number of copies.

MALLION, S.M.


Moderato.
A. GLUCK.
The man is ev - er blest
who shuns the sin - ner's ways;
Cres.
dim.
A - - mong their coun - sels ne - ver stands,
cres,
nor takes the scorn - er's place.

THE

MAPLE LEAF.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER:

OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FORESTS,

DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO

LADY ELMA BRUCE,

DAUGHTER OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL,

A Tale, written expressly for the *Maple Leaf*, and intended for the instruction and amusement of Canadian Youth; by Mrs. TRAILL, Authoress of "The Backwoods," "Canadian Crusoes," and "Forest Gleanings."

CHAPTER I.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL—STORY OF THE WOLF—DESCRIPTION OF WILD RICE.

"DEAR NURSE! What is the name of that pretty creature, that you hold in your hand? What bright eyes! what a soft tail, just like a grey feather! Is it a little beaver?" asked Lady Mary, the Governor's daughter, as her nurse entered the nursery. Carefully sheltered against her breast, its round, lustrous black eyes, and little nose peeping from beneath the hand that secured it, appeared a small grey furred animal, of the most delicate color and form.

"No, my lady," replied her nurse, "it is not a young beaver. A young beaver is a much larger animal; its tail is not clothed with soft grey fur like this; it is scaly, and broad, and flat, and looks like black leather, something like my seal-skin slippers. The Indians eat beavers' tails at their great feasts, and they think they make a very dainty dish."

"If they are black, and look like leather shoes, I am very sure I should not like to eat them. So if you please, Mrs. Frazer, do not let me have any beavers' tails cooked for my dinner," said the little lady in a very decided tone.

"Indeed, my lady," replied the nurse smiling, it would not be a very easy thing to obtain ; for beavers are not brought to our market ; it is only the Indians that know how to trap them, and these little creatures are not nearly so plentiful as they used to be formerly." Mrs. Frazer would have told Lady Mary a great deal about these animals, but the little girl interrupted her, saying—

"Please nurse, tell me the name of your dear little pet. Ah, sweet thing, what bright eyes you have," she added, caressing the soft velvet nose that peeped out from between the folds of the muslin handkerchief, to which it timidly nestled, casting furtive glances at the admiring child ; while the panting of its breast told the mortal terror that shook its frame, whenever the fair fingers of the little girl were advanced towards it to coax its soft head.

"It is a flying squirrel, Lady Mary," whispered the Nurse ; "one of my brothers caught it a month ago, while chopping in

the beech woods. He thought it might amuse your ladyship, and so he tamed it, and sent it to me, in a basket filled with moss, with some acorns and beech mast, and hickory nuts, for him to eat. The little fellow has travelled a long distance; he came from the beech-woods, near the town of Cobourg, in the Upper Province."

"And where is Cobourg, Nurse? Is it a large city like Montreal or Quebec?"

"No, my lady; it is a large town on the shores of the great Lake Ontario."

"And are there many woods near it?"

"Yes, but not so many as there used to be many years ago. The forest is almost all cleared, and there are fields of wheat, and Indian corn and nice farms, and pretty houses, where a few years back the lofty forest grew dark and thick."

"Nurse, you said there were acorns, and hickory nuts, and beech mast in the basket. I have seen acorns at home in dear Scotland and England, and I have eaten the hickory nuts here, but what is beech mast? Is it any part of a Canadian ship?"

"No, Lady Mary; it is the name that is given to the fruit of the beech tree. You have seen the beech tree in England—the nuts are enclosed in a rough and somewhat prickly husk, which opens when it is ripe at the top, and shows two or more three-cornered shining brown seeds, in a smooth, tough, leathery skin; these fall out, shaken down by the wind when it waves the boughs. Hogs fatten upon these nuts, and squirrels, and dormice, and wood-chucks, gather them into their granaries for winter stores; and wild pigeons, and wild ducks come from the far north, at the season when the beech mast fall, to eat them; for God teaches these, his creatures, to know the times and the seasons when his bounteous hand is open to give them meat from his boundless store. A great many other birds and beasts also feed upon the beech mast."

"It was very good of your brother to send me this pretty creature, Nurse," said the little lady; "I will ask Papa to send him some money."

"There is no need of that Lady Mary. My brother is not in want; he has a farm in the Upper Province, and is very well off."

"I am glad he is well off," said Lady Mary. "Indeed, I do not see so many poor beggars here as in England."

"People never need beg in Canada, if they are well and strong, and can work; a poor man can soon earn enough money to keep himself and his little ones."

"Nurse, will you be so kind as to ask Campbell to get a pretty cage for me to put my squirrel in? I will let him live close to my dormice, who will be pleasant company for him; and I will feed him every day myself with nuts, and sugar, and sweet cake, and white bread. Now do not tremble, and look so frightened, as though I were going to hurt you—and pray Mr. Squirrel do not bite. Oh nurse, nurse! the wicked spiteful creature has bitten my finger! See, see, it has made it bleed. Naughty thing! I will not love you, if you bite so hard. Pray nurse bind up my finger, or it will soil my frock."

Great was the pity bestowed upon the wound by Lady Mary's kind attendant, till the little girl, tired of hearing so much said about the bitten finger, gravely desired her maid to go in search of the cage, and catch the truant, which had effected its escape, and was clinging to the curtains of the bed. The cage was procured—a large wooden cage, with an outer, and an inner chamber, a bar for the little fellow to swing himself upon, and a drawer for his food, and a little dish for his water. The sleeping-room was furnished by the nurse with soft wool, and a fine store of nuts was put in the drawer; all his wants were well supplied, and Lady Mary watched the catching of the little animal with great interest. Great was the activity displayed by the runaway squirrel, and still greater the astonishment evinced by the Governor's little daughter, at the flying leaps made by the squirrel in its attempts to elude the grasp of its pursuers.

"It flies! I am sure it must have wings. Look, look, nurse! it is here—now it is on the wall—now on the curtains! It must have wings, but it has no feathers."

"It has no wings, dear lady, but it has a fine ridge of fur, that covers a strong sinew or muscle between the fore and hinder legs, and it is by the help of this muscle that it is able to spring so far, and so fast; and its claws are so sharp that it can cling to a wall, or any flat surface. The black, and red

squirrel, and the common grey, can jump very far, and run up the bark of the trees very fast, but not so well as the flying squirrel."

At last, Lady Mary's maid, with the help of one of the housemaids, succeeded in catching the squirrel, and securing him within the cage. But though Lady Mary tried all her words of endearment to coax the little creature to eat some of the good things that had been provided so liberally for his entertainment, he remained sullen and motionless at the bottom of the cage. A captive is no less a captive in a cage with gilded bars, and with dainties to eat, than if rusted iron shut him in, and kept him from enjoying his freedom. It is for that dear liberty that he pines, and is sad, even in the midst of plenty.

"Dear nurse, why does my little squirrel tremble and look so unhappy? Tell me if he wants anything to eat that we have not given him. Why does he not lie down and sleep on the nice soft bed you have made for him in his little chamber? See, he has not tasted the nice sweet cake and sugar that I gave him."

"He is not used to such dainties, Lady Mary. In the forests, he feeds upon hickory-nuts, and butter-nuts, and acorns, and beech masts, and the buds of the spruce, fir, and pine kernels, with many other seeds, and nuts, and berries that we could not get for him. He loves grain too, and Indian corn. He sleeps on green moss, and leaves, and fine fibres of grass, and roots, and drinks heaven's blessed dew, as it lies bright and pure upon the herbs of the field."

"Dear little squirrel, pretty creature, I know now what makes you sad. You long to be abroad among your own green woods, and sleeping on the soft green moss, which is far prettier than this ugly cotton wool. But you shall stay with me, my sweet one, till the cold winter is passed and gone, and the spring flowers have come again, and then, my pretty squirrel, I will take out of your dull cage, and we will go to St. Helen's green Island, and I will let you go free; but I will put a scarlet collar about your neck before I let you go, that if any one finds you, they may know that you are my squirrel."

"Were you ever in the great forest, nurse? I hear papa talk about the "Bush," and the "Back-woods"—it must be

very pleasant in the summer to live among the green trees. Were you ever there?"

"Yes, dear lady, I did live in the woods when I was a child. I was born in a little log shanty, far, far away up the country, near a beautiful lake, called Rice Lake, among woods, and valleys, and hills covered with flowers, and groves of pine, and black and white oaks."

"Stop, nurse, and tell me why the oaks are called black and white? Are the leaves black and white, or the flowers, or the acorns?"

"No, my lady. It is because the wood of the one is darker than the other, and the leaves of the black oak are dark and shining, while those of the white oak are brighter and lighter. The black oak is a beautiful tree. When I was a young girl, I used to like to climb the sides of the steep valleys, and look down upon the tops of the oaks that grew beneath, and to watch the wind lifting the boughs all glittering in the moonlight.—They looked like a sea of ruffled green water. It is very solemn, lady Mary, to be in the woods by night, and to hear no sound but the cry of the great wood owl, or the voice of the whip-poowill calling to his fellow from the tamarack swamp, or may be the timid bleating of a fawn that has lost its mother, or the howl of a wolf."

"Nurse, I should be so afraid. I am sure I should cry if I heard the wicked wolves howling in the dark woods by night. Did you ever know any one who was eaten by a wolf?"

"No, my lady; the Canadian wolf is a great coward. I have heard the hunters say that they never attack any one unless there are a great flock together, and the man is alone and unarmed. My uncle used to go out a great deal hunting, sometimes by torch light, and sometimes on the lake in a canoe, with the Indians, and he has shot and trapped a great many wolves, and foxes, and raccoons. He has a great many heads of wild animals nailed up on the stoup in front of his log house."

"Please tell me what a stoup is, nurse."

"A verandah, my lady, is the same thing, only the old Dutch settlers gave it the name of a stoup, and the stoup is heavier and broader, and not quite so nicely made as a verandah. One day my uncle was crossing the lake on the ice; it was a cold

winter afternoon ; he was in a hurry to take some food to his brothers, who were drawing pine logs in the bush. He had besides a bag of meat and flour, a new axe on his shoulder. He heard steps, as of a dog trotting after him ; he turned his head, and there he saw close at his heels a big, hungry-looking grey wolf. He stopped and faced about, and the big beast stopped and showed his white, sharp teeth at him. My uncle did not feel afraid, but looked steadily at the wolf, as much as to say, 'follow me if you dare,' and walked on. When my uncle stopped, the wolf stopped, when he went on the beast also went on."

"I would have run away," said lady Mary.

"If my uncle had let the wolf see that he was afraid of him, he would have grown bolder, and have run after him, and seized him. All animals are afraid of brave men, but not of cowards. When the beast came too near, my uncle faced him, and showed the bright axe, and the wolf then shrunk back a few paces. When my uncle got near the shore he heard a long wild cry, as if from twenty wolves all at once. It might have been the echoes from the islands that increased the sound, but it was very frightful, and made his blood chill ; for he knew that without his rifle he should stand a poor chance against a large pack of hungry wolves. Just then a gun went off, he heard the wolf give a terrible yell, he felt the whizzing of a bullet pass him, and turning about saw the wolf lying dead on the ice. A loud shout from the cedars in front, told him from whom the shot came. It was my father, who had been on the look out on the lake shore, and he had fired and hit the wolf, when he saw that he could without hurting his brother."

"Nurse, that would have been a sad thing if the gun had shot your uncle."

"It would, but my father was one of the best shots in the district, and could hit a white spot on the bark of a tree at a great distance without missing. It was an old Indian from Buck-horn lake who taught him to shoot deer by torch light, and to trap beaver."

"Well, I am glad that horrid wolf was killed, for wolves eat lambs and sheep, and I dare say they would eat up my little

squirrel, if they could get him. Nurse, please to tell me again the name of the lake near which you said you were born."

"It is called Rice Lake, my lady. It is a fine piece of water, nearly thirty miles long, and from three to six broad, in its widest parts. It has pretty wooded islands on it, and several rivers empty themselves into it. The Otonabee river is a fine broad stream, which flows through the great forest a long way. Many years ago there were no clearings on the banks and no houses, only Indian tents and wigwams; but now there are a great many houses and villages."

"What are wigwams?"

"A sort of light tent made with poles stuck into the ground, in a circle, and fastened at the top, and covered on the outside with the skins of wild animals, or with birch bark. The Indians light a fire of sticks and logs on the ground, in the middle of the wigwam, and lie or sit all round it; the smoke goes up to the top and escapes. In the winter they bank it up with snow, and it is very warm."

"I think it must be a very ugly sort of house, and I am glad I do not live in an Indian wigwam," said the little lady.

"The Indians are a very simple folk, my lady, and do not need fine houses like this in which your papa lives. They do not know the names or uses of half the fine things that are in the houses of the white people. They are happy and contented without them. It is not the richest that are the happiest, lady Mary; and the Lord careth for the poor and the lowly. There is a village on the shore of the Rice Lake where the Indians live. It is not very pretty. The houses are all built of logs, and some of them have orchards and gardens. There is a neat church, and they have a good minister, who takes great pains to teach them the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The poor Indians were pagans till within the last few years."

"What are pagans, nurse?"

"People, lady Mary, who do not believe in God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour."

"Nurse, is there real rice growing in the Rice Lake? I heard my governess say that rice grew only in warm countries. Now, your lake must be very cold, if your uncle walked across the ice."

"This rice, my lady, is not really rice. I heard a gentleman tell my father, that it was, properly speaking, a species of oats,* water oats he called it ; but the common name for it is wild rice. This wild rice grows in vast beds in the lake, in patches of many acres. It will grow in water from eight to ten or twelve feet deep ; the long grassy leaves float upon the water like long narrow green ribbons. In the month of August, the stem that is to bear the flower and the grain, rises straight up, above the surface, and light, delicate blossoms come out, of a pale straw color, and lilac. They are very pretty, and wave in the wind with a rustling noise. In the month of October, when the rice is ripe, the leaves turn a bright yellowish color, and the rice heads grow heavy and droop ; then the squaws—that is, the Indian women—go out in their birch bark canoes ; in one hand they hold a stick, in the other, a short curved paddle, with a sharp edge. With this, they bend down the rice across the stick, and strike off the heads, which fall into the canoe, as they push it along through the rice beds. In this way they collect a great many bushels in the course of the day. The wild rice is not the least like the rice which your ladyship has eaten ; it is thin, and covered with a light chaffy husk. The color of the grain itself is a brownish green, or olive, smooth, shining, and brittle. After separating the outer chaff, the squaws put a large portion of the cleaned rice by, in its natural state, for sale ; for this they get from one dollar to a dollar and a half a bushel. Some they parch, either in large iron pots, or on mats made of the inner bark of cedar or bass wood, beneath which they light a slow fire, and plant around it a temporary hedge of green boughs, closely set to prevent the heat from escaping. They also plant stakes, over which they stretch the matting, at a certain height above the fire. On this they spread the green rice, stirring it about with wooden paddles, till it is properly parched : this is known by its bursting and shewing the white grain of the flour. When quite cool, it is stowed away in troughs, scooped out of butternut or hickory wood, or else sewed up in sheets of birch bark, or in bass mats, or in coarsely-made birch baskets."

* Zizania, or water oats.

"And is the rice nice to eat, nurse?"

"Some people like it as well as the white rice of Carolina; but it does not look as well. It is a great blessing to the poor Indians, who boil it in their soups, or eat it with maple molasses; and they also eat it when parched without any other cooking, when they are on a long journey in the woods, or on the lakes. I have often eaten nice puddings of it made with milk. The deer feed upon the green rice. They swim into the water, and eat the green leaves and tops. The Indians go out at night to shoot the deer on the water; they listen for them, and shoot them in the dark. The wild ducks and the water-fowl come down in great flocks to fatten on the ripe rice in the fall of the year; also large flocks of rice buntings and red wings, which make their roosts among the low willows and lilies, and flags close to the shallows of the lakes."

"It seems very useful to birds, as well as men and beasts," said little lady Mary.

"Yes, my lady, and to fishes also, I make no doubt, for the good God has cast it so abundantly abroad on the waters, that I dare say they also have their share. When the rice is fully ripe, the sun shining upon it, gives it a golden hue, like to a field of ripened grain. Surrounded by the deep blue waters, it looks very pretty."

"I am very much obliged to you, nurse, for telling me so much about the Indian rice, and I will ask mamma to let me have some one day for my dinner, that I may know how it tastes."

Just then lady Mary's governess came to bid her nurse dress her for a sleigh-ride; and so for the present we will leave her. Next month we will give our young friends another chapter about lady Mary and her flying squirrel.

All for the best!—then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man;
All's for the best!—unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, that all's for the best!

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

CHAPTER IX.

(*Continued from page* 184 *of Vol. I.*)

SELECT INCIDENT OF LAWFUL TRADE.

"In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted."

MR. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing. As for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their "niggers" hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, so long as he behaved well. . . .

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head again and again, as follows: "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city." These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by "ignorant and unlearned men," have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and slowly recited the following paragraph:

"EXECUTOR'S SALE.—NEGROES!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of

Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes: Hagar, aged 60; John, aged 30; Ben, aged 21; Saul, aged 25; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

SAMUEL MORRIS,
THOMAS FLINT,
Executors."

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to. "We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail, while I does the business." . . .

The day wore on and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington,—the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the custom-house steps,—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him. . . .

Haley here forced his way into the group. Walking up last to the boy, he felt of his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold widout me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness; "he and I goes in a lot together; I's rail strong yet, Mas'r, and can do heaps o' work,—heaps on it, Mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. "Likely story!" . . .

Here the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, el-

bowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to your mammy, Albert,—close,—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O, mammy, I'm feared they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

"Come now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer; "be up and show your springs, now."

"Put us up togedder, togedder,—do please, Mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off," said the man gruffly, pushing her hands away; "you come last. Now, darkey, spring"; and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and, dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids,—now here, now there,—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

"Buy me too, Mas'r, for de dear Lord's sake!—buy me,—I shall die if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley,—"no!" And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute

of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Couldn't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men sorrowfully.

"Mother, mother,—don't, don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care—I don't care. O, Albert! oh, my boy! you's my last baby. Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, dryly. . . .

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandize of the same kind, which he or his agent had stored for him in various points along shore.

The La Belle Rivière, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gayly down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America, waving and fluttering over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing;—all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones. . . .

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee,—"and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!"

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I *could* see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It *was* rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man.

Tom drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And over head, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O, mamma," said a boy who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there.

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"O, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state room door, sewing, while her little boy and girl were playing round her. "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections,—the separating of families, for example."

"We can't reason from our feelings to those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them if you say so," answered the first lady warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they *do* feel just as keenly,—even more so, perhaps,—as we do." . . .

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants,—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable

reason, to doom the race to bondage ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go ahead and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence, won't we, Squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets. by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation." . . .

The stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in and repeated the words, "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "*that* is scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan.'"

"Wal, it seems quite *as* plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandize before enumerated, "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before, stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his

wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, an't there! 'Cussed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on't," said John; "may be it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, on one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; It's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket book, and began adding over his accounts,—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience. . . .

Tom, whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking, as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe Mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!" he said, to a man that was passing by, "jist read this yer, won't you? This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me that I was going down to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works,—that's what Mas'r told me his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake.

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and springing up and down, crowing and chatting, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

"That's a fine chap!" said a man, suddenly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled and walked on. Whenhe had got to the other side

of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying as he did so,

"Taking her down south?"

Haley nodded and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'am fillin' out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook, and they can use her for that or set her at the cotton picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I looked at 'em. Sell well either way;" and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young 'un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley, lighting another cigar.

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview.—At last the man resumed:

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's oncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars six months hence; and in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot; so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again with renewed decision, "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket book to the trader's, he resumed his cigar.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SONG OF WINTER.

I come with my sports, and with childhood's glee;
I come with bright records for memory;
I come to gather the fireside throng
And awaken the joyous and merry song.
I come with a group for the grandsire's hearth,
As his tale he recounts for the young heart's mirth;
I come with strength for the sinewy arm,
With a glow for bright cheeks from the life blood warm.
The husbandman tilling earth's bounteous soil
Shall welcome my rest from the hour of toil.
The schoolboy shall hail me with frolic and play,
And with gladness and mirth, while the moments away.
I come once more with my icy dower,
And creation shall feel my arm of power;
The storm-cloud I'll gather and spread out its reign,
And Nature will humble beneath my domain.
I will come with my gifts of hail and storm;
The snow-flake shall wrap my glittering form;
The moon shall be clothed with a beam more bright,
And the stars look out with a clearer light.
Though the ocean will mock at my stern decree,
And lightly my sceptre pass over the sea,
Though the wave will still dash on its sandy bound,
And the roar of the billow still thunder around,

Yet I spread my chill sway with a giant hand,
And the rivers shall flow to my stern command.
I come with a blight for the verdant fields,
And a chill for the bounty which Autumn yields;
I come with a scar for the forest bough,
And my voice is heard on the mountain's brow.
The song-bird soars for a Summer clime;
The bright flowers droop in their beauty and prime.
Ah! such is the scar, the darkening blight,
With which Death clothes Life in its hours of fright;
And what my chill to the flower doth impart,
Such the world's rude blight to the youthful heart.

H. E. F. Lay.

THE WOLF.

The Wolf is classed, as a *Carnivorous* or *flesh-eating animal*, with the Lion, Tiger, Leopard, Panther, Ounce, Cat, Carnival Lynx, Puma, Jauger, Dog, Fox, Jackal, Hyena, Bear, Badger, Raccoon, Weasel, Martin, &c., &c.

The scientific name of the common wolf, as given by Linnæus, is Canus Lupus, so called from its great similarity to the dog in its physiological organization: externally, too, such is the striking resemblance, that formerly it was looked upon by naturalists as the dog in an untutored state. Were it not from the fact, that the eyeballs of the wolf are of the most fiery, frightful green, with a peculiar savage slant, his face would not be unlike our large watch-dog, the mastiff. Wolves are found in almost all countries, and like the dog their color varies from black to brown, grey, and white, according to the different latitudes in which they exist. Their ordinary length does not differ much from three feet six inches, exclusive of the tail, and their height is about two feet six inches. The strength of the wolf exceeds that of the most powerful dog. Nature has endowed him with great cunning, agility, and all those requisites which fit him for pursuing, overtaking, and conquering his prey. He is, however, a great coward, and never braves danger except when pressed

by extreme hunger, and then he becomes furious, and ventures as far as the farm-yard, and, like the thief, "cometh not but for to steal and destroy." His merciless disposition is unsurpassed. When he breaks into a poultry-yard or sheep-fold, he is never satisfied with slaughter as long as there is any killing to be done; what he cannot eat he mangles and destroys. The rapacity of the wolf may have been understood at a very early period. Certain we are that its characteristic habits were known and described, by way of comparison with the wickedness of unregenerate nature, thousands of years before Cuvier, Nutall, or Buffon existed. Jacob prophetically described the fierceness and cruelty of Benjamin as a "ravening wolf," and the Scriptures frequently refer to the nature of the wolf as a similitude in depicting the cruelty of princes, judges, and rulers. Habakkuk said of the Chaldean horsemen, "They are more fierce than ravening wolves."

In a work on Canada, written by Edward Allen Talbot, Esq., and published in London in 1824, we find some animadversions on a singular quotation, which is given as coming from Guthrie's Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar. We give the quotation and remarks as we find them. "Wolves are very scarce in Canada; but they afford the finest furs in all the country. Their flesh is white and good to eat, and they pursue their prey to the tops of the tallest trees." In contradiction of these five positive assertions of the learned geographer, Talbot says: "Wolves are very numerous in Canada. They produce no fur at all. Their skins are, if possible, inferior to that of the dog, and of so little value, that when the animals are killed, they are seldom deprived of their pelts. Their flesh is black, and so wretchedly bad, that the most savage inhabitants or wild animals of the wilderness will not attempt to touch or taste it. They are also unable to climb the lowest tree, and when they are pursuing an animal they give up the chase the moment it takes refuge in a tree." At the present day wolves are only found in the unsettled portions of Canada, or where the forests are dense and extensive. They are seldom seen unless hunted, and then several days may pass before one is tracked. It is difficult to get at them. Occasionally they commit frightful havoc in farm-yards adjacent to large forests; but they do not attack man unless

pressed by hunger. In the British Isles wolves are extinct. It is said that King Edgar first attempted to annihilate them by giving a class of criminals their liberty provided they would bring a certain number of wolves' tongues. Afterwards, these animals increased to such an extent that Edward the First ordered one Peter Corbet to superintend and assist in their destruction. A wolf was killed in Ireland in the year 1701. Long previous to this it had become an extraordinary occurrence to find one of these creatures.

An exceedingly interesting description of the peculiarities of the wolf may be found in Buffon's work, who, by the way, is considered by Goldsmith as a complete model for the study of natural history. In confirmation of Talbot's remarks, and to show the contempt many naturalists have for this animal, we close this account by transcribing a paragraph from Buffon. "However useful this animal may be in North America, the wolf of Europe is a very noxious animal, and scarcely any thing belonging to him is good except his skin. Of this the furriers make a covering that is warm and durable, though coarse and unsightly. His flesh seems to be disliked by all other animals, no other creature being known to eat wolf's flesh except the wolf himself. He breathes a most fœtid vapor from his jaws, as his food is indiscriminate, often putrid, and seldom cleanly. In short, in every way offensive,—a savage aspect, a frightful howl, an insupportable odor, a perverse disposition, fierce habits,—he is hateful while living, and useless when dead."

UNCLE VAN.

[FOR THE MAPLE LEAF.]

LEAVES FROM A SCHOOL GIRL'S COMPOSITION BOOK.

VISION OF A DAY DURING THE MILLENNIUM.

I was musing upon the past, and the present, and eagerly endeavoring to delineate from thence the probable future; when suddenly an angelic form appeared before my eyes, "Daughter, said she, wouldst thou view days to come? Thou shalt be satisfied. The mystic veil shall be rent, and thou shalt be indulged with scenes from the great landscape of futurity. What wouldst thou?" "A scene from the years of glory," I answered. "The

years when the chain shall be cast over the destroyer, and his dark empire on earth be overthrown."

I instantly found myself in a different region. All around me in our own earth was harmony and beauty. Nor was inanimate nature alone changed. The fertile earth teemed with a swarm of living population. Light forms and beautiful, mingled in sweet intercourse among the flowery lawns, and spicy groves, and ere the morning sun had peered above the hills, one mighty song of praise had arisen from the voice of the four quarters of the globe, and, as I listened, the reflection was caught up by the angels, who tuning their golden harps, prolonged the morning orison, and sung the glories of the thousand years, saying: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

But thought and vision went further. Commerce unfurled her sail, and the flags of every nation fluttered in the ocean breeze. Cities floated on the bosom of the seas, and aerial, like terrestrial locomotion, was performed from country to country, with astounding rapidity.

Employment, so necessary to the happiness of rational and physical beings was still there, but it was employment, the end of which was the glory of God, and the song of devout admiration, ever resounded over the works of the hands. The wilderness and desert were fertilized and blooming, and there the population of the holy drew their support. Sickness and sorrow were unknown, and death had no entrance there. The brow over which had passed the circuit of centuries, still glowed in freshness and beauty. Strife was unknown, for the day dawned and closed with one universal aspiration of peace and good will. Ambition wreathed not his thorny crown for the Hero, the only laurel was the Dove branch, the only emulation that of holiness. No conqueror's bloody footsteps strode over the downfall of thrones, and the ruin of nations, in pursuit of a nameless phantom. The warrior had cast aside the plumed helmet, the proud steed was untrained and unbridled, and the sword and the battle spear found no longer a name. The tribes of red men walked in holy musing by their bold torrents, and trode unmolested the borders of their majestic Rivers. The Jews, gathered from among the climes of their exile, poured as a mighty stream into the city of

their Fathers, and the golden spires of Mount Zion, glittered once more in the morning sun. But no High Priest with mystic Urim and Thummim, ministered there. The Great High Priest himself made intercession. The Shekinah of Jehovah's presence was reared upon the altar of every family, both Jew and Gentile.

No captive's wailing arose from dungeon's glooms. The tyrant and oppressor had ceased. The crowns of Empires were cast down before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; for the archangel had proclaimed from Heaven the mandate of universal liberty. "Captivity was now led captive." "Holiness to the Lord," was inscribed on every object. Every countenance was radiant with a celestial beauty. The wild beast had laid aside his ferocity, and came at the bidding of man; the reptile, venomous no longer, was the plaything of the child; and the lion, in his mighty strength, crouched to the caress of a maiden's hand.

The day passed onward. Domestic and social joys were also found to blossom there in their brightest lustre. The husband and wife walked out amid the shady and blooming foliage of the garden, discoursing of the works of the great Creator. Filial piety lit up its holy fires, and parent and child joined in the sweet interchange of affection. Brother and sister were bound in tender cords of fraternity, and friend to friend in those of interchanging friendship.

I lingered with my guide till the day was far spent. And now as twilight drew on, angels, in white robes mingled with the sons and daughters of earth. With golden tinged pinions, they ascended and descended, once more to join in the note of rapturous praise, ere the hour of repose passed over the world. Again the choral song echoed around; sweet strains from heavenly harps floated o'er lake, and hill, and arose like grateful incense to the bowers of heaven.

"When," said I, "shall these things be?" The time is hastening, responded my guide. The efforts of genius, the progress of art, literature, and commerce, will hasten it. The investigations and discoveries of science, tend to that period. And these discoveries and investigations will still be onward. For these events are in the hands of Him who governs all mind and matter, and who will overrule them all to bring about that glorious

period, when Immanuel shall spread his sceptre over the universe, and all nations flourish beneath his reign. . . .

But, ere this time, tremendous convulsions shall shake the earth to its centre. Kingdoms and empires must totter and fall; the enemy of righteousness must put forth one last effort, for his falling dominion, and, as the tempest and whirlwind, will be his wrath.

And thus the reign of peace, the glorious "thousand years," shall be ushered in. "Then shall the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

What a busy scene our world presents. Events that would have startled our ancestors and caused them to lift their hands, and open their eyes in perfect wonder, are viewed by us, in these days of thickening novelties, with little interest, and almost with indifference. We regard the vastness and variety of every sort of improvement on foot now, as bringing in their train one evil, which it should be the aim of parents and teachers to obviate. We mean the tendency of our youth to fly from one new thing to another, without cultivating those habits of careful attention, so necessary to intellectual strength. The thirst for strange things is natural, and subjected to salutary control, lays the foundation in the character, of all that patient research and enthusiastic devotion, which men of science have exhibited in bringing to our knowledge, the mysteries embosomed in the earth, or hid for ages beneath the rubbish of ruined cities, or beautifying the caverns of the deep. We cannot all be thoroughly scientific, nor can we all be inventors, we cannot all write essays, or originate powerful productions, whose pathos and arguments may gain a world-wide celebrity, and improve and comfort multitudes. But we can all treasure up sufficient knowledge to make us happy. We can attend thoughtfully, and carefully to many subjects; note well their bearings and differences, and lay up our knowledge safely for future use. Thus we shall never be at a loss for topics of thought or conversation, and though the march of knowledge be ever onward, and the human mind be ever expanding, we need not to be left in the rear ranks, or faint despondingly in the journey of life. We would particularly recommend to our readers to select some subject on which their attention may be placed, and to devote to it a few moments each day, pursuing it in all its branches, as far as possible, and only leaving it for a new subject, when they fully understand it. Let this be followed up constantly, and they will be surprised at the amount of pleasing information they will gain in the course of the year. We can most cordially urge such a course, not only for its inherent value to the person adopting it, but for its reflex influence upon the circle in which he moves.

The Value of Five minutes.—"If you waste five minutes, that is not much; but probably, if you waste five minutes yourself, you lead some one else to waste five minutes, and that makes ten. If a third follow your example, that makes a quarter of an hour. Now there are about a hundred and eighty of us here; and if every one wasted five minutes in a day, what would it come to? Let me see. Why, it would be fifteen hours; and fifteen hours a day, would be ninety hours, about eight days, working time, in a week; and in a year would be four hundred days.

OCCASION.

(*From the Italian.*)

"Say, who art thou, with more than mortal air,
Endow'd by heaven with gifts and graces rare
Whom restless, winged feet, for ever onward bear?

"I am Occasion, known to few, at best;
And, since one foot upon a wheel I rest,
Constant my movements are; they cannot be repress'd.

"Not the swift eagle, in his swiftest flight,
Can equal me in speed; my wings are bright;
And man, who sees them waved, is dazzled by the sight.

"My thick and flowing locks, before me thrown,
Conceal my form; nor face nor breast is shown;
That thus, as I approach, my coming be not known.

"Behind my head no single lock of hair
Invites the hand that fain would grasp it there;
But he who lets me pass, to seize me may despair.

"Whom, then, so close behind thee do I see?
Her name is Penitence; and Heaven's decree,
Hath made all those her prey, who profit not by me.

"And thou, O mortal, who dost vainly ply
These curious questions, thou dost not descry
That now thy time is lost; for I am passing by."

"Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone." John viii. 7.—Sir William Jones, that fine oriental scholar, relates that offended by the irregularities of the poet Hafiz, the priests refused to admit his corpse to be interred in consecrated ground. One, however of the body, who had a personal love for the victim of sensuality, pleaded in his behalf, and at length prevailed upon his brethren to have recourse to that simple, and as has often happened, effective augury, opening a book, the first sentence of which should determine the matter in dispute. The poems of the poet were chosen, and the volume, or roll, most probably, unfolded, when the following touching lines were read;—

"Turn not away in cold disdain from Hafiz' bier
Nor scornful, check thy pitying tear,
For though immersed in sin he lies;
His soul forgiven to heaven shall rise."

The appeal was responded to, and the rites of holy sepulture were accorded to the erring but penitent poet. If I remember rightly, the lines were inscribed on his tomb.

Kindness.—"Kindness is stronger than the sword. Little kindnesses are great ones. They drive away sadness and cheer up the soul beyond all common comprehension. They become sources of great influence over others, which may be used for important purposes. When such kindnesses are administered in time of need, distress, danger, and difficulty, they are still more likely to be remembered with gratitude. Parents should be as much concerned to make their children kind, gentle, obliging, and respectful to all others around, as to provide for them a common education in needful knowledge. The Father of Mercies is kind to the evil and the unthankful; bears and forbears long; and multiplies his absolute favors to a marvellous extent. He suffers his kindness to be very long and very widely abused before he vindicates. In this kindness we all share very extensively every day, hour and moment, which lays us all under great and solemn obligations to abound in all needful kindnesses, to the needy and suffering around us, to serve one another and 'let good favors go round,' as Franklin expressed it."

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

Of all unfortunate men, the most to be pitied is the utterly selfish man. The beneficent, dividing his mouldy crust with one more famished than himself is rich, for he has the highest joy that wealth can give, that of imparting happiness to others; but he who, though surfeited with abundance, feels that kindness is a luxury that he cannot afford, is the poorest of the poor.

We can sympathize more readily with excess of sorrow than with exuberance of joy. Sympathy increases with the former, not with the latter.

He who, when calm and cool, presses his rights to the utmost, will, when actuated by passion, overstep them.

Admiration profits not the object so much as the subject of it. While rejoicing that a man is great, we have also reason to rejoice that we are able to appreciate his worth.

The Death of our beloved gives us our first love again. By death we are taught truly to love the dear one, who no longer subject to our caprice or his own, remains a spotless glorious object of love; and time, instead of taking away from his attractions, gives to him additional charms. Thus the heart is always a gainer, give it but free room, and full liberty to love.

Some Day it will be found out that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

Kindness is the birthright of children. The angels treat them with the utmost kindness, and the Lord himself took them up in his arms, and blessed them.

The following striking lines form an inscription, found at Melrose Abbey :—

The earth goeth to the earth, glistening in gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it would;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth;—"All shall be ours!"

THE SEVEN WONDERS.—They were the Egyptian pyramids; the Mausoleum, erected by Artemisia; the temple of Diana, at Ephesus; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; the Colossus at Rhodes; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus; and the Pharos, or watch tower at Alexandria.

THE NAUTILUS.—It is said that to this little fish, which is found in the Mediterranean, we are indebted for the origin of ship building. It swims on the surface of the water, on the back of its shell, which exactly resembles the hull of a ship, it raises its two feet like masts, and extends a membrane which serves as a sail, while the other two feet are employed as oars.

TO PURIFY THE AIR OF AN APARTMENT.—The best method of effecting this will be obvious, if we consider the influence which heat exercises on the atmosphere. Air is expanded and rendered specifically lighter, than the ordinary temperature, on the application of heat. Hence in every room heated above the temperature of the atmosphere, there is a continual current of air in circulation. The hot air in chimnies ascends and creates a draught towards the fire-place, whilst the hot air in churches, theatres, and other buildings, passes through the gratings in their ceilings, and its place is supplied by the flow of cold fresh air through the windows and doorways in the lower parts of these buildings. The following simple experiment can be easily performed, and is highly instructive. Take a lamp or candle, and hold it to the top of the doorway of a crowded apartment, or of a room in which there is a fire, the hot air will be found escaping out of the room at the top of the doorway, as will be indicated by the outward direction of the flame. If the lamp be placed on the floor, the cold air will be found coming in at the bottom of the doorway. If now the lamp be gradually raised, from the bottom to the top, the flame at first inflected inwardly, will be seen gradually to become vertical, as the lamp approaches the middle of the doorway, and, finally, it will again be blown outwardly, when the lamp reaches its summit. It would appear from this that in the middle of the doorway the temperature is uniform, hence there is no current either in or out of the apartment. The whole experiment is highly interesting and

instructive, and proves that a fire is an excellent ventilator. Hence, to ventilate an apartment thoroughly, it is only necessary to kindle a good fire, and let the air have free access through the doorway and windows, the fire will create a current of fresh air in the apartment, and its atmosphere will be thus kept continually changed. We would remark in conclusion, that those moving masses of air called winds, are produced in a similar way. The sun is the great cause of winds; its heat is unequally diffused on the earth's surface, and the air consequently becomes heated in one part to a greater degree than in another. The hot air rises, and its place is supplied by the flow of the colder air from the surrounding parts. When the vacuum thus created is suddenly filled, and the flow of the surrounding air is violent, the meeting of winds from all points of the compass, produces at sea the phenomena of water spouts and on land whirlwinds, caused by the air ascending in a spiral into the higher regions of the atmosphere. There are a number of causes which produce inequalities of temperature in the atmosphere, some of the most obvious of which are the alternation of night and day, and the occurrence of cloudy and unclouded skies. The air must necessarily be heated when illumined by the rays of the sun, and cooled when those rays are withdrawn.

PLANTS IN ROOMS.—The reason why plants fade so soon, is because due attention is not paid to them. The mere supplying with water is not sufficient. The leaves should be kept perfectly clean. Plants breathe by their leaves; and if their surface is clogged by dirt of whatever kind, their breathing is impeded or prevented. Plants perspire by their leaves; and dirt prevents their perspiration. Plants feed by their leaves; and dirt prevents their feeding. So that breathing, perspiration, and food, are fatally interrupted by the accumulation of foreign matter upon their leaves. Let any one, after reading this, cast an eye upon the state of plants in sitting rooms, or well-kept greenhouses; let him draw a white handkerchief over the surface of such plants, or a piece of smooth white leather, if he desires to know how far they are from being as clean as their nature requires.

To make an Æolian Harp.—This instrument should consist of a long, narrow box of thin deal, about five or six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side, of an inch and a half in diameter, in which are to be drilled small holes. On this side, seven or ten, or more strings, of very fine gut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridges of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note, and the instrument be placed in some current of air, where the wind may pass over its strings with freedom. A window of which the width is exactly equal to the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air free admission, is a proper situation. When the air blows upon the strings with different degrees of force, it will excite different tones of sound; sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks them to the softest murmurs.

The best Way of making Corn Cakes of all Sorts.—There is often a sharp and strong taste to corn meal, which is remedied by wetting it up the day before it is used. The best kind of corn cakes are made by wetting up a large quantity of indian meal with milk and letting it stand for several days. Take a quantity of it, and first make it as thin as you want, either for griddle cakes, or drop cakes, or thicker cakes. Add salt, and a spoonful of melted butter or lard for every quart, also sugar to your taste. A little sugar always improves all corn cakes. Then dissolve soda or saleratus a teaspoonful for each quart. If it is very sour it will want more, and *tasting* is the surest guide. Just as you are ready to bake, stir in enough saleratus to sweeten it, and stir quickly, and only long enough to mix it well, and then bake immediately in buttered tins. Domestics often use too much saleratus, which is bad for the stomach, and the housekeeper should ascertain by trial the right quantity, and then direct to have it carefully measured every time. Corn cakes, made as above, just thick enough to form into round cakes, half an inch thick, and baked on a griddle are excellent.

To Clean Unvarnished Paint.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water, and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new; and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

In a lone mossy dingle, with green trees o'erhung,
Their wild song of sorrow three Highland maids sung,
Who were doomed with their people in exile to roam
O'er the stormy Atlantic to seek for a home.

For the hearth of their fathers, by want's chilling hand,
Had been sternly extinguished that morn in the land;
And they came for the last time, all weeping, to bring
The cool gushing water from that pleasant spring.

It was piteous to see how their sweet eyes grew dim
With their fast flowing tears, as they hung o'er the brim,
And looked their farewell to that beautiful spot,
Endeared by those ties that can ne'er be forgot.

And oft from their vessels, replenished in vain,
They restored the pure stream to the fountain again;
And fondly they lingered, and loth to depart,
They sobbed forth their grief in the anguish of heart:—

"Dear fountain of our native glen!
Far hence we're doomed to go;
And soon for other urns than ours
Thy crystal streams will flow.

"Thy snowy lilies still will bloom
On this delightful spot,
Dear fountain of our native glen!
Though we behold them not.

"And thou wilt from thy sparkling cell
Still softly murmur on,
When those who loved thy voice to hear
To other lands are gone.

"Dear fountain of our native glen,
Which we no more may view,
With breaking hearts thy children pour
Their long, their last adieu."

Agnes Strickland.

EDITORIAL.

Hours, golden hours, fly rapidly now, in these last days of the year 1852! Gladness and brightness have painted bewitching imagery for the future—the future, looming up vast and trembling in a delicious semi-distinctness which renders it lovely. Everywhere the sky is tinted with warm hues, and surmounting piles of gorgeous clouds is the bow of hope, whose extreme sections embrace the year 1853.

We tender our readers the complimentary expressions suited to this happy period. In other days our hearty wish of long life and prosperity called forth a glow of kindly feeling from a few tried friends perhaps. We realise the wish more fully now. We feel bound to do our part to make the New Year a happy one, and throw in our mite of influence on the side of virtue, and excellence, and high attainment in knowledge, and self culture. Ideas ought to glow, and agitate, and actually effervesce in the editorial mind! What glimpses of the great and good our pen must portray! what soaring to the grandeur of heaven for motives! what skimming on thought's untiring wing from continent to island, from mountain to valley, from ocean to river, in measureless circuits throughout this world of wonders, to glean items of information and amusement for our readers. We promise to do our best to please them, craving at the same time, their kind indulgence for those imperfections which a new work almost inevitably displays, and assuring all who take an interest in our progress, that our motto is, improvement from month to month.

The Publisher has redeemed his promise, made in the December number, and though the first chapter of the "Governor's Daughter," is long, we are sure that the interest is so admirably sustained, that our subscribers will not regret it. The authoress has written us a letter, and as it explains the design and scope of her beautiful tale, more fully than we could, we make no apology for inserting it here.

Dear Editor.—One of the readers of your excellent little periodical suggested to me the idea of writing an article every month, illustrative of the Natural History and Botany of Canada, and expressly adapted to the capacity of the younger branches of the families who take the "Maple Leaf." There is nothing indeed, in your magazine, which may not be read with advantage, both by the young and old from the extreme purity that pervades its pages; but, however intelligent the younger part of your readers may be, there will necessarily be articles beyond their limited comprehension, and it is an advantage to have some pleasant reading for all. Acting upon the suggestion of my friend, I immediatey set to work, and have written the first chapter of a little tale, which, if it meet your views, I will continue monthly, until I have introduced all the interesting portions of the Natural History of the Colony. I have cast it in as simple a form as I could do, to suit the youngest capacity, and if you think it need any apology for the Juvenile style I have chosen, I can only say that few mothers will quarrel with information conveyed in an amusing form—an easy step to the ladder of knowledge.

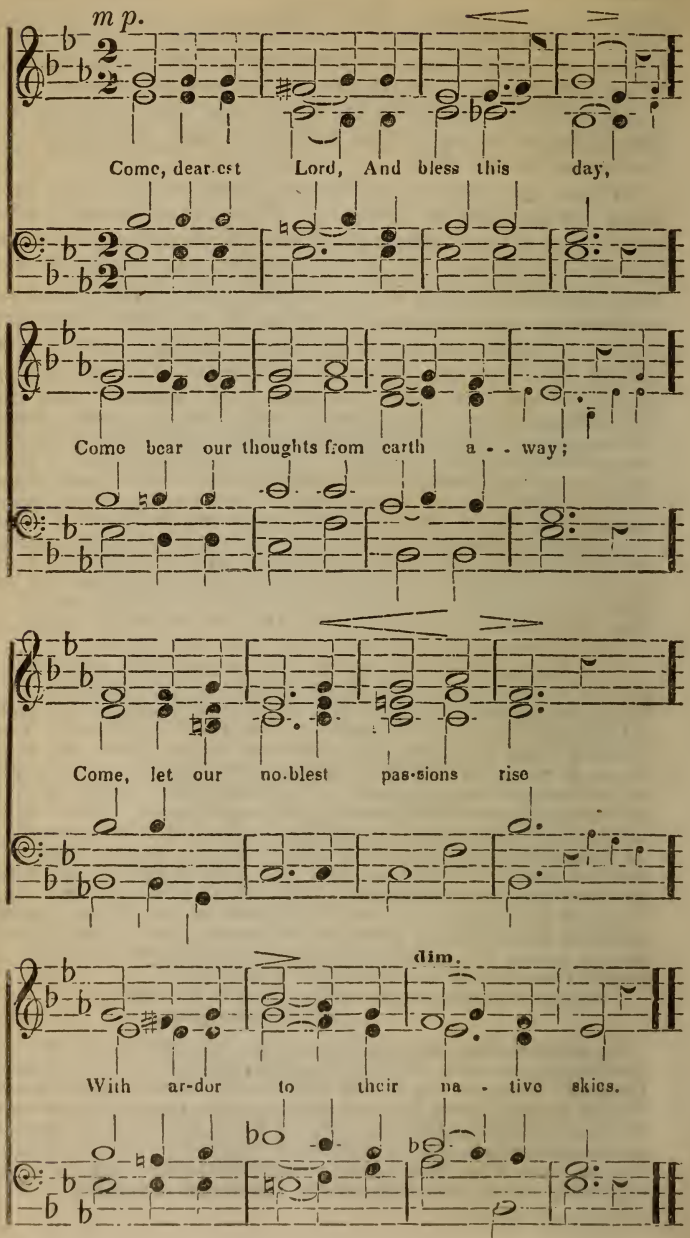
With much respect, and best wishes, I remain, Mr. Editor,

Very faithfully yours, C. P. T.

Our respected friend and Contributor, Uncle Van, has sent us two very excellent articles, which will form fine accompaniments to the "Governor's Daughter" We are sorry that they did not arrive in time to insert them both. We give his sketch of the Wolf, and promise to make room for his remarks on Rice and its varieties, which with a drawing of Rice Lake, kindly furnished by an accomplished lady, will add much interest to our next number. Our space does not admit of our inserting several communications which our friends have kindly sent us, we shall do justice to them as soon as possible.

MARTIN, L. M.

Largo e Piano. By D. Dinigetti.


m p.
Come, dear-est Lord, And bless this day,
Come bear our thoughts from earth a - - way;
Come, let our no-blest pas-sions rise
dim.
With ar-dor to their na - tive skies.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER:

OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FORESTS

DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO

LADY ELMA BRUCE,

DAUGHTER OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL,

A Tale, written expressly for the *Maple Leaf*, and intended for the instruction and amusement of Canadian Youth; by Mrs. TRAILL, Authoress of "The Backwoods," "Canadian Crusoes," and "Forest Gleanings."

CHAPTER II.

SLEIGHING,—SLEIGH ROBES,—FUR CAPS,—OTTER SKINS,—OLD SNOW STORM,—OTTER HUNTING,—OTTER SLIDES,—INDIAN NAMES,—REMARKS ON WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR HABITS.

"NURSE, we have had a very nice sleigh drive. I like sleighing very much over the white snow. The trees look so pretty; as if they were covered with white flowers, and the ground sparkled just like Mamma's diamonds."

"It is pleasant, Lady Mary, to ride through the woods on a bright sunshiny day, after a fresh fall of snow. The young evergreens, the hemlocks and balsams, and spruce trees are loaded with great masses of the new-fallen snow; while the slender saplings of the beech, and birch, and basswood, are bent down to the very ground, making bowers so bright and beautiful you would be delighted to see them. Sometimes, as you drive along, great masses of the snow come showering down upon you; but it is so light and dry that it shakes off without wetting you in the least. It is pleasant to lie wrapped up in warm blankets, or buffalo robes, at the bottom of a lumber-sleigh, and travel through the forest by moonlight. The merry bells echoing through the silent woods, and the stars just peeping down through the frosted trees, which sparkle like diamonds in the moonbeams."

"Nurse, I should like to take a drive through the forest in winter. It is so nice to hear the sleigh bells. We used some-

times to go out in the snow in Scotland, but we were in the carriage, and had no bells."

"No, Lady Mary, the snow seldom lies long enough in the old country to make it worth while to have sleighs there; but in Russia and Sweden, and some other cold countries, they use sleighs and bells."

Lady Mary ran to the little book case, where she had a collection of children's books, and very soon found in one of Peter Parley's books, the picture of Laplanders and Russians wrapped in furs in sledges.

"How long will the winter last, nurse," said the child, after she had tired herself turning up the prints, "a long, long time—a great many weeks? a great many months?"

"Yes, five months, sometimes six."

"O, that is nice—nearly half-a-year of white snow, and sleigh-drives every day, and bells ringing all the time. I tried to make out a tune, but they only seemed to say, 'Up-hill—up-hill,' 'Down-hill,—down-hill!' all the way. Nurse, please tell me what are the sleigh-robes made of?"

"Some of the sleigh-robes that you see, Lady Mary, are made of bears'-skins, lined with red or blue flannel; some are of wolf-skins, lined with bright scarlet; and some of raccoon. The commonest are buffalo. I have seen some of deer, but these are not so good, as the hair comes off, and they are not so warm as the skins of the furred or woolly-coated animals."

"I sometimes see long tails hanging down over the backs of the sleighs and cutters—they look very pretty, like tassels, like the end of Mamma's boa."

"The wolf and raccoon-skin robes are generally made up with the tails; and sometimes the heads of the animals are also left. I noticed the head of a wolf, with its sharp ears, and long white teeth, looking very grim and fierce, at the back of a cutter, the other day."

"Nurse, that must have looked very droll. Do you know that I saw a gentleman, the other day, walking with Papa, who had a fox-skin cap on his head, and the fox's nose was just peeping over his shoulder, and the tail hung down his back, and I saw his bright black eyes looking so cunning, I thought it must be alive, and tame, and that it had curled itself

round his head—but the gentleman took it off, and shewed me that the eyes were glass."

"Some hunters, Lady Mary, make caps of otter-skins, and minx, and badger, and ornament them with the tails, and heads, and claws."

"I have seen a picture of the otter, Nurse, among "Knight's Pictures"*—it is a pretty soft looking thing, with a round head, and black eyes. Where do otters live?"

"The Canadian otters, Lady Mary, live in holes in the banks of sedgy, shallow lakes, mill-ponds, and sheltered creeks. The Indian hunters find their haunts by tracking their

* Pictures published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by Charles Knight.

steps in the snow—for an Indian or a Canadian hunter knows the track made by any bird or beast, from the deep broad print of the bear, to the tiny one of the little shrew-mouse, which is the smallest four-footed beast in this or any other country, to the best of my knowledge."

"They catch the otter, and many other wild animals in a sort of trap which they call a dead-fall. This, I believe, is a hole dug in the ground, according to the size of the creature they desire to catch, and lightly covered with sticks and earth. When the animal falls in, he is unable to get out, and is easily captured. Wolves are often so trapped, and then shot. The Indians catch the otter for the sake of its dark shining fur, which is used by the hatters and furriers. Old Jacob Snow-storm, an old Indian that lived on the banks of the Rice Lake, used to catch many otters; and I have often listened to him, and laughed at his stories."

"Do, please nurse, tell me what Old Jacob Snow-storm told you about the otters; I like to hear stories about wild beasts. What a droll name, Snow-storm!"

"Yes, Lady Mary, Indians have very odd names; they are called after all sorts of strange things. They do not always name the children as we do soon after they are born, but wait for some remarkable circumstance, some dream or accident. Some name them after the first strange animal or bird that appears to the new born. Old Snow-storm most likely owed his name to a heavy fall of snow when he was a baby. I knew a Chief named Musk-rat, and a pretty Indian girl who was named 'Be-dan-bun,' or the 'Light of the Morning.'"

"And what is the Indian name for Old Snow-storm?"

"It is Be-che-go-ke-poor." Lady Mary said it was a funny sounding name, and not at all like Snow-storm, which she liked a great deal better; and she was greatly amused while her nurse repeated to her a great many names of the squaws and pappooses, (the little Indian children.) There were among them such names as the Long Thrush and the Little Fox; the Running Stream, the Snow Bird, the Red Cloud, and the Young Eagle; the Big Bush, and many others.

"Now, nurse, will you tell me some more about Jacob Snow-storm and the others?"

"Well, Lady Mary, the old man had a cap of otter skin, of which he was very proud, and wore it on great days. One day I was playing with it and he said—'Otter funny fellow; he like play, too. He catch fish, too, sometimes. Indian go hunting up Ottawa, that great big river, you know. Go one moon-light night; lie down under bushes in snow: see lot of little fellow and big fellow at play. Run up and down bank; bank all glass ice there. Sit down top of bank; good slide there. Down he go splash into water; up he comes. Down go another into water; out again. Funny fellow, those.' And then the old hunter threw back his head, and laughed till you could have seen all his white teeth, he opened his mouth so wide."

Lady Mary was very much amused at the comical way in which the old Indian talked.

"Can otters swim, nurse?"

"Yes, Lady Mary. The good God, who has created all things well, has given to this animal webbed feet, which enables it to swim; and it can also dive deep down in the waters, where it finds fish and mussels, and, perhaps, the roots of some water-plants to eat. It makes very little motion or disturbance in the water when it goes down in search of its prey. Its coat is thick, and formed of two kinds of hair; the outer hair is long, silky, but stiff and shining. The under part is short and fine, and warm. The water cannot penetrate to wet them,—the oily nature of the fur throws off the moisture. They dig large holes with their claws, which are short but very strong. They line their nests with dry grass, and rushes, and roots gnawed fine, and do not pass the winter in sleep, as the dormice, and some squirrels, and raccoons, and bears do. They are very innocent and playful, both when young and even after they grow old. The lumberers often tame them when young, and they become so docile that they will come for a call or whistle. Like all wild animals, they are most lively at night when they come out to feed and play."

"Dear little things; I should like to have a tame otter to play with and run after me; but do you think he would eat

my squirrel. You know cats will eat squirrels—so mamma says."

"Cats belong to a very different class of animals; they are beasts of prey, formed to spring and bound and tear with their teeth and claws. The otter is also a beast of prey, but its prey is found in the still waters and not on the land; it can neither climb nor leap—so I do not think he would hurt your squirrel if you had one."

"See, Nurse, my dear little squirrel is still where I left him, clinging to the wires of the cage, his bright eyes looking like two black beads."

"As soon as it grows dark, he will begin to be more lively, and perhaps he will eat something, but not while we look at him—he is too shy for that."

"Nurse, how can they see to eat in the dark?"

"The good God, Lady Mary, has so formed their eyes that they can see better by night than by day. I will read you, Lady Mary, a few verses from Psalm civ.:

Verse 19.—He appointeth the moon for seasons—the sun knoweth his going down.

20.—Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest do move.

21.—The young lions roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God.

22.—The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

23.—Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labor, till the evening.

24.—O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou formed them all. The earth is full of thy riches.

"Thus, you see, my dear, that our Heavenly Father taketh care of all his creatures, and provideth for them both by day and by night."

"I remember, Nurse, that my dormice used to lie quite still, nestled among the moss and wood in their little dark chamber in the cage, all day long, but when it was night, they used to come out and frisk about, and run along the wires, and play all sorts of tricks, chasing one another round and round, and then they were not afraid of me, but would let me look at them

while they eat a nut, or a bit of sugar; and the dear little things would drink out of the little white saucer, and wash their faces and tails—it was so pretty to see them."

"Did you notice, Lady Mary, how the dormice held their food?"

"Yes, they sat up, and held it in their fore-paws, which looked just like little tiny hands."

"There are a great many animals, the fore feet of which resemble hands, and these, generally, convey their food to their mouths,—among these are the squirrel, and dormice. They are good climbers and diggers. You see, my dear young Lady, how the merciful Creator has given to all His creatures, however lowly, the best means of supplying their wants, whether of food or shelter."

"Indeed, Nurse, I have learned a great deal, to-day, about squirrels, and Indian rice—no, water-oats, and otters, and Indians, and a great deal besides, so now, if you please, I must have a little play with my doll. Good-bye, Mrs. Frazer—pray mind and take great care of my dear little squirrel, and mind that he does not fly away." And Lady Mary was soon busily engaged in drawing her wax-doll about the nursery, in a little sleigh lined with red squirrel fur robes, and talking to her as all children like to talk to their dolls, whether they be rich or poor—the children of peasants, or a Governor's daughter.

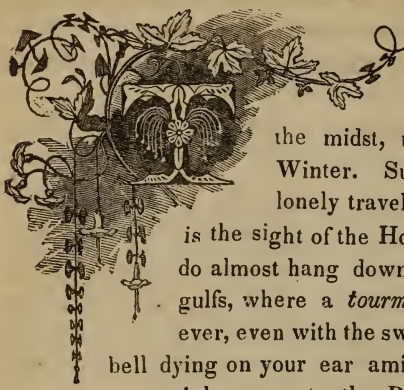
BE STRONG.

Heart with tumultuous tossings driven,
This thought for thy instruction take;
How stable are those stars of heaven,
That tremble in the rippling lake!

A wavering hope may yet depend
On that which fails or wavers never;
Nor fully know until the end,
Its strength—the Rock that stands forever.

—*National Magazine.*

HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.



THIS is a bright mild pearl of love and mercy, set in the midst, upon the icy crown of Winter. Sudden and grateful to the lonely traveller from the Alpine side, is the sight of the Hospice, for its stone steps do almost hang down over deep, precipitous gulfs, where a *tourmente* might bury you for ever, even with the sweet chime of the Chapel-bell dying on your ear amid the tempest, so near one might come to the Refuge, and yet be lost. Storms arise almost as sudden as Indian hurricanes, and whirling mists spring up, like dense dark fogs around a ship at sea, with jagged reefs before her; and neither, by storm nor mist, would one wish to be overtaken on this mountain, even in August, and out of sight of the building. So might one perish at the threshhold of mercy, even as the storm-o'er-taken peasant sinks down exhausted in the snow, within sight of the struggling rays of light from his own cottage window, nor wife, nor little ones shall more behold. . . . .

The sagacious dogs of the Hospice make as good monks as their masters. Noble creatures they are, but they greeted me with a furious bark, almost as deep as thunder, being nearly the first object and salutation I encountered after passing the crowd of mules waiting out of doors for travellers. The dogs are somewhat lean and long, as if their station was no sinecure, and not accompanied by quite so good quadrupedal face as their labors are entitled to. Probably the cold, keen air keeps them thin. They are tall, large-limbed, deep-mouthed, broad-chested, and looking like veteran campaigners. Most extraordinary stories are told of their great sagacity of intellect, and keenness of scent, yet not incredible to one who has watched the physiology of dogs, even of inferior natures. They are faithful sentinels in summer, good Samaritans in the winter.

But I had almost asked, Why do I speak of the summer? for the deep little lake before the Hospice, though on the sunny

Italian side, does not melt till July, and freezes again in September, and the snow falls almost every day in the year. They had had three or four inches two nights before I reached the Hospice; and when the snow melts, it reveals to the waiting eyes of the inmates nothing but the bare ridgy backs, and sharp granite needles, crags, and almost perpendicular slopes of the mountains. Not a tree is to be seen anywhere, nor a sign of vegetable life, nor a straggling shrub of any kind, but only patches of moss, and grass; and the flowers that spring up by a wonderful, sweet, kindly impulse, out of this dreariness, like instructive moral sentiments in the hearts of the roughest and most unenlightened men. The flowering tufts of our humanity often grow, like Iceland moss, beneath the snow, and must be sought in the same manner. These earnest, patient, quick-coming, long-enduring little flowers, on the Grand St. Bernard, are an emblem of the welcome kindness of the monks. They remind one, as the foot treads among them, or as you kneel down to admire and gather them, of Wordsworth's very beautiful lines, very memorable :—

> "The prenial duties shine aloft like stars,
> The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
> Are scattered at the foot of man, like flowers."

With these good monks, the charities and primal duties are the same. They shine like stars, and are scattered like flowers, all the year round; and it is at no little sacrifice that the post is maintained, for the climate is injurious to health, and the dwellers here are cut off from human society during the greater part of the year. Nevertheless, the institution is one of great benevolence, and the monks are full of cordiality and kindness. A guest-chamber or hall is kept for travellers, apart from the refectory of the monks, only two or three of the elder and more distinguished among them having the custom of entertaining the strangers. The monks remain at the Hospice only for a limited number of years. One of them told me he had lived there for fourteen years, and he pointed out another who had been there twenty. In general the brotherhood consist of young recruits, whose vigorous constitutions can stand but for a few years the constant cold, and the keen air of these almost uninhabitable heights and solitudes. They enter on this life at the age of eighteen, with the vow of fifteen years' perseverance. . . .

They have a very nice chapel, adorned with paintings, and in it is a "*Tronc*," or charity-box, where travellers, who partake of the hospitalities of the kind monks, do ordinarily deposit alms, though the shelter and Hospice are entirely without charge. A pleasant fire is always burning in the guest-hall for travellers. A piano decorates this room, the gift of some kind lady, with plenty of music, and some interesting books. The records of the Hospice, or registers, I should say of the names of visitors, abound with interesting autographs—men of science and literature, men of the church and the world, monarchs, and nobles, and men whose names sound great, as well as multitudes both of simple and uncouth nomenclature, unknown to fame.

There is a museum in a hall adjoining the strangers refectory, where one might spend a long time with profit and delight. The collection of medals and antique coins is very fine, and there are some fine portraits, paintings, and engravings. It is curious to see what blunders the finest artists will sometimes make in unconscious forgetfulness. There is in the museum an admirable spirited drawing, which bears the name of Brockedon, presented by him to the monks—a sketch of the dogs and the monks rescuing a lost traveller from the snow. The Hospice is drawn as in full sight and yet the dogs, monks, and travellers are plunging in the snow, *at the foot of an enormous pine-tree*, Now, there is not a tree of any kind to be seen or found within several miles of the Hospice. The drawing, however, is very fine. I am not sure it is by Brockedon; I think one of the monks told me not; but it was presented by him.

The Hospice is on the very highest point of the pass, built of stone, a very large building, capable of sheltering three hundred persons or more. Five or six hundred sometimes receive assistance in one day. One of the houses near the Hospice was erected as a place of refuge in case of fire in the main building. It is 8,200 feet above the level of the sea. There are tremendous avalanches in consequence of the accumulation of the snow in such enormous masses as can no longer hold on to the mountain, but shoot down with a suddenness, swiftness, violence, and noise, compared by the monks to the discharge of a cannon. Sometimes the snow-drifts encircle the walls of the Hospice to the height of forty

feet; but it is said that the severest cold ever recorded here, was only 29 deg. below zero of Fahrenheit; sufficiently cold, to be sure, but not quite so bad as when the mercury freezes. We have known it to be 35 deg. below zero in the interior of the State of Maine; and at Bangor, one winter, it was below 40, or, rather, being frozen, it could no longer be measured. The greatest degree of heat recorded at the Hospice, has been 68 degrees. The air has always a piercing sharpness, which makes a fire delightful and necessary even at noon-day, in the month of August. The monks get their supply of wood for fuel from a forest in the Val de Ferret, about twelve miles distant, not a stick being found within two leagues of the convent. . . . . I believe it is some years since any persons have been lost in passing the mountain. In December, 1825, three domestics of the convent, together with an unfortunate traveller, of whom they had gone in search with their dogs in a stormy time, were overwhelmed with an avalanche. Only one of the dogs escaped. These humane animals rejoice in their benevolent vocation as much as the monks do in theirs. They go out with the monks in search of travellers, having some food or cordials slung around their necks; and being able on their four feet to cross dangerous snow-sheets, where men could not venture, they trace out the unfortunate storm victims, and minister to their wants if they find them alive, or come back to tell their masters where the dead are shrouded. These melancholy duties were formerly far more frequent.

The scene of greatest interest at the Hospice, a solemn extraordinary interest indeed, is that of the morgue, or building where the dead bodies of travellers are deposited. There they are, some of them as the breath of life departed, and the Death Angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the wall are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this thin air, by the preserving element of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There is a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to her mother's bosom, only the back part of

the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms, careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her child from the wrath of the tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud, and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man standing alone. The face seems to look at you from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a fearful death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity are a fearful demonstration of the dangers of this mountain-pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy travellers. You look at all this through a grated window; there is just light enough to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. That little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death;—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.—*Taken from Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Alps, by George B. Cheever, D.D.*

TYPES OF HEAVEN.

Why love I the lily-bell,
Swinging in the scented dell?
Why love I the wood-notes wild,
Where the sun hath faintly smiled?
Daisies, in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar?
Why love I the summer night,
Softly weeping drops of light.

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Saviour's cross?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the light from o'er the grave?

Why do rainbows seen at even
Seem the glorious path to Heaven?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound,
To the dreams that have been given,
Of the holy things of Heaven?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to sinless mind.

From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthened unto God.
All of holy—stainless—sweet,
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love,
Brightly realized above.

How could beauty be on earth,
Were it not of heavenly birth?
Foul things perish, but the pure,
Long as angels will endure.
Stars, and founts, and azure sky,
Shine when clouds and tempests die.

Say ye that the rose decays?
Ay, the *flower*, but not its rays—
Not its color—not its scent—
They were holy beauties lent;
That may perish—'tis but dust—
But it *yieldeth* back its *trust*.

Fragrance cometh from the air,
And in time returneth there;
Color cometh from the sky—
Thither goeth, ne'er to die;
Foul things perish, but the *pure*,
Long as angels shall endure.

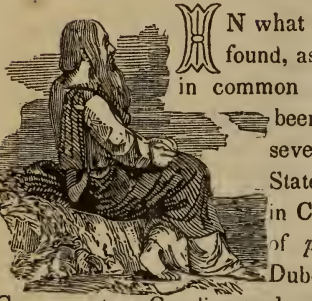
MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

"A million of blades of grass make a meadow, and millions and millions of grains of sand make a mountain; the Ocean is made up of drops of water, and *life* of moments."

REMARKS ON RICE AND ITS VARIETIES.

BY UNCLE VAN.

THE ORYZA SATIVA, OR COMMON RICE.



IN what part of the world rice was first found, as well as many sorts of grain, now in common use, is not known. It has long been a staple article of commerce, in several parts of the Southern United States. Dalrymple says, that the rice in Carolina is the result of a small bag of *paddy*, given as a present from Dubois, treasurer of the East India Company to a Carolina trader. From a hundred pounds planted in Carolina in 1698, sixty tons were imported into England.* It is cultivated in that portion of India where the country can be inundated, in China, Cochin China, Cambodia, Siam, and the finest, whitest quality is raised in Japan. It is also produced in Italy, Spain, and in some portions of France, and of late years it has been introduced into Hungary.

Rice is generally cultivated on low flat lands, in the vicinity of a river which can be made to overflow, and annually enrich them by a deposit of mud. There is a kind which grows upon a dry, undulating, sandy soil, and receives no moisture except the ordinary rain and dew. This is called Mountain Rice, and has been cultivated in Maryland. There is also a species of rice sufficiently hardy to thrive in a latitude as high as that of Canada. "This, it may be expected, will at some future time, form an acquisition of value to the European and American cultivator."

There are various modes adopted to sow or plant the Rice, and to bring it to maturity. On hilly ground much the same course is pursued as with barley. On land that admits of irrigation, the sower often wades knee deep in the water. This method is more common in the countries of the East, than in the Southern States, where they form shallow trenches, and scatter the seed in rows. After the shoots are once hoed, they are flooded to the depth of three or four inches, the water remains on for nine or

---

* Johnson's Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopedia.

ten days, when it is let off, and a fresh supply admitted, which remains until it becomes necessary to dry the earth for the second hoeing, and this process is repeated until after the third or fourth hoeing, when the water remains until the grain is fit for harvest. The Zizania, or Wild Rice—properly an aquatic grass ; Nultall mentions the species found in the United States, viz, the Zizania Miliacea, Zizania Fluitans, and the Zizania Aquatica, which last is found in great profusion in that charming body of water, which has received the appropriate and pleasing appellation of Rice Lake.

INDIANS GATHERING RICE.

The Zizania Aquatica, or Wild Rice is also found in the northern and middle States, and is there called Indian Rice, or Wild Oats. The seeds are dark colored on the outside, but white within, and are generally three quarters of an inch long, round, and about the size of a darning-needle, and as smooth. The panicle, or head which contains the grain, does not differ much from a foot in length. It grows in swampy places, and in deep water at the margin of ponds and sluggish streams. Almost all kinds of animals are fond of it, either in a natural state, or dried

like hay. The stem from which the rice is gathered, springs from the same root, year after year, or in botanical language, the root is perennial. I have a pleasing description of this plant, which is so much better than anything I can give from my own knowledge, that I transcribe it, as it appeared some time since, in a paper entitled, the *Ohio and Mississippi Pilot.* "Among the productions of the Western Territory, north of Illinois, and west of Green Bay, on the Onisconsin and Fox rivers, the wild rice, called *Folle Avoine* by the French, and *Menomen* by the Indians, claims particular attention. It grows in inexhaustible abundance through all parts of the territory, in almost every one of the lakes, ponds, bays, rivers and creeks. It is said to be as palatable, and as nourishing as common rice, and if so it will be incomparably more valuable. It grows where the water is from 4 to 6 feet deep, and where the bottom is not hard or sandy. It rises above the surface from 4 to 8 feet, and is often so thick as almost to prevent canoes from passing through or among it. The stalk is soft like the bulrush, and grows in points like the reed cane, which it much resembles. It is usual for the Indians to force their canoes through it just before it ripens, and tie it up in large bunches, for the purpose of preventing the wild ducks and geese from breaking it down and destroying it. When fully ripe, they pass through it again, and spreading their blankets in the inside of their canoes, they bend the branches of the wild rice over them and thresh off the grain with their sticks. * * * It is thought by many that the Zizania Aquatica will some day be an object of culture, which may afford a means of bringing into use large tracts of inundated land."

House Plants, in winter, should be kept dry, not too warm, just free from frost, in fact, in nearly a torpid state. Oleanders, Scarlet Geraniums, Verbenas, Cacti, with all of the succulent tribe of plants, should not have one drop of water at this season. If you should, improperly, have any plant in a very dry place—a warm kitchen for instance—and they appear shrivelled, you may administer a very small quantity of water to them. Hydrangeas, if very dry, should have a little water.—*Family Friend.*

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

CHAPTER X.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

IT was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprung to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. . . . .

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up, and set him to crying now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

"Why, why,—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child 's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you could n't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that 'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every humane weakness and prejudice. . . . . The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he

was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institution, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear. . . .

The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

"I know this yer comes kinder hard, at first, Lucy," said he; "but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won't give way to it. You see it's *necessary*, and can't be helped!" . . .

"O! Mas'r, if you *only* won't talk to me now," said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak. . . . .

One after another, the voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature. . . . .

At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it. . . .

The trader waked up bright and early, and came out to see to his live stock. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

"Where alive is that gal?" he said to Tom. . . .

"Well, Mas'r," said Tom, "towards morning something

brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That's all I know on't."

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. . . . .

In concluding these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might, perhaps, be unfairly inferred from the great efforts made in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know how our great men are outdoing themselves, in declaiming against the *foreign* slave-trade. There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky,—that's quite another thing! . . .

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH IT APPEARS THAT A SENATOR IS BUT A MAN.

The light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosey parlor, and glittered on the sides of the tea-cups and well-brightened tea-pot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots, preparatory to inserting his feet in a pair of new handsome slippers, which his wife had been working for him while away on his senatorial tour. Mrs. Bird, looking the very picture of delight, was superintending the arrangements of the table, ever and anon mingling admonitory remarks to a number of frolicsome juveniles, who were effervescing in all those modes of untold gambol and mischief that have astonished mothers ever since the flood. . . . .

"Well," said his wife, after the business of the tea-table was getting rather slack, "and what have they been doing in the Senate?"

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the house of the state, very wisely considering that she had enough to do to mind her own. Mr. Bird, therefore, opened his eyes in surprise, and said,

"Not very much of importance."

"Well; but is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor colored folks that come along? I heard they were talking of some such law, but I did n't think any Christian legislature would pass it!"

"Why, Mary, you are getting to be a politician, all at once."

"No, nonsense! I would n't give a fip for all your politics, generally, but I think this is something downright cruel and unchristian. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed."

"There has been a law passed forbidding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear; so much of that thing has been done by these reckless Abolitionists, that our brethren in Kentucky are very strongly excited, and it seems necessary, and no more than Christian and kind, that something should be done by our state to quiet the excitement."

"And what is the law? It don't forbid us to shelter these poor creatures a night, does it, and to give 'em something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quietly about their business?"

"Why, yes, my dear; that would be aiding and abetting, you know." . . . .

"Now, John, I want to know if you think such a law as that is right and Christian?"

"You won't shoot me, now, Mary, if I say I do!"

"I never could have thought it of you, John; you did n't vote for it?"

"Even so, my fair politician."

"You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It's a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I'll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I *shall* have a chance, I do! Things have got to a pretty pass, if a woman can't give a warm supper and a bed to poor, starving creatures, just because they are slaves, and have been abused and oppressed all their lives, poor things!"

"But, Mary, just listen to me. You must consider it 's not a matter of private feeling,—there are great public interests involved,—there is such a state of public agitation rising, that we must put aside our private feelings."

"Now, John, I don't know anything about politics, but I can

read my Bible ; and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate ; and that Bible I mean to follow."

"But in cases where your doing so would involve a great public evil—"

"Obeying God never brings on public evils. I know 't can't. It 's always safest, all round, *to do as He* bids us." . . .

At this juncture, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "Missis would come into the kitchen ;" and our senator, tolerably relieved, looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, seating himself in the arm-chair, began to read the papers.

After a moment, his wife's voice was heard at the door, in a quick, earnest tone,—"John ! John ! I do wish you'd come here, a moment."

He laid down his paper, and went into the kitchen, and started, quite amazed at the sight that presented itself:—A young and slender woman, with garments torn and frozen, with one shoe gone, and the stocking torn away from the cut and bleeding foot, was laid back in a deadly swoon upon two chairs. There was the impress of the despised race on her face, yet none could help feeling its mournful and pathetic beauty, while its stony sharpness, its cold, fixed, deathly aspect, struck a solemn chill over him. He drew his breath short, and stood in silence. His wife and their only colored domestic, old Aunt Dinah, were busily engaged in restorative measures ; while old Cudjoe had got the boy on his knee, and was busy pulling off his shoes and stockings, and chafing his little cold feet. . . . .

"Poor creature !" said Mrs. Bird, compassionately, as the woman slowly unclosed her large, dark eyes, and looked vacantly at her. Suddenly an expression of agony crossed her face, and she sprang up, saying, "O, my Harry ! Have they got him ?"

The boy, at this, jumped from Cudjoe's knee, and, running to her side, put up his arms. "O, he's here ! he's here !" she exclaimed.

"O, ma'am !" said she, wildly, to Mrs. Bird, "do protect us ! don't let them get him !"

"Nobody shall hurt you here, poor woman," said Mrs. Bird, encouragingly. "You are safe; don't be afraid."

"God bless you!" said the woman, covering her face and sobbing; while the little boy, seeing her crying, tried to get into her lap. . . . .

A temporary bed was provided for her on the settle, near the fire; and, after a short time, she fell into a heavy slumber, with the child, who seemed no less weary, soundly sleeping on her arm. . . . .

"I wonder who and what she is!" said Mr. Bird, at last.

"When she wakes up and feels a little rested, we will see," said Mrs. Bird.

"I say, wife!" said Mr. Bird, after musing in silence over his newspaper.

"Well, dear!"

She could n't wear one of your gowns, could she, by any letting down, or such matter? She seems to be rather larger than you are."

A quite perceptible smile glimmered on Mrs. Bird's face as she answered, "We 'll see."

At this instant, Dinah looked in to say that the woman was awake, and wanted to see Missis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird went into the kitchen, followed by the two eldest boys.

The woman was now sitting up on the settle, by the fire.—She was looking steadily into the blaze, with a calm, heart-broken expression, very different from her former agitated wildness.

"Did you want me?" said Mrs. Bird, in gentle tones. "I hope you feel better now!"

"You need n't be afraid of anything; we are friends here, poor woman! Tell me where you came from, and what you want," said she.

"I came from Kentucky," said the woman.

"When?" said Mr. Bird, taking up the interrogatory.

"To-night."

"How did you come?"

"I crossed on the ice."

"Crossed on the ice!" said every one present.

"Yes," said the woman, slowly, "I did. God helping me,

I crossed on the ice; for they were behind me—right behind —and there was no other way!" . . . .

The woman looked up at Mrs. Bird, with a keen, scrutinizing glance, and it did not escape her that she was dressed in deep mourning.

"Ma'am," she said, suddenly, "have you ever lost a child?"

The question was unexpected, and it was a thrust on a new wound; for it was only a month since a darling child of the family had been laid in the grave.

Mr. Bird turned around and walked to the window, and Mrs. Bird burst into tears; but, recovering her voice, she said,

"Why do you ask that? I have lost a little one."

"Then you will feel for me. I have lost two, one after another,—left 'em buried there when I came away; and I had only this one left. I never slept a night without him; he was all I had. He was my comfort and pride, day and night; and ma'am, they were going to take him away from me,—to *sell* him,—sell him down south, ma'am, to go all alone,—a baby that had never been away from his mother in his life! I could n't stand it, ma'am. I knew I never should be good for anything, if they did; and when I knew the papers were signed, and he was sold, I took him and came off in the night; and they chased me,—the man that bought him, and some of Mas'r's folks,—and they were coming down right behind me, and I heard 'em. I jumped right on to the ice: and how I got across, I don't know,—but, first I knew, a man was helping me up the bank."

"And where do you mean to go, my poor woman?" said Mrs. Bird.

"To Canada, if I only knew where that was. Is it very far off, is Canada?" said she, looking up, with a simple, confiding air, to Mrs. Bird's face.

"Much further than you think, poor child!" said Mrs. Bird; but we will try to think what can be done for you. Meanwhile, never fear, poor woman; put your trust in God; he will protect you."

Mrs. Bird and her husband re-entered the parlor. She sat down in her little rocking-chair before the fire, swaying thoughtfully to and fro. Mr. Bird strode up and down the room, grumbling to himself, "Pish! pshaw! confounded awk-

ward business!" At length, striding up to his wife, he said, "I say, wife, she 'll have to get away from here this very night. A pretty kettle of fish it would be for me, too, to be caught with them both here, just now! No; they'll have to be got off to-night."

"To-night! How is it possible?—where to?"

"Well, I know pretty well where to," said the senator, beginning to put on his boots, with a reflective air; and, stopping when his leg was half in, he embraced his knee with both hands, and seemed to go off in deep meditation.

"You see," he said, "there's my old client, Van Trompe, has come over from Kentucky, and set all his slaves free; and he has bought a place seven miles up the creek, here, back in the woods, where nobody goes, unless they go on purpose; and it 's a place that is n't found in a hurry. There she 'd be safe enough; but the plague of the thing is, nobody could drive a carriage there to-night but *me*."

"Cudjoe must put in the horses, as quietly as may be, about twelve o'clock, and I 'll take her over; and then to give color to the matter, he must carry me on to the next tavern, to take the stage for Columbus, that comes by about three or four, and so it will look as if I had had the carriage only for that. I shall get into business bright and early in the morning. But I 'm thinking I shall feel rather cheap there, after all that 's been said and done; but hang it, I can't help it."

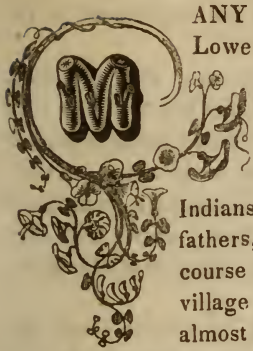
"Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John," said the wife, laying her little white hand on his.

After a while, Mrs. Bird opened a wardrobe, and, taking from thence a plain, serviceable dress or two, she sat down busily to her work-table, and, with needle, scissors, and thimble, at hand, quietly commenced the "letting down" process which her husband had recommended, and continued busily at it till the old clock in the corner struck twelve, and she heard the low rattling of wheels at the door.

"Mary," said her husband, coming in, with his overcoat in his hand, "you must wake her up now; we must be off."

(To be Continued)

THE BEAR HUNTER'S;
OR, THE BROTHERS OF LORETTE.



MANY years ago, the village of Lorette, in Lower Canada, was the scene of a distressing tragedy, arising from a deadly encounter with one of these fearful and formidable animals. Lorette was inhabited entirely by a tribe of warlike Indians, retaining the simple tastes of their fathers, uncontaminated, as yet, by their intercourse with the white man. Between the village and the nearest Seigneurie, lay an almost impenetrable forest, which was seldom traversed by the habitant of the surrounding country, save in large hunting parties, for it was well known to be the resort of many bears and wild animals, which, in the present day, and owing to the progress of civilization, are nearly extirpated.

The Indians and the habitans cultivating the cleared farms skirting the forest, were, however, on friendly terms, and they traded frequently and amicably with each other.

It was in the month of September, 18—, that a white man, venturing to traverse alone, and on foot, the mazes of the forest, on his way to Lorette, saw approaching him, a bear of the large and fierce grizzly kind.

This bear, the fiercest and most powerful of its species, is but very rarely met so far eastward; and to attempt to encounter it single-handed, the unfortunate man knew would be entirely useless. It advanced slowly towards him, and mastering his terror, he assumed a crouching attitude, doubling his body, and keeping his eyes fixed steadily on the bear.

It paused, then advanced, till he felt his brain reel with agony, again it stopped, then suddenly trotted off in a different direction.

As soon as he became fully conscious of his happy and providential escape, he hastened on with speed, accelerated by fear, and reached in safety the village of Lorette.

For a few months previous to the above occurrence, there had been residing in the village, two young men, brothers, of the name of Dupont. They inherited a valuable Seigneurie

at some distance, but being of a bold and daring spirit, they determined, after entrusting their estate to a faithful agent, for a time to indulge fully in the dangers and excitement of the chase.

Their calmness in danger, their unerring aim, and their frank and agreeable manner, had won the hearts of the wild Indian tribe with whom they resided. Their hunting dress and equipments were similar to the chieftains of the tribe, and their powerful athletic forms, handsome countenances embrowned by exposure, their wild but striking dress, armed with their rifles, and couteau de chasse, they formed models of Herculean strength and beauty.

Passionately attached to each other, did danger assail one, the other risked life in his defence, and many and narrow were the escapes they had met with in their forest life.

But the danger of the chase seemed only the more to fascinate their fiery and fearless spirits.

On hearing from the habitan of his perilous adventure, they, at once, without waiting for a stronger escort, sallied forth to beard the terrible foe.

After following the circuitous forest path for some distance, on one side, another and more intricate diverged from it.

Here, the brothers separated, agreeing to keep within hail of each other. They were each provided with a set of signal calls; and, in a few minutes, the elder Dupont heard the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by that signal, which they had agreed to use only in cases of extreme and imminent peril.

Answering the call, with bounding leaps he cleared the intervening thick and thorny underbrush, and what a sight awaited him.

The young hunter had met the deadly foe, fired, but the ball had glanced off, only slightly wounding him.

With one spring the ferocious brute reached the unfortunate youth, and with a stroke of his terrible claw, had laid bare the flesh from the right shoulder to the hip. Sinking under the loss of blood, prostrate beneath the infuriated animal, he yet retained presence of mind to give the signal call, which had brought his brother to his aid.

With maddening despair, the elder Dupont found, so close was the head of the monster to his beloved brother, he could

not fire without still more endangering that precious life. Again the bear fixed his deadly fangs in the breast of his unfortunate victim, who cast one concentrated look of dying love on his brother.

Unable longer to witness, without an effort to save him, so harrowing a spectacle, he raised his rifle, the ball told, tore away part of the jaw-bone of the bear, but entered then the forehead of the prostrate youth.

With a yell of agony, Dupont rushed on the animal, his arm nerved with vengeance and despair, and lacerated and torn as he himself was, with the dying struggles of the terrible creature, the fiercest of his species, and famed for its extraordinary tenacity of life, he succeeded in stabbing it through the heart.

The Indians, alarmed at the reports of the rifles, and not seeing the brothers, went in search, and found Dupont stretched, in a bleeding, exhausted state, on the dead body of the bear,—his brother lying dead also by his side.

Life, to him an unenvied boon, was granted, but the noble mind had sunk.

One thought alone pursued him, vengeance. The forest became his home, and many and sanguinary were his encounters, single-handed, with the terrible brutes.

At times, he would return to the village, where he was ever received with sympathy and kindness.

The Indians could well enter into his feelings of vengeance. Many were the trophies he brought of his victims—some, are even now, preserved and regarded with respect by the Indians of Lorette.

At last, he came not, and, after a long search, they found him stretched in death, beneath the tree where his brother's remains were interred. In his hand was grasped a claw of the grisly bear, of immense size, as though recently taken from his hated foe, and his own lacerated form shewed but too plainly he had met his end in the encounter.

At some distance was found the carcase of the animal, and the loving sad heart had dragged itself to the grave of the deeply-mourned brother—fraternal love triumphing even in the last agonies of death itself.

C. H., Rice Lake.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORANT.

Much has been written and sung and felt in admiration of the human frame, which, like a wondrous temple, enshrines the soul. Had poets only apostrophised the beauteous proportions and fair features of the speaking countenance, their theme had been deeply interesting, for the traces of ancestry, descended from immortal source, are seen in all its pencillings and outlines. The speaking eye, whose delicate mechanism expresses so powerfully the nicest shades of feeling—the mantling color that tints the cheek, painting to the beholder emotions of joy, or timidity, or shame—the mouth, whose lines flowing and graceful, or stern and decided, invite confidence, or warn trifiers—the beautiful expression of the whole face, through which, even in the savage glimmers celestial light, might each occupy our attention with profit and pleasure. Painters have studied these beauties. Inspired by genius, they have pictured faces of angelic form, and the cold canvass has glowed with living truthfulness. We do not wonder that they have almost worshipped the Madonnas of their own creation. We can sympathise with their devotion to the art, though not to such an extent—a devotion which has led some of the greatest masters to sacrifice ease and luxury to it, knowing no other love, and feeling ever that mysterious forms of beauty surrounded them. Conceptions of transcendent loveliness fill the artist's mind. He thinks and studies hours, to give shape to the struggling idea, but hours lengthen into days, and days are lost in years, and still he sits at his easel—he cannot catch and bend the ethereal; at last the grand conception of beauty triumphs over every failure, his soul speaks, and dipping his brush in imperishable colors, he traces his own wreath of fame amid the flowing tresses of his spirit's bride. It is the presence of the God-like mind that invests the noble art with its fascination. Song, too, with its witchery of intonation, melodious, lofty, or mournful, claims "kindred with the skies," and poetry, consecrated by inspiration, has lent her aid to express the heart's aspirations, or strike chords of the deepest woe.

But it is the intellect, considered in its powers and capabilities, which we wish to present. The mind, complex and wonderful, expands in knowledge and enjoyment the more it turns within itself to examine its own origin and resources. Admire the beauty and adaptedness of the body as we may, after all it is the soul's minister—it is mortal. Mind, viewless as the wind, dwells with matter; we see its effects, and can study its phenomena. Intellectual philosophy is one of the most interesting and improving subjects which we can examine. It is calculated to delight us by leading our thoughts into a wide field, and spreading out before us pleasing views of the progressive nature of the mental powers, and their fitness for the enjoyment of all that is good and beautiful here, and all that we conceive of the refined and glorious happiness of heaven.

We wish to point out this subject as a *fine study* for all, especially recommending it to the young ladies who read the "Maple Leaf." Nature has done as much for the women of Canada as for those of any other country. Here eyes beam and faces glow with the eloquence of the soul—here intellect governs, and female beauty is doubly beautiful, and the plainest features light up with an interest which renders them fascinating. We may have a Hannah Moore, or an Agnes Strickland, or a Harriet Beecher Stowe, among us, but circumstances have not developed the powers which are yet to instruct and captivate our minds. Mental discipline is what our young women need. We speak of them as a class. The severer studies, such as a thorough mathematical course, or an acquaintance with the languages, would not be accessible to all. Those who have left school, and entered upon the activities of life, could not gain the time or retirement necessary to pursue them. We know it requires time to "read and inwardly digest" any book of merit. We do not wish our fair friends to neglect "the weightier matters,"—the home duties. We only urge them to systematize their time. Leave an hour each day solely for improvement, and let nothing but necessity infringe upon its sacredness. Procure a standard work on mental philosophy, and select a portion for investigation; for example, we will suppose the portion selected is the history of Intellectual Philosophy, under which head might be found some such divisions as the following: The present advanced state of knowledge on the subject as compared

with the views entertained in ancient times, opinions of the ancients in relation to mind, the belief of the materialists, etc. The subject should be read with attention, then shutting up the book, the reader should endeavor to think over the main topics in order, and then write them down in a neat blank book prepared for the purpose. In other words, carefully analyze the chapter, and make the thoughts her own. The next day she might read her own analysis, and she will find the subject growing in interest, and be led to apply to other books for further information, all of which she should embody in her own words. Her analysis will thus become valuable, and in continuing the study from time to time, she will make additions to it, which will show decided improvement in thought and style of expression.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful, and is never so fragrant as when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in deserving them. *Ceremonies* are the smoke of friendship. *Reverence* is an ennobling sentiment; it is felt to be degrading only by the vulgar mind, which would escape the sense of its own littleness by elevating itself into an antagonist of what is above it. He who has no pleasure in looking up, is not fit so much as to look down.

A real debt of gratitude, that is founded on a disinterested act of kindness, cannot be cancelled by any subsequent unkindness on the part of your benefactor. If the favor be of a pecuniary nature, we may, indeed, by returning an equal or greater sum, balance the moneyed part; but we cannot *liquidate the kind motive* by the setting off against it any number of unkind ones. For an after injury can no more *undo* a previous kindness than we can *prevent* in the future what has happened in the past. So neither can a good act undo an ill one—a fearful truth! For good and evil have a moral *life*, which nothing in time can extinguish; the instant they *exist* they start for eternity.

A young preacher once read a discourse to Father Moody, and solicited remarks. The father replied, "Your sermon is very good, but you have selected the wrong text for your subject. You should have taken the passage, 'Alas, master, for it was borrowed.'"

Dr Watts, when a child, early formed the habit of making rhymes on almost all occasions, and his father fearing it would prove injurious to him, threatened to chastise him if he did not cease rhyming. The son instantly and pleasantly replied

"Dear father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Absurdity.—A theoretical practitioner having engaged to teach an Irishman the art of swimming, after several observations on the subject, directed him to go into the water. The facetious son of Erin responded, "I have no notion to go into the water till you have made me a good swimmer."

Clear streams are nature's mirrors, whose pure surfaces reflect the grace and elegance of the forest, the wavy outline of mountain and side hill, and the luxuriance of the meadow flowers. Here and there nestling lovingly down in the vallies, limpid lakes reflect the fairy form and wild beauty of the Indian maiden, who stops astonished at the vision of her own loveliness traced in the calm waters. Amid the solitudes of the woods, where human footsteps seldom penetrate, God has set gem-like fountains, and there little birds dress their glossy plumage ere they tune melodious songs; and the fleet gazelle, and timid fawn, and majestic lion, view their fair proportions, and alike quench their thirst.

Rain drops serve to reflect and refract the rays of light.

DROPS OF WATER.

Earth hath its mountains, lifting high
Their viewless summits to the sky;
Its plains, that in their boundless maze,
Baffles the eye's far-searching gaze;
And seas, immeasurably deep,
Which, in their secret holds, do keep
Treasnres unknown to human thought;
Treasures by human hands unsought.

Yet hath not mountain, plain, nor sea,
In all their vast immensity,
More power to speak, through wondering sense,
Of the great God's omnipotence,
Than one small *drop of water!* Yes,
Behold its living world! (no less)
Of creatures beautiful and bright,
Disporting 'midst its liquid light.

Some like to rare and clustering gems;
Like lilies some, with silver stems,
Waving in graceful motion slow,
(Like measured cadence) to and fro;
Others like fairy bells appear,
Ringing their chimes in fancy's ear;
And there are serpent-forms that glide
'Midst tiny banks of moss, or hide
Their glittering coats beneath the leaves
Of mimic boughs, which nature weaves
By the same hand of power that made
For man the mighty forest-glade!

But vainly words essay to tell
What things of wondrous beauty dwell
Within these liquid worlds concealed,
Till by some magic spell revealed.
Come, watch the myriads as they pass
In bright review before the glass
Of wizard science! then declare
If aught on earth, in sea, or air,
Can with these *water drops* compare.

Great Cataract in India.—The river Shirhawti, between Bombay and Cape Comorin, falls into the Gulf of Arabia. The river is about one-fourth of a mile in width, and in the rainy season, some thirty feet in depth. This immense body of water rushes down a rocky slope three hundred feet, at an angle of 45 deg., at the bottom of which it makes a perpendicular plunge of eight hundred and fifty feet, into a black and dismal abyss, with a noise like the loudest thunder. The whole descent is therefore eleven hundred and fifty feet, or several times that of Niagara. The volume of water in the latter is somewhat larger than that of the former, but, in depth of descent, it will be seen there is no comparison between them. In the dry season the Shirhawti is a small stream, and the fall is divided into three cascades of surpassing beauty and grandeur. They are almost dissipated and dissolved into mist before reaching the bed of the river below.

Laughter.—We could not get on without laughter; the pools of life would become stagnant; care would be too much for us; the heart would corrode; life would be all bas relievo, and no alto; our faces would assume a less cheerful aspect, and become like those men who never laugh; the river of life, as we sailed over it, would be like "the Lake of the Dismal Swamp," we should indeed have to begin life with a sigh, and end it with a groan, while cadaverous faces, and words to the tune of "The Dead March in Saul," would make up the interludes of our existence.

When a woman has good sense and good taste, these are some of the things she will not do. She will not be so anxious to obtain admission into any circle as to seek it by a conformity to its fashions, which will involve her in labor, or expenses that lessen domestic comfort, or are inappropriate to her income. She will not be particularly anxious as to what the fashion is in dress or furniture, nor give up any important duty or pursuit to conform to it. Nor will she be disturbed if found deficient in these particulars nor disturb others by making apologies, or giving reasons. She will not, while all that is *in sight* to visitors is in complete order, and in expensive style, have her bed-room, her kitchen, and her nursery ill furnished, and all in disorder. She will not attempt to shew that she is genteel, and belongs to the aristocracy, by a display of profusion, by talking as if she was indifferent to the cost of things, or by seeming to be ashamed to economise. These things are marks of an unrefined person, who fancies that it is *money*, not *character*, that makes the lady.

Tapioca Pudding, the queen of all puddings.—Put a tea-cup of Tapioca and a tea-spoon of salt into a pint and a half of water, and let them stand five hours where it will be quite warm, but will not cook. Two hours before dinner peel six apples, and take out the cores without dividing the apples. Put them in a pudding dish, and fill the holes with sugar, in which is grated a little nutmeg, or lemon peel. Add a tea-cup of water, and bake one hour, turning the apples to prevent them drying. When the apples are quite soft, pour over them the tapioca, and bake one hour. To be eaten with hard sauce of butter and sugar. Sago can be used instead of tapioca.

Loaf Pudding.—Put into boiling water, well salted, a baker's loaf, tied in a cloth, and boil it one hour and a half, for a pound loaf. Serve it with pudding sauce.

EDITORIAL.

Dear readers, here is the last month of Winter, and how mild it has been! Foreigners speak of Canadian winters with an involuntary shiver, and refer to our country as the theatre for the wildest freaks of Jack Frost and all his train. Snow piled, and drifted, and spread throughout the land; rivers and lakes ice bound; the very breath freezing, are features by no means inviting to those who live in a mild climate. 'Tis true, our winters are usually rigid; and if we were looking for the first time upon snow-clad mountains, or listening to the howling northern blast as it sorrowfully sounds in the leafless forests, we could scarcely trust in the promise of sacred writ, and believe that "seed time and harvest" will surely follow. We love a genuine cold Canadian winter. In the clear air, the stars, like friendly lights, sparkle and twinkle, and seem near to us; icicles festoon the trees, and rivulet and cascade, in fantastic shape, glisten brightly in the sunlight. To our mind the generous hospitality of Canadian in-door social life, the excitement of the sleighing parties, the high health and spirits fostered by long walks over the crusted snow, more than compensate for the severity of our climate. The summer is short, or rather so much business of every kind must be done in the summer months, that not much time can be devoted to the interchange of friendly visits; but when the farmer has secured his harvest, and gathered the last rosy apples and delicious winter pears, and brought in the vegetables raised by his own industry, he begins to find time for social visits, and hours for reading and instruction, and we are sure our long winter evenings never pass drearily to him.

Our cities present Winter in a very agreeable aspect. We have often heard of the hum of business and pleasure, that may convey the right idea in Summer; but in winter it is not a hum that we have, but a perfect gingling of sounds. Far and near the merry music of sleigh bells is borne upon the wind. Here we meet an honest Habitan in his national costume, with his hood drawn closely, only leaving a pair of eyes visible,—there a tall son of Scotia, wrapped in his plaid, seems to bid defiance to the piercing cold. Groups of gay ladies flit along, well wrapped in furs, and looking cheerful and hurried, as if everything depended upon their making just so many calls, or doing a certain amount of shopping in one short winter afternoon. They see clearly that time flies! But we did not mean to give a homily upon our pleasant winters. We love them not only for their bracing effect upon health, but for the peculiar advantages they afford for improvement. 'Tis plain to us that those who live where the trees are "ever green," miss many sources of enjoyment,—the pleasures of contrast, not to mention many others.

Speaking of ever-greens, we always thought the Maple Leaf deciduous,—we are acquainted with a specimen which has remained quite fresh and thrifty all winter; or, to speak more to the purpose, we may say that our little magazine is gaining many friends. We are much cheered by the constant marks of favor bestowed upon it. For the encouragement of its friends we may state, that we are receiving letters from different directions, expressing satisfaction with the arrangement of its articles, choice of matter, embellishments, and neatness of execution. Our subscription list is increasing, and we have reason to expect that ere long the "Maple Leaf," entwined with other precious and improving influences, will add interest to a vast number of family circles throughout the length of our land.

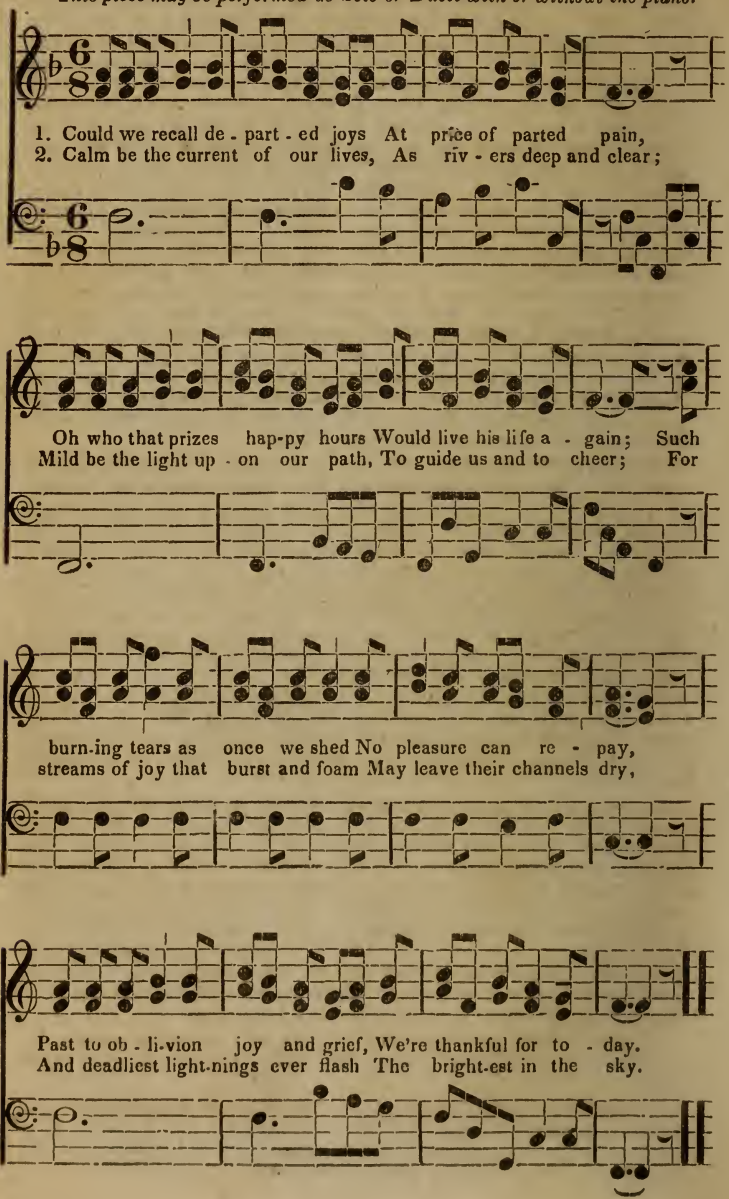
We have to thank our contributors for some very interesting articles. A friend has sent us a pleasant original tale, which we hope to bring out in our next.

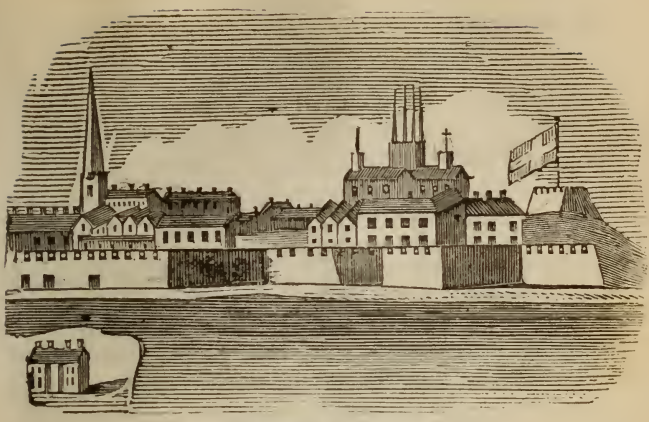
We assure C. H., Rice Lake, that we received her communications with pleasure, especially her prose article, which appears in this number. It is very interesting, and written in that easy, perspicuous style, which, like unostentatious grace of manners, always distinguishes the refined lady.

COULD WE RECALL DEPARTED JOYS.

Poetry by C. Mackay. Music arrranged by H. S. Lawrence.

This piece may be performed as Solo or Duett with or without the piano.


1. Could we recall de - part - ed joys At price of parted pain,
2. Calm be the current of our lives, As riv - ers deep and clear;
Oh who that prizes hap-py hours Would live his life a - gain; Such
Mild be the light up - on our path, To guide us and to cheer; For
burn-ing tears as once we shed No pleasure can re - pay,
streams of joy that burst and foam May leave their channels dry,
Past to ob - li-vion joy and grief, We're thankful for to - day.
And deadliest light-nings ever flash The bright-est in the sky.



(Montreal in 1760.)

ATELY, we gave a biographical sketch of Sir Jeffry Amherst, Knight of the Bath. A correspondent has sent us, to complete the work, a copy of the inscriptions prepared for the Monument erected to his memory by his son, Sir J. Amherst, also Knight of the Bath.

This Monument, which is about 35 or 36 feet high, is situated on a pleasant eminence, opposite Lord Amherst's dwelling-house, called "Montreal," near Riverhead, in Kent:—

(FIRST FACE LOOKING ALMOST SOUTH-EAST.)

DEDICATED

TO THAT MOST ABLE STATESMAN,

DURING WHOSE ADMINISTRATION

CAPE BRITON AND CANADA WERE CONQUERED;

AND FROM WHOSE INFLUENCE THE BRITISH ARMS

DERIVED A DEGREE OF LUSTRE UNPARALLELED IN PAST AGES.

(SECOND FACE NORTH-EAST.)

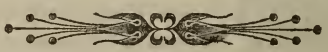
TO COMMEMORATE
THE PROVIDENTIAL AND HAPPY MEETING OF THREE BROTHERS,
ON THIS, THEIR PARENTAL GROUND,
ON THE 25TH JANUARY, 1754,
AFTER A SIX YEARS' GLORIOUS WAR,
IN WHICH THE THREE WERE SUCCESSFULLY ENGAGED,
IN VARIOUS CLIMES, SEASONS, AND SERVICES.

(THIRD SIDE NORTH-WEST.)

LOUISBURG SURRENDERED,
AND SIX FRENCH BATTALIONS PRISONERS OF WAR, THE 26TH OF JULY, 1758.
FORT DU QUESNE TAKEN POSSESSION OF, THE 24TH NOV., 1758.
TICONDEROGA TAKEN POSSESSION OF, THE 26TH JULY, 1759.
CROWN-POINT TAKEN POSSESSION OF, THE 4TH OF AUGUST, 1759.
QUEBEC CAPITULATED, THE 18TH OF SEPT., 1759.

(FOURTH SIDE SOUTH-WEST.)

FORT LEVI SURRENDERED, THE 25TH OF AUGUST, 1760.
ISLE-AUX-NOIX ABANDONED, THE 28TH AUGUST, 1760.
MONTREAL SURRENDERED, AND WITH IT ALL CANADA,
AND TEN FRENCH BATTALIONS LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS,
THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1760.
ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, RETAKEN, THE 18TH OF SEPT., 1762.



THE DEW DROP.

BY MISS H. E. F. LAY.

Sweet pearl of the morning, pure daughter of earth,
So brilliant in beauty, so priceless in worth;
Say, why hast thou come from thy radiant sphere,
To gleam as a gem for the herbage to wear?

"I have left my bright courts in the azure built sky,
I have come from the glance of the burning eye,
On the storm-cloud full oft my beauty did glow,
I have shown in the drops of the Covenant bow.

"I have wandered at will 'mid the thunderbolt's ire,
I have flashed back the light of the meteor's fire,
I have caught from the glorious sunset a hue,
And symboled the brightness of heaven to view.

"I have mingled at noon 'mid the rivulet's flow,
And the willow have kissed on the valley below;

On the ocean my chariot has often been borne
And the Roamer's white pennon my beauty hath worn.

"My eye hath oft flashed to the gems of the night,
I have caught the first rays of the morn's rosy light;
The sweet star of evening is seen on my crest,
And the beams of night's queen adorn my clear breast.

"On the field, to the slumbering soldier I've come,
And mixed with his tears, as he dreamed of his home;
I have watched with affection the tomb of the fair,
And nourished the evergreens love planted there.

"I've tasted the breath of the violet blue,
And lent to the lily its beauteous hue;
On the crown of the rose my palace is set,
In the vine flower I place my pure coronet.

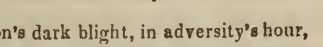
"I've come with rich offerings in my tiny hand,
And clothed with rejoicing full many a land;
The harvest hath owned to my life giving power,
As I stooped to revive in the dark blighting hour.

"I've called up the herb from its mansion below,
The garden my summons most potent doth show;
I've passed to give sweet to the nectary's lip,
That the bee from its cup sweet treasures might sip.

"I've come to the earth as a gift from the sky,
As formed by the hand of the matchless on high;
And where'er my light footstep rejoicing hath been,
Life, Beauty and Love on my pathway are seen."

Fair child of the morning, thou beautiful one,
Thou art like to that faith sent down from God's throne,
Whose love to earth's valley of sorrow is given,
To nourish and water the spirit for heaven.

In affliction's dark blight, in adversity's hour,
It visits the soul with its life-giving power;
When the fond heart's affections are reft in their bloom,
It nurses Hope's blossoms beyond the dark tomb;
And like thee, when exhaled 'mid the blue of the sky,
It shines most resplendent in glory on high.



"A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not allowing shame to prevent me from asking questions, when I was ignorant."

RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

BOUT five-and-twenty years ago, at the head of the Long Sault Rapids on the Ottawa, there resided a family of the name of Drummond. On that, one of the mightiest water powers in the new world, Mr. Drummond had erected saw mills on a gigantic scale, the produce of which, was conveyed down the rapids to Montreal, by experienced and skilful raftsmen, or voyageurs. The situation was wild and romantic, in the extreme. Numerous islands studded the surface of the rapid river, dividing the stream into many and diversified channels, through which the waters rushed furiously, in proportion to their width. Wild duck, and water fowl sported joyously over its snowy foam. At one part the banks were covered with luxuriant foliage, at another craggy rocks hung impending over the waters, entwined with lichens of the brightest colors and most varied forms.

The passage of the Long Sault did indeed require, that he who stemmed the perilous rapids should be endowed with strong nerve and powerful arm ; but both of these qualities were conspicuous in Mr. Drummond. Of Herculean strength, he not only speedily became remarkably skilful in paddling his birch canoe, but at last fearlessly took his wife and children in the same frail bark. She was a delicate little creature, clinging with all the depth of a true woman's loving nature to her husband. Their family consisted of four children. The two eldest, a little boy and girl, had been promised by their parents an excursion down the rapids, when the spring ice was entirely dispersed, and they awaited with eager expectation the long-looked-for and much-anticipated pleasure. It came at last.— The first of June was announced by their papa as that on which they would take the proposed trip. Full of glee and joy the happy children retired to rest the previous night, but their slumber was soon broken by a storm, awful in its grandeur, accompanied with thunder and lightning. It was literally a deluge of rain, and lasted for several hours, with a perfect hurricane of wind. The children feared their excursion must be postponed, but to their glad surprise clear and cloudless broke the morning after the storm, nature looking brighter and fresher from its effects.

Mrs. Drummond was early awakened by the voice of the little Ada: "Look, mamma, look; the sun shines for us;—do get up." The fond mother smiled at the earnestness of the little fairy beside her, and rose in answer to her urgent entreaties.

Their preparations for departure were soon completed. In the first canoe were Mr. and Mrs. Drummond and an experienced voyageur, the children being seated with their mother at the bottom of the canoe on buffalo skins. In the second were two men, and one female servant. The waterfalls and torrents were brought into full activity by the night's rain, and were dashing madly down the gullies formed by it in the sides of the overhanging rocks. The river boiled furiously along, bearing on its foaming surface large trees, which the wind had broken or uprooted, and it required all the united efforts of the strong men of the party to guide the frail barks in their perilous career. They, however, thought lightly of dangers and obstacles which, to a less experienced hand and eye, would have been deemed insurmountable; yet aware that the slightest want of caution on their part would be fatal. As they neared the St. Anne's rapids, the mother clasped the little Ada still more closely to her breast; yet did her true heart stay itself courageously on the cool, calm courage of the stronger mind beside her. Not by one word, or exclamation, did she express a shadow of womanly weakness or fear. They flew along, merely using their paddles to steer through the dangers of the way. The canoe, was impelled swiftly forward by the fierce impetuosity of the waters, which presented a foaming barrier a little distance ahead, in the rapids they were approaching. Fragments of water-riven trees had there collected during the hurricane, and dashed about in tumultuous disorder. On they steered in perfect silence; they flew with lightning speed over the first and most intricate channel, and had just cleared it in safety, when the bark struck against a rock, covered by the eddying foam, and in a moment both canoes were engulphed in the furious waters, and carried helplessly down the mighty current. Even in that agonizing moment the presence of mind of Mr. Drummond did not forsake him, though the awful knowledge of the fate of his beloved ones, flashed like lightning across him. Rising to the surface, borne down by the mighty stream, he yet struck out

towards shore. Ah! what is that? A faint cry met his ear, and the floating form of the little Ada swept by him. Vainly, with a convulsive grasp, he endeavored to seize the light garments of the child; he saw the fair ringlets, shading the sweet, pale face, hurried past him. Another moment he gained the shore. He sprang up the bank, and gazed around over the scene of desolation. What a sight met that strong, loving heart! He stood alone, where, a moment before, he was surrounded by that heart's fondest treasures. In vain, with eyes dim with agony, he gazed on the wide expanse of waters rushing on, rushing on; they swept by, as though in mockery of the loving human hearts entombed in them. For one moment, but one, the strong man bent under the pressure of such fearful sorrow, then with a cry of anguish to heaven, sped on by the side of the dark river, in the hope of catching some traces of the lost in the calm expanse of waters a mile or two below His aching vision wanders over the scene. What is it that arrests his gaze? At some distance he sees—can it be?—one of the canoes turned upside down in the stream. To rush on, spring into the river, and tow it to shore, was speedy work to an arm nerved with desperation; but how does his heart beat with almost overpowering sensations of alternate hope and fear, as he remarks its unusual weight. Yes; there, extended at the bottom of the canoe, lies, though to all appearance lifeless, the form of his beloved wife. On reaching forward to her child, as they neared the rapids, she had placed her hands under the braces of the canoe, and at its upset became fixed under them. To that providential circumstance she owed the preservation of her life. With breathless anxiety Mr. Drummond hung over that pale, mute form. All was still, save the wild beating of his own heart. But see, she moves! Once more those loving eyes are raised to his, and now those beloved lips murmur his name.

Gradually consciousness returned, but with it the fearful truth of her bereavement. "Ada, Ada," she repeated, wildly stretching forth her arms as if to embrace her. "Hubert, too, where, where are they?"

Mr. Drummond turned for a moment from that look of exquisite anguish, then spoke, in a tone tremulous with emotion, "True

wife, he is spared to thee, who once, in joy or in sorrow, thou vowed to follow ; prove now the truth of that vow, and come to the heart which, with thee left to it, can bear under all other trials, bitter though they be."

One moment the bitterness of a mother's despair overspread her pale features, yet through them, even then, there shone the depth of her devoted affection; the next, she sought and found refuge in the arms opened to receive her. Nobly did that heroic woman bear up, subduing her own untold agony, and calmly reseating herself in the canoe which had proved the tomb of her beloved ones. Again they set forth on their perilous course, to seek aid in searching for the lifeless bodies of their children and servants. Assistance was soon at hand, but it was not till the next day that the body of the little Ada was discovered, quite uninjured, however, by its passage down the stream ; and even in death her face wore the same lovely expression which had so characterized it in life. A smile still rested on the sweet lips of the sleeper in that last long sleep ; one might have fancied she was aware that her early death had but wafted her to the haven where those who mourned her pain would be. The sorrowing parents returned home with the bodies of their beloved children, and the habitans of the river yet relate, with tender regret, the loss of the little Ada, at the running of the rapids.

C. H., Rice Lake.

January, 1853.

ALLISTON'S DECISION ON HIS OWN PICTURE.

There is something inevitably touching, simple, and beautiful, in the following fact :—Some years after Alliston had acquired considerable reputation as a painter, a friend showed him a miniature, and begged he would give a sincere opinion upon the merits, as the young man who drew it had some thoughts of becoming a painter by profession. Alliston, after much pressing and declining to give an opinion, candidly told the gentleman he feared the lad would never do anything as a painter, and advised his following some more congenial pursuit. His friend then convinced him that the work had been done by Alliston himself, for this very gentleman, when Alliston was quite young.

THE WARDEN OF CINQUE PORTS.

[The following poem, communicated by a friend, is the best we have seen on the death of the Duke of Wellington. It betrays that happy ingenuity in the use of known circumstances, and peculiar style in weaving all into measure, that Longfellow displays, and has been attributed to him]:—

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
The day was just begun;
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag, and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen, and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched, with grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat, from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each with morning salutations,
That all was well !

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden,
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black forts embrazure,
Awaken with their call !

No more surveying, with an eye impartial,
The long line of sea-coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshall,
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man—and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not stop to parley and dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'er head ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead !

A young clergyman, in conversation with the Duke of Wellington, was representing what *he* considered the folly of sending missionaries to India ; when he received the following characteristic reproof from the Iron Duke, " Young man, look to your marching orders."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

(*Continued from page* 56.)

MRS. Bird hastily deposited the various articles she had collected in a small plain trunk, and locking it, desired her husband to see it in the carriage, and then proceeded to call the woman. Soon, arrayed in a cloak, bonnet and shawl, that had belonged to her benefactress, she appeared at the door with her child in her arms. Mr. Bird hurried her into the carriage, and Mrs. Bird pressed on after her to the carriage steps. Eliza leaned out of the carriage, and put out her hand, —a hand as soft and beautiful as was given in return. She fixed her large, dark eyes, full of earnest meaning, on Mrs. Bird's face, and seemed going to speak. Her lips moved,—she tried once or twice, but there was no sound,—and pointing upward, with a look never to be forgotten, she fell back in the seat, and covered her face. The door was shut, and the carriage drove on.

What a situation, now, for a patriotic senator, that had been all the week before spurring up the legislature of his native state to pass more stringent resolutions against escaping fugitives, their harborers and abettors!

It was full late in the night when the carriage emerged, and stood at the door of a large farm-house. It took no inconsiderable perseverance to arouse the inmates; but at last the respectable proprietor appeared, and undid the door.

'Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave catchers?' said the senator, explicitly.

'I rather think I am,' said honest John, with some considerable emphasis.

'I thought so,' said the senator.

'If there's anybody comes,' said the good man, stretching his tall, muscular form upward, 'why here I'm ready for him: and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em. Give our respects to 'em,' said John; 'tell them no matter how soon they call,—make no kinder difference to us,' said John, running his fingers through the shock of hair that thatched his head, and bursting out into a great laugh. . . .

The senator, in a few words, briefly explained Eliza's history.

. . . .

'Ye'd better jest put up here, now, till daylight,' said he, heartily, 'and I'll call up the old woman, and have a bed got ready for you in no time.'

'Thank you, my good friend,' said the senator, 'I must be along, to take the night stage for Columbus.'

'Ah! well, then, if you must, I'll go a piece with you, and show you a cross road that will take you there better than the road you came on. That road's mighty bad.'

John equipped himself, and, with a lantern in hand, was soon seen guiding the senator's carriage towards a road that ran down in a hollow, back of his dwelling. When they parted, the senator put into his hand a ten dollar bill.

'It's for her,' he said, briefly.

'Ay, ay,' said John, with equal conciseness.

They shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER XII.

ELIZA IN THE QUAKER SETTLEMENT.

A quiet scene now rises before us. A large, roomy, neatly-painted kitchen, its yellow floor glossy and smooth, and without a particle of dust; a neat, well-blacked cooking-stove; rows of shining tin, suggestive of unmentionable good things to the appetite; glossy green wood chairs, old and firm; a small flag-bottomed rocking-chair, and in the chair, gently swaying back and forward, her eyes bent on some fine sewing, sat our old friend Eliza. Yes, there she is, paler and thinner than in her Kentucky home, with a world of quiet sorrow lying under the shadow of her long eyelashes, and marking the outline of her gentle mouth! It was

plain see how old and firm the girlish heart was grown under the discipline of heavy sorrow; and when, anon, her large dark eye was raised to follow the gambols of her little Harry, who was sporting like some tropical butterfly, hither and thither over the floor, she showed a depth of firmness and steady resolve that was never there in her earlier and happier days.

By her side sat a woman with a bright tin pan in her lap, into which she was carefully sorting some dried peaches. She might be fifty-five or sixty; but hers was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy lisse crape cap, made after the strait Quaker pattern,—the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom,—the drab shawl and dress,—showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription, except peace on earth, good will to men, and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them, to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbed in woman's bosom. . . .

'And so thee still thinks of going to Canada, Eliza?' she said, as she was quietly looking over her peaches.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Eliza, firmly. 'I must go onward. I dare not stop.'

'And what 'll thee do, when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter.' 'My daughter' came naturally from the lips of Rachel Halliday; for hers was just the face and form that made 'mother' seem the most natural word in the world.

'I shall do—anything I can find. I hope I can find something.'

'Thee knows thee can stay here, as long as thee pleases,' said Rachel.

'O thank you,' said Eliza, 'but'—she pointed to Harry—'I can't sleep nights: I can't rest. Last night I dreamed I saw that man coming into the yard,' she said, shuddering. . . .

The door here opened, and a little short, round, pincushiony woman stood at the door, with a cheery, blooming face, like a

ripe apple. She was dressed, like Rachel, in sober gray, with the muslin folded neatly across her round, plump little chest.

'Ruth Stedman,' said Rachel, coming joyfully forward; 'how is thee, Ruth?' she said, heartily taking both her hands. 'Nicely' said Ruth, taking off her little drab bonnet. . . .

'Ruth, this friend is Eliza Harris; and this is the litttle boy I told thee of.'

'I am glad to see thee, Eliza,—very,' said Ruth, shaking hands as if Eliza were an old friend she had long been expecting; 'and this is thy dear boy,—I brought a cake for him,' she said, holding out a little heart to the boy, who came up gazing through his curls, and accepted it shyly. . . .

Simeon Halliday, a tall, straight, muscular man, in drab coat and pantaloons, and broad-brimmed hat, now entered.

'How is thee, Ruth?' he said, warmly, as he spread his broad open hand for her little fat palm; 'and how is John?'

'O! John is well, and all the rest of our folks,' said Ruth, cheerily.

'Any news, father?' said Rachel. . . .

'Mother!' said Simeon, standing in the porch, and calling Rachel out.

'What does thee want, father?' said Rachel, rubbing her floury hands, as she went into the porch.

'This child's husband is in the settlement, and will be here to-night,' said Simeon.

'Now, thee does n't say that, father?' said Rachel, all her face radiant with joy.

"It's really true. Peter was down yesterday, with the wagon, to the other stand, and there he found an old woman and two men; and one said his name was George Harris; and, from what he told of his history, I am certain who he is. He is a bright, likely fellow, too.'

'Shall we tell her now?' said Simeon.

'Let's tell Ruth,' said Rachel. 'Here, Ruth,—come here,'

Ruth laid down her knitting work, and was in the back porch in a moment.

'Ruth, what does thee think?' said Rachel. 'Father says Eliza's husband is in the last company, and will be here to-night.'

A burst of joy from the little Quakeress interrupted the speech. She gave such a bound from the floor, as she clapped her little hands, that two stray curls fell from under her Quaker cap, and lay brightly on her white neckerchief.

'Hush thee, dear!' said Rachel, gently; 'hush, Ruth! Tell us, shall we tell her now?'

'Now! to be sure,—this very minute. Why, now, suppose 't was my John, how should I feel? Do tell her, right off.' . .

Rachel came out into the kitchen, where Eliza was sewing, and opening the door of a small bedroom, said, gently, 'Come in here with me, my daughter: I have news to tell thee.'

Rachel Halliday drew Eliza toward her, and said, 'The Lord hath had mercy on thee, daughter: thy husband hath escaped from the house of bondage.'

The blood flushed to Eliza's cheek in a sudden glow, and went back to her heart with as sudden a rush. She sat down, pale and faint.

'Have courage, child,' said Rachel, laying her hand on her head. 'He is among friends, who will bring him here to-night.'

'To-night!' Eliza repeated, 'to-night!' The words lost all meaning to her; her head was dreamy and confused; all was mist for a moment.

When she awoke, she found herself snugly tucked up on the bed, with a blanket over her, and little Ruth rubbing her hands with camphor. She opened her eyes in a state of dreamy, delicious languor, such as one who has long been bearing a heavy load, and now feels it gone, and would rest. The tension of the nerves, which had never ceased a moment since the first hour of her flight, had given way, and a strange feeling of security and rest came over her; and, as she lay, with her large, dark eyes open, she followed, as in a quiet dream, the motions of those about her. She saw the door open in the other room; saw the supper-table, with its snowy cloth; heard the dreamy murmur of the singing tea-kettle, saw Ruth tripping backward and forward, with plates of cake, and saucers of preserves, and ever and anon stopping to put a cake into Harry's hand, or pat his head, or twine his long curls round her snowy fingers. She saw Ruth's husband come in,—saw her fly up to him, and commence whispering very earn-

estly, ever and anon, with impressive gesture, pointing her little finger toward the room. She saw her, with the baby in her arms, sitting down to tea; she saw them all at table, and little Harry in a high chair, under the shadow of Rachel's ample wing; there were low murmurs of talk, gentle tinkling of tea-spoons, and musical clatter of cups and saucers, and all mingled in a delightful dream of rest; and Eliza slept, as she had not slept before, since the fearful midnight hour when she had taken her child and fled through the frosty star-light.

She dreamed of a beautiful country,—a land, it seemed to her, of rest,—green shores, pleasant islands, and beautifully glittering water; and there, in a house which kind voices told her was a home, she saw her boy playing a free and happy child. She heard her husband's footsteps; she felt him coming nearer; his arms were around her, his tears falling on her face, and she awoke! It was no dream. The daylight had long faded; her child lay calmly sleeping by her side; a candle was burning dimly on the stand, and her husband was sobbing by her pillow.

The next morning was a cheerful one at the Quaker house. 'Mother' was up betimes, and surrounded by busy girls and boys, whom we had scarce time to introduce to our readers yesterday, and who all moved to Rachel's gentle 'Thee had better,' or more gentle 'Had n't thee better?' in the work of getting breakfast; for a breakfast in the luxurious valley of Indiana is a thing complicated and multiform. While, John ran to the spring for fresh water, and Simeon the second sifted meal for corn-cakes, and Mary ground coffee, Rachel moved gently and quietly about, making biscuits, cutting up chicken, and diffusing a sort of sunny radiance over the whole proceeding generally.

Everything went on so sociably, so quietly, so harmoniously, in the great kitchen,—even the knives and forks had a social clatter as they went on to the table; and the chicken and ham had a cheerful and joyous fizzle in the pan, as if they rather enjoyed being cooked than otherwise;—and when George and Eliza and little Harry came out, they met such a hearty, rejoicing welcome, no wonder it seemed to them like a dream.

At last, they were all seated at breakfast, while Mary stood at the stove, baking griddle-cakes, which, as they gained the true

exact golden brown tint of perfection, were transferred quite handily at the table.

Rachel never looked so truly and benignly happy as at the head of her table. There was so much motherliness and full heartedness even in the way she passed a plate of cakes or poured a cup of coffee, that it seemed to put a spirit into the food and drink she offered.

This, indeed, was a home,—*home*,—a word that George had never yet known a meaning for; and a belief in God, and trust in his providence, began to encircle his heart, as, with a golden cloud of protection and confidence, dark, misanthropic, pining, atheistic doubts, and fierce despair, melted away before the light of a living Gospel, breathed in living faces, preached by a thousand unconscious acts of love and good will, which, like the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, shall never lose their reward. . . .

'I hope, my good sir, that you are not exposed to any difficulty on our account,' said George.

'Fear nothing, George, for therefore we are sent into the world. If we would not meet trouble for a good cause, we were not worthy of our name.'

'And now thou must lie by quietly this day, and to-night, at ten o'clock, Phineas Fletcher will carry thee onward to the next stand,—thee and the rest of thy company. The pursuers are hard after thee; we must not delay.'

'If that is the case, why wait till evening?' said George.

'Thou art safe here by daylight, for every one in the settlement is a Friend, and all watching. It has been found safer to travel by night.' . . .

The afternoon shadows stretched eastward, and the round red sun stood thoughtfully on the horizon, and his beams shone yellow and calm into the little bed-room where George and his wife were sitting. He was sitting with his child on his knee, and his wife's hand in his. Both looked thoughtful and serious, and traces of tears were on their cheeks.

'Yes, Eliza,' said George, 'I know all you say is true. You are a good child,—a great deal better than I am; and I will try to do as you say. I'll try to act worthy of a freeman. I'll try to feel like a Christian.'

'And when we get to Canada,' said Eliza, 'I can help you. I can do dress-making very well; and I understand fine washing and ironing; and between us we can find something to live on.'

'Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each other and our boy. O! Eliza, if these people only knew what a blessing it is for a man to feel that his wife and child belong to *him!* I've often wondered to see men that could call their wives and children their own fretting and worrying about anything else. Why, I feel rich and strong, though we have nothing but our bare hands.'

'But yet we are not quite out of danger,' said Eliza; 'we are not yet in Canada.'

'True,' said George, 'but it seems as if I smelt the free air, and it makes me strong.'

At this moment, voices were heard in the outer apartment, in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard on the door. Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher.

'Our friend Phineas hath discovered something of importance to the interests of thee and thy party, George,' said Simeon; 'it were well for thee to hear it.' That I have said Phineas.

'Last night I stopped at a little lone tavern, back on the road. Well, I was tired with hard driving; and, after my supper, I stretched myself down on a pile of bags in the corner, and pulled a buffalo over me, to wait till my bed was ready; and what does I do, but get fast asleep; but when I came to myself a little, I found that there were some men in the room, sitting round a table, drinking and talking. 'So,' says one, 'they are up in the Quaker settlement, no doubt,' says he. Then I listened with both ears, and I found that they were talking about this very party. This young man, they said, was to be sent back to Kentucky, to his master, who was going to make an example of him, to keep all niggers from running away; and his wife, two of them were going to run down to New Orleans to sell, on their own account, and they calculated to get sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars for her; and the child, they said, was going to a trader, who had bought him; and then there was the boy, Jim, and his mother, they were to send back to their masters in Kentucky. They said that there were two constables, in a town a little piece ahead, who

would go in with 'em to get 'em taken up, and the young woman was to be taken before a judge; and one of the fellows, who is small and smooth-spoken, was to swear to her for his property, and get her delivered over to him to take south.'

The group that stood in various attitudes, after this communication, was worthy of a painter. Rachel Halliday, who had taken her hands out of a batch of biscuit, to hear the news, stood with them upraised and floury, and with a face of the deepest concern. Simeon looked profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown her arms around her husband, and was looking up to him. George stood with clenched hands and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look, whose wife was to be sold at auction, and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a Christian nation's laws.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

THE first settlers in Maine found, beside its red faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable, wild and savage, animals. Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that *bruin* was storming the sheep-pen, or the pig-sty, or was laying violent hands upon some unlucky calf—and often, on a cold winter evening did they roll a larger log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The incident which I am about to relate occurred in the early history of Biddeford. A

man who then lived on the farm occupied by Mr. H. was one autumn occupied in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son eight years old, was in the habit while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the field and woods around the house, often going where the father was at work. One day after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home, just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves—without stopping to think what made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. 'Twas but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, then to watch the result. After waiting a short time he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another and another, till the woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes, a large gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed into that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground, and passively awaited his fate, for the rest enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot. When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes from the first appearance not a wolf was in sight. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and blessed the kind Providence which had led him there to save his dear boy. The child after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation had the wolf found him, and covered him with leaves, till he could bring his comrades to the feast, but himself furnished the repast."

GROTIUS, LORD GRANVILLE, AND OTHERS.—The memory of Grotius was so retentive that he remembered almost every thing he read. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses after once reading them. Lord Granville knew the Greek Testament, from the beginning of Matthew to the end of the Revelation.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

(By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.)

CHAPTER III.

"MRS. FRAZER, are you very busy just now?" asked Lady Mary, coming up to the table where her nurse was ironing some laces.

"No, my dear, not very busy, only preparing these lace edgings for your frocks. Do you want me to do anything for you?"

"I do not want anything, only to tell you that my Governess has promised to paint my dear squirrel's picture, as soon as it is tame, and will let me hold it in my lap without flying away. I saw a picture of a flying squirrel to-day, but it was very ugly, not at all like mine; it was long and flat, and its legs looked like sticks, and it was stretched out just like one of those musk-rat skins that you pointed out to me in a fur store. Mamma said it was drawn so, to shew it while it was in the act of flying,—but it is not pretty; it does not shew its beautiful tail, nor its bright eyes, nor soft silky fur. I heard a lady telling Mamma about a nest full of dear, tiny little flying squirrels that her brother once found in a tree in the forest. He tamed them, and they lived very happily together, and would come out and feed from his hand. They slept in the cold weather like dormice; in the day-time they lay very still, and would come out and gambol and frisk about at night;—but some one left the cage open, and they all ran away except one—and that he found in his

bed, where it had run for shelter, with its little nose under his pillow. He caught the little fellow, and it lived a long time with him, until the spring, when it grew restless with him; and one day it also got away, and went off to the woods."

"These little creatures are impatient of confinement, and will gnaw through the wood work of the cage to get free, especially in the spring of the year. Doubtless, my dear, they pine for the liberty which they used to enjoy, before they were made captives by man. It is a sad sight to me to see a caged bird in spring."

"Nurse, I will not let my little pet be unhappy. As soon as the warm days come again, if my Governess has drawn his picture, I will let him go free. Are there many squirrels in this part of Canada?"

"Not so many as in Upper Canada, Lady Mary. They abound more some years than in others. I have seen, in the birch and oak woods, so many black squirrels at a time, that the woods seemed swarming with them. My brothers have brought in two or three dozen in one day. The Indians used to tell us, that want of food, or very severe weather setting in in the north, drives these little animals from their haunts. The Indians, who observe these things more than we do, can generally tell what sort of a winter it will be, from the number of wild creatures that appear in the fall."

"What do you mean by the fall, nurse?"

"The autumn, my lady. It is so called from the fall of the leaves. I remember the year 1837—that was the year of the Rebellion in Canada, Lady Mary—was remarkable for the great number of squirrels of all kinds, black, grey, red, flying, and the little striped chitmunk or ground squirrel, and also weasels and foxes. They came into the barns and granaries, and into the houses, and destroyed a great quantity of grain, besides gnawing clothes that were laid out to dry. This they did to line their nests with. Next year there were few to be seen."

"What became of them, nurse?"

"Some, no doubt, fell a prey to their enemies, the cats and foxes, and weazels, which were also very numerous that year; and the rest most likely went back to their own country again."

"I should like to see a great number of these pretty creatures all travelling together," said Lady Mary.

"All wild animals, my dear, are more active by night than by day, and probably make their long journeys during that season. They see better in darkness than by day-light. The eyes of many animals and birds, are so formed, that they see best in the dim twilight, as the cats and owls, and others. Our Heavenly Father has fitted all his creatures for the state in which he has placed them."

"Can squirrels swim like otters and beavers, nurse? If they came to a lake or a river, could they get across it?"

"I think they could, Lady Mary—for, though these creatures are not formed like the otter or beaver, or musk-rat, to get their living in the water, they are able to swim when necessity requires them to do so. I heard a lady say that she was once crossing a lake, between one of the islands and the shore; she was seated in a canoe, with a baby on her lap—she noticed a movement on the surface of the water. At first she thought it might be a water-snake, but the servant lad who was paddling the canoe said it was a red squirrel, and he tried to strike it with the paddle; but the little squirrel leaped out of the water, to the blade of the paddle, and sprang on the head of the baby that lay on the lady's lap*; from thence it jumped to her shoulder, and before she had recovered from her surprise, it was in the water again, and swimming straight for the shore, where it was soon safe in the dark pine woods."

This feat of the squirrel's delighted Lady Mary, who expressed her joy at the bravery of the little creature. Besides, being a proof that squirrels could swim, she said that she had heard her governess read out of a book of natural history, that grey squirrels, when they wished to go to a distance in search of food, would all meet together, and collect pieces of bark to serve them for boats, and would set up their broad tails like sails, to catch the wind, and, in this way, cross large sheets of water.

"I do not think this can be true," observed Mrs. Frazer, "for the squirrel, when swimming, uses his tail as an oar or rudder to help its motion. The tail lies flat on the surface of

* The Authoress was herself the lady who was in the canoe, and her eldest son, the baby, whose cap and frock were wetted by the light shower that was sprinkled on him by the fearless little animal.

the water; nor do they need a boat, for God, who made them, has given them the power of swimming when they require it."

"Nurse, you said something about a ground squirrel, and called it a chitmunk. If you please will you tell me something about it, and why it is called by such a curious name?"

"I believe it is the Indian name for this sort of squirrel, my dear. The chitmunk is not so large as the black, red, or grey squirrels. It is marked along the back with black and white stripes; the rest of its fur is a yellowish tawny colour. It is a very playful, lively, cleanly animal, somewhat resembling the dormouse in its habits. It burrows under ground. Its nest is made with great care, with many galleries, which open at the surface, so that if an enemy attacks it, it can run into one or another for security."*

"How wise of these little chitmunks to think of that?" said Lady Mary.

"Nay, my dear child, it is God's wisdom, not theirs. These creatures work according to His will, and so they always do what is fittest and best for their own comfort and safety. Men follow after their own wisdom, and so they often err. Man is the only one of all God's creatures that disobeys him."

These words made Lady Mary look grave, till her nurse began to talk to her again about the chitmunk.

"It is very easily tamed, and becomes very fond of its master. It will obey his voice, come at a call or a whistle, sit up and beg, take a nut or an acorn out of its master's hand, run up a stick, nestle in his bosom, and make itself quite familiar. My uncle had a tame chitmunk that was much attached to him; it lived in his pocket or bosom; it was his companion by day and by night. When he was out in the forest lumbering, or on the lakes fishing, or in the fields at work, it was always with him. At meals, it took its position by

* The squirrel has many enemies, all the weazel tribe, cats, and even dogs attack them. Cats kill great numbers of these little animals. The farmer shews them as little mercy as he does rats and mice, as they are very destructive, and carry off vast quantities of grain, which they store in hollow trees for use; not contenting themselves with one granary, they have several, in case one should fail, or perhaps become injured by accidental causes. Thus does this simple little folk teach us a lesson of providential care for future events.

the side of his plate, eating any thing that he gave it; but he did not give it meat, as he thought that might injure its health. One day he was in the steamboat, going up to Toronto. This little chitmunk had been shewing off all its tricks to the ladies and gentlemen on board the boat; and several persons offered him money if he would sell it, but my uncle was fond of the little thing, and would not part with it. However, just before he left the boat, he missed his pet. A cunning Yankee pedlar on board had stolen it. My uncle knew that his little friend would not desert his old master; so he went on deck where the passengers were assembled, and whistled the tune that was most familiar to the chitmunk. The little fellow, on hearing it, whisked out of the pedlar's pocket, and running swiftly along a railing against which he was standing, soon sought refuge in his master's bosom."

Lady Mary clapped her hands with joy, and said, "I am so glad, nurse, that the chitmunk ran back to his old friend. I wish it had bitten that Yankee pedlar's fingers."

"When angry, they will bite very sharply, set up their tails, and run to and fro, and make a chattering sound with their teeth. The red squirrel is very fearless for its size, and will sometimes turn round and face you, set up its tail, and scold. I have seen them, when busy eating the seeds of the sun-flower, or thistle, of which they are very fond, suffer you to stand and watch them without attempting to run away. When near their granaries, or the tree where their nest is, they are unwilling to leave it, running to and fro, and uttering their angry notes; but if a dog is near, they make for a tree, and, as soon as they are out of his reach, they turn to chatter and scold, as long as the dog remains in sight. When hard pressed, the black and flying squirrels will take prodigious leaps, springing from bough to bough, and from tree to tree. In this manner, they baffle the hunters, and travel for a great distance over the tops of the trees. Once I saw my uncle and brothers chasing a large black squirrel. He kept out of reach of the dogs, and continued so to keep himself out of sight of the men, by passing round and round the tree as he went up, that they could never get a fair shot at him. At last, they got so provoked, that they took their axes and set to work to chop down the tree. It was

a big pine tree, and took a long time to cut it down; just as the tree was ready to fall, and was wavering to and fro, the squirrel, who had kept on the topmost bough, sprang nimbly to the next tree, and then to another, and by the time the great pine had reached the ground, the squirrel was far away in his nest, among his little ones, safe from guns, hunters, and dogs."

"The black squirrel must have wondered, I think, nurse, why so many big men and dogs tried to kill such a little creature as he was. Do the black squirrels sleep in the winter as well as the flying squirrels and chitmunks?"

"No, Lady Mary, I have often seen them of a bright sunny day in winter, chasing each other over logs and brush-heaps, and running gaily up the pine trees. They are easily seen, from the contrast which their jetty black coats make with the sparkling white snow. These creatures feed a good deal on the kernels of the pines and hemlocks; they also eat the buds of some trees. They lay up great stores of nuts, and grain for winter use. The flying squirrels lie heaped upon each other, for the sake of warmth. As many as seven, or eight, may be found in one nest asleep. They sometimes waken, if there comes a succession of warm days, as in the January thaw; for I must tell you, my dear, that in this country we generally have rain and mild weather for a few days in the beginning of January, when the snow nearly disappears from the ground. About the 12th,* the weather sets in steadily cold again—then the little animals retire once more to sleep in their winter cradles, which they rarely leave till the intense cold weather is over."

"I suppose, nurse, when they awake, they are glad to eat some of the food they have laid up in their granaries?"

"Yes, my dear, it is for this that they gather it in the milder weather; it also supports them during the spring months, and, possibly, even during the summer, till the grain and fruits are ripe again. I was walking one day in the harvest-field, where my brothers were cradling wheat. As I passed along the fence, I noticed a great many little heaps of wheat lying here and there on the rails, also upon the tops of the stumps in the

* This remark applies more particularly to the climate of the Upper Province, where the January thaw generally occurs.

field. I wondered at first what could have placed them there, but presently noticed a number of red squirrels running very swiftly along the fence, and perceived that they emptied their mouths of a quantity of the new wheat, which they had been diligently employed in collecting from the ears that lay scattered on the ground. These little gleaners did not seem to be at all alarmed at my presence, but went to and fro as busy as bees. On taking some of the grains in my hand, I noticed that the germ or eye of the kernel was bitten clean out."

"What was that for, nurse, can you tell me?"

"My dear young lady, I did not know at first, till, on shewing it to my father, he told me that the squirrels destroyed the germ of the grain, such as wheat and Indian corn, that they stored up for winter use, that it might not sprout when buried in the ground, or in the hollow tree."

"This is very strange, nurse," said the little girl. "But, I suppose," she added, after a moment's thought, "it was God who taught the squirrels to do so. But why would biting out the eye prevent the grain from growing?"

"Because the eye or bud contains the life of the plant; from it springs the green blade, and the stem that bears the ear, and the root that strikes down into the earth. The floury part, which swells, and becomes soft and jelly-like, serves to nourish the young plant till the tender fibres of the roots are able to draw moisture from the ground."

Lady Mary asked if all seeds had an eye or germ?

Her nurse replied, that all had, though some were so minute that they looked no bigger than dust, or a grain of sand; yet each was perfect in its kind, and contained the plant that would, when sown in the earth, bring forth roots and leaves, and buds and flowers, and fruits in due season.

"How glad I should have been to see the little squirrels gleaning the wheat, and laying it in the little heaps on the rail fence. Why did they not carry it at once to their nests?"

"They laid it out in the sun and wind to dry, for if it had been stored away while damp, it would have moulded and been spoiled. The squirrels were busy all that day. When I went again to see them, the grain was gone. I saw several red squirrels running up and down a large pine tree, which had

been broken by the wind at the top—and there, no doubt, they had laid up the chief of the grain. These squirrels did not follow each other in a straight line, but ran round and round in a spiral direction, so that they never hindered each other, or came in each other's way—two were always going up when the other two were coming down. They seem to work in families. The young ones, though old enough to get their own living, usually inhabit the same nest, and help to store up the grain for winter use. They all separate again in the spring. The little chitmunk does not live in the trees, but burrows in the ground, or makes its nest in some large hollow log. It is very pretty to see the little chitmunks on a warm spring day, running about and chasing each other among the moss and leaves. They are not bigger than mice, but look bright and lively. The fur of all the squirrel tribe is used in trimming, but the grey is the best and most valuable. It has been often remarked by the Indians, and others, that the red and black squirrels never live in the same place; for the red, though the smallest, beat away the black ones. The flesh of the black squirrel is very good to eat; the Indians eat the red also."

Lady Mary was very glad to hear all these things that her nurse had told her, and quite forgot to play with her doll. "Please, Mrs. Frazer," said the little lady, tell me now about beavers, and musk-rats, and wood-chucks?"

But Mrs. Frazer was obliged to go out on business. She promised, however, to tell Lady Mary all she knew about these animals another day; but I am afraid that it will be another month before my friend, the Editor of the "MAPLE LEAF," will let my young readers know what Mrs. Frazer told the Governor's daughter.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—According to the *Morning Chronicle*, in one steam sawing-mill, visited by Mr. Mayhew, the average number of splints made for lucifer matches is 156,000 gross of boxes a year, each box containing 50 splints, altogether 1,123,200,000 matches. For the manufacture of this quantity 400 cubic feet of timber are used in a week, averaging eight trees, or 400 large trees a year for lucifer matches only, in one mill! It is no longer a joke to say a man who deals in matches is a timber merchant.

THOUGHTS BY UNCLE VAN

The readers of the "Maple Leaf,"—a magazine so decidedly Canadian, —may not be particularly desirous of an acquaintance with one, whose corporeal appearance, national predilections, social and political education, form a contrast with their own. Admitting that there may be a shade of difference in some points,—I can confidently assure the readers of this magazine,—a few pages of which may occasionally contain some of my cogitations, that the Constitutional peculiarities common to my most worthy and distinguished ancestors, peculiarities which may have been retained by their descendants, shall in no way render my acquaintance with them less agreeable and profitable. It is pleasant to see, that the feeling of animosity which has been somewhat characteristic of the great nations from which we claim our origin, is giving way to a very different spirit; a spirit which will pervade the nations of the earth, and transform the grand divisions of the Globe, and its subdivisions, into natural and agreeable demarkations of separate homes of the same great family. I have long endeavored to aid in putting down, and banishing into oblivion, every feeling which checks the course of that fellowship which should exist between man and man; and at the same time, have wished to contribute to the happiness and improvement of all those, whose acquaintance and friendship I have the good fortune to enjoy. If then, you are disposed to reciprocate such feelings, and sentiments, you will not complain of the publisher's arrangement, and the acquaintance thus informally brought about.

When we are able to hold captive to our will such inclinations, as are calculated to mar our happiness, and retard our improvement, we certainly have accomplished much. We have brought our minds and hearts into a state highly favorable for receiving, or imparting instruction. To such the effort required for the acquisition of knowledge is pleasing and exhilarating. There is no easy way to obtain knowledge, "Other things may be seized by might, or purchased with money; but knowledge can be gained only by study." It may be quite true, that the approach to the temple of learning is by slow graduations, up an acclivity of which the ascent undoubtedly requires a stern and steady effort. If we wish to become eminent in any branch of knowledge, or in any pursuit whatever, we shall find it necessary to toil, and take advantage of all the means within our reach. But this instead of being a repulsive task, can be made the source of the purest and most delightful enjoyment. There is no department of learning so calculated to awaken the dormant energies of the mind, and call into vigorous action the latent virtues and sympathies of the heart, as the study of Natural History. This branch of science is admirably adapted to the flexible mind of the young. While it fixes their attention, it captivates the heart, and cultivates its graces in a natural and agreeable manner.

Nature is loveable, whether exhibited in the foaming cataract, or the solemn grandeur of the wood, or the delicate tints of the flowers with their entrancing fragrance. The music of birds echoing through the shadowy arches of the forest, or sounding out clear and enlivening on the pure

morning air; always meets a responsive chord of harmony in the heart of the good man. While the earth was yet young, and no descendant of a spiritual race had walked its green fields, or gazed upon its beauties, a voice of praise went up to the great Creator, and a choir attuned at Nature's perfect school warbled and caroled notes of thanksgiving.

No country can number more interesting natural features than Canada. If we should take a stand on any of the lofty heights that rise here and there, and variegate its lovely landscapes, we should be charmed with the panoramic view before us. Rivers, whose broad waters dotted with islands, roll onward through a fertile country; lakes lying encircled by mountain and hill; a charming succession of plain, and undulating land, and serpentine stream, and rushing water-fall, with golden, and green, and darker colored tintings among the grain fields, and meadows, all form pictures which the lover of nature must delight to view.

The elegant form, and bright hues of the humming bird, "in whose plumage the ruby, the emerald, and the topaz sparkles,"—the superior brilliancy, and various shading of the butterfly, which, "light, airy, joyous, replete with life; sports in the sunshine, wantons on the flower, and trips from bloom to bloom,"—the outgushing notes of the lark as he joyously rises and soars towards heaven, and pours forth strains that have been compared to hymns of praise,—have all with many other objects of nature delighted thousands. Poets, and Poetesses have "tuned their harps, and lit their fires," while drawing from natural scenery their most exquisite imagery. From the same source Bible writers have taken their most vivid illustrations. Examples in point, abound in the Book of Job, and other portions of sacred writ. Many master minds of ancient and modern times have been absorbed in examinations of the works of nature. We read that King Solomon bought apes, and peacocks from Ophir, and probably animals, and plants too, were brought to him from other foreign countries. Solomon showed an intimate acquaintance with Natural History, and spoke of trees, from the majestic "cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," and referred to "beasts, and creeping things, and fowls, and fishes." The Psalmist took up the same theme, when celebrating the glories of the Divine perfections, and discoursing upon the wonders that present themselves "in the heavens above, and the earth beneath," and exclaimed in transport "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all! the earth is full of thy riches." Pliny many hundred years later produced a work on Natural History, which, though lacking the fire of inspiration, has been read with delight. Corresponding zeal has been awakened, and kindred emotions expressed in more modern times, as the following extracts which I here transcribe will show:

"How pleasant, nay, how much more pleasant," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in reference to the prevailing taste for novel-reading, "to take up by chance from a table, groaning under a load of fashionable novels, some small volume composed by some lover of nature, that has found its way there, like some real rose-bud yielding its fragrance amongst artificial

flowers. There are homilies in Nature's works worth all the wisdom of the schools, if we could but read them rightly, and one of the pleasantest lessons I ever received in a time of trouble, was from hearing the notes of a Lark."

"From Nature's largest work to the least insect that frets the leaf, each has organs, and feelings, and habits exactly suited to the place it has to fill. Were it other than it is, it could not fill its place. The flower of the valley would die upon the mountain's top, and surely would the hardy mountaineer, now flourishing on Alpine height, languish and die, if transplanted to the valley. The maker of the world has made no mistakes,—has done no injustice."—*The Listener.*

"See!" exclaimed Linnæus, "the large painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with small imbricated scales, with these it sustains itself in the air the whole day, rivalling the flight of birds, and the brilliancy of the Peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life; how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect; its changes are an inexpressible enigma to us: we see a green *caterpillar* furnished with sixteen legs, creeping, hairy, and feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into a *chrysalis*, smooth, of a golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food: this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings, and six feet, and becomes a variegated butterfly, living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of imitation."

"The field daisy," says one, "insignificant as it apparently is, exhibits on examination a world of wonders. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disk and border, each distinct and useful, each delicately beautiful. The florets of the centre are yellow, or orange, colored, while those of the ray are snow white, tinged underneath with crimson."

"The beech tree, *Fagus sylratica*," says Mr. White, "is the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rim or bark, its glossy foliage, or its graceful pendulous boughs. Its autumnal hues are also exceedingly beautiful."

"The good Isaac Walton, a writer of genuine feeling, and classical simplicity, observes of the Nightingale, 'he that at midnight, when the very laborers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, this clear air, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might be lifted above the earth, and say, Lord what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth."

Errata in No. 2, 1853, page 36, line 5, from bottom, read "Song Thrush," for "Long Thrush." Page 38, line 5 from bottom read 'wool,' for 'wood.'

☞ We are compelled, owing to the sickness of our Music compositor, to omit for this month the page of music.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

Death having occasion to choose a prime minister, once summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims for the office. Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsey shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; while Asthma half strangled himself. Plague pleaded his sudden destruction; and Consumption pleaded his certainty. Then came War alluding to his many thousands at a meal. Last came Intemperance, and with a face like fire, shouted, Give way, ye sickly ferocious band of pretenders to the claim of this office. Am I not your parent? Does not your sagacity trace your origin to me? My operations ceasing, whence your power? The grisly monarch here gave a smile of approbation, and placed *Intemperance* at his right hand, as his favorite and prime-minister.

If we were to drop asleep, without warning, in the midst of some active operation, it is easy to see how many daily occurrences, of the most disastrous nature, would ensue. Struck by the unexpected visitant, the seaman, as he ascended the top-mast, or clung on the yard-arm, would relax his grasp, and be plunged into the sea, or dashed to pieces on the deck. The coachman, in the middle of his stage, would drop his reins, and fall senseless from his box. The builder would tumble with his trowel from the wall. The orator in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, would falter, and sink with the unfinished sentence on his lips; and, in one, the fire of his patriotism; in another, the acuteness of his reasoning, or adroitness of his statement; and, in a third, an exhibition of the holy doctrines of the gospel, or of impassioned eloquence in a heart full of zeal, would expire in a sudden drawl, a closing eye, and a countenance in an instant relaxed into an expression of drowsy insensibility.

We know of nothing so swift as light, which moves at the rate of 12,000,000 miles n a minute; and yet light would be at least three years in passing between the sun and Sirius.

Many of the double stars exhibit the curious and beautiful phenomenon of contrasted or complimentary colomes. In such instances, the larger star is usually of a ruddy, or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green. The double star in Cassiopeia, for instance, exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of a rich ruddy purple. Sir John Herschell, in mentioning these combinations, indulges his fancy in the following somewhat amusing remarks:—"It may be easier suggested in words, than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*,—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one,—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and 'grateful recessitudes,'—a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, and with darkness,—might arise from the presence, or absence, of one or other, or both above the horizon."

Politeness.—The manners of professional men are too frequently blunt and slovenly. Why are not professional men among the most refined and polite in their manners? t is because their profession is their character. Upon this they rely, and upon this wholly. If the lawyer would have his skill and eloquence remembered, let them be associated with manners refined and inviting. No station, rank, or talents, can ever excuse a man for neglecting the civilities due from man to man. When Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several States represented at his Court waited on his holiness with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed. On this the master of Ceremonies told his holiness, that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh I beg your pardon," said he, "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

Music.—Language for the soul's longings; softener of man's stormest passions; sweet disseminator of joy and peace; a voice from the spirit world comforting earth's sorrowing ones. *Sound*—It widens, and widens in continuous circles, until at last it seems to blend, and be lost.

EDITORIAL.

We have a painful and melancholy event to state to the readers of the "Maple Leaf." The former Editor and Publisher, Mr. Robert W. Lay, is now no more. He is gone, we are confident, to a higher, and a better world! He died, suddenly, and unexpectedly, at Toronto, on the 18th inst., from a fit of appoplexy, thus adding another to the many proofs which almost every day presents, that:—

> "Death, like an overflowing stream,
> Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
> An empty tale; a morning flower,
> Cut down and withered in an hour.

"To-day, we are upon the stream of time; to-morrow, we are floated forth upon the Ocean of eternity. There is no intermediate state of being; no line of separation between this world and the next."

Mr. Lay was born in the State of Connecticut, U. S, in the year 1814. He was therefore in his 39th year at the time of his death. His native place, Saybrook, is situated in sight of the Atlantic-billows, and is noted in American history, as one of those staunch old towns, closely resembling in genuine honesty, and manly material, the true English characters from which it originated.

Trained in childhood and youth, amid those invigorating, self-relying influences, which the New England sea-coast villages afford, he grew up robust in physical appearance, and early exhibited, not only great perseverance and enterprise, but originality of mind. In the States he practised very successfully, for some years, as a Civil Engineer, but the out-door exposures and anxieties, which the active duties of this profession demanded, seriously injured his health, and he was compelled to abandon it.

In 1845, he came to Canada. Here he saw at a glance, the great dearth of *good periodical* literature, and the great improvement the country would experience, if more interesting reading could be put in circulation. Although, to the writer's knowledge, he was, about this time, offered a lucrative situation, he refused it, and preferred the more arduous, the less profitable, but to him, the more useful task of personally endeavoring to circulate, by subscriptions, useful and entertaining works and periodicals throughout the country; but more particularly in our back settlements. With this object, he repeatedly traversed from below Quebec, up to Lake Huron; from the Eastern Townships, to the furthest settlements on the Ottawa.—At the outset of these labors, he was very much impeded by the restrictions which were then placed here upon American republications of English works. We have good reason to know, that his repeated representations to the government of the injuries these restrictions produced on the country, in a great measure led to their repeal. By this change, many a valuable English work is now placed within the reach of our poorer classes, which, formerly, could only have been purchased by the rich.—Mr. Lay was, moreover, noted for his urbanity, his warmth of heart, and his fearless avowal of Christian principles, and it has been remarked of him, by many, that no one ever spent a few moments in his society, without receiving some improving ideas, or hearing some pleasing hints on intellectual and moral subjects.

The "Maple Leaf" will be continued by his widow, for the benefit of herself and children. No pains will be spared to make its pages useful and interesting. In fact, many additional attractions for the magazine are contemplated.

A large amount of arrears are due for the volume of the "Snow Drop," which was published by Mr. Lay; and also, on the "Maple Leaf" for the current year. We are sure, that no further appeal than is presented by the above circumstances, will be needed, to induce the immediate payment of these sums to Mrs. Lay.

"FORGES ST. MAURICE."

The small and antique village of St. Maurice, reposes in picturesque beauty upon the right shore of a river of the same name, and is nine miles distant from Three Rivers. The houses for the workmen, the workshops, the charcoal and saw mills, the forges and the furnace, are all grouped together, and cover an area about half a mile square. These buildings are nearly equal in size, and the establishment for the clerks and directors, though a simple building, is the only one that can be termed spacious or lofty, within view from the top of the hill. Leaving Three Rivers to ride to the Iron works called "Les Forges S. Maurice," you travel over a good road, which leads you through a country somewhat hilly,—and it is worthy of attention, that though you are only about nine miles from the town, you are astonished to see before you, a barren landscape presenting the true wilderness aspect. The road leads along the brow of the hill which overhangs the works, and the guide points them out to you, as he drives along. When you get down the hill a varied panorama displays its interesting features. At your right, is the majestic St. Maurice; its waters, crested with white, where restless little waves break over the rocks, or gilded with sunbeams in their more tranquil depths, glide ceaselessly onward, reminding one of the changeful scenery of life. Crossing a bridge, which is thrown over the stream, and

which adds much to the vividness of this natural picture, you leave on your left numerous clean little wooden houses, all white-washed, and at last you find yourself amidst a busy throng, for a population of four or five hundred souls animates this retired spot. Proceeding to visit the establishment, you go through the grist mill, the place for washing ore, the air and blast furnace, to the bellows, to which movement is given by a wheel 30 or 40 feet in diameter; the forge for preparing bar-iron, where a hammer 500 lbs. in weight, strikes its ponderous blows, with all the velocity that mechanical power imparts to matter. In another building charcoal is ground, in another moulds are prepared, &c. &c.

The walk around the Forges is very agreeable. The road is hard and sandy, and leads to the large stone-house, the head-quarters of the establishment, which is represented in the landscape above. This house bears the marks of antiquity, and all in it shows a *regium opus.* It was built at great cost, by the king of France. On a heavy iron plate in the back of the chimney grate, we read that the house was built in 1746, about ten years after the works were in operation.

The establishment was got up by several individuals, and sold afterwards to the king of France by the owners, who could not pay its expenses; the sale was effected in 1736, and in 1737 the works were in operation under the king's name. At that period they afforded a very trifling revenue, as only very coarse articles were manufactured; but in 1739 Engineers were sent from France, and the establishment was raised on a better and firmer footing. It was the only Iron work then in the country. The Batiscan Company was not organised until 1798. We here rather quote Professor Kalm, a learned Swedish Tourist, who visited the establishment in 1748.

"The Iron-work lies three miles to the west of Three Rivers. The bellows are made of wood, and everything else as in the Swedish forges. The ore is got two and a half miles from the Iron works, and is carried thither on sledges. It is a kind of moor-iron, which lies in veins from six to eighteen inches deep, and below it is a white sand. The veins are surrounded with this sand on both sides, and covered at the top with a thin mould. The ore is pretty rich, and lies in loose lumps in the veins, of the size of two fists, though there are a few which are near eighteen inches thick. These lumps are full of holes, which are filled with ochre. The ore is so soft, that it may be crushed between the fingers. They make use of a gray limestone, which

is broken in the neighborhood, for promoting the fusibility of the ore; for that purpose they likewise employ a clay marl which is found near this place. Charcoals are to be had in great abundance here, because the country around this place is covered with wood. The charcoals from evergreen trees, that is, from the fir kind, are best for the forge; but those of deciduous trees are best for the smelting oven. They cast here cannon and mortars of different sizes, iron stoves, &c."

Professor Kalm is not the first who mentions these mines.— Charlevoix says, that it is certain that about 70 years before he was in this country the mines had been discovered by the illustrious Colvert. Charlevoix: *History* of Canada; T. 3, p. 166.

Weld, who visited Canada in 1796, and the late Col. Heriot who wrote in 1806, both mention that the bank of iron-ore at the Forges of St. Maurice was nearly exhausted in their time. And Raynal, with several other writers, quoting them adds, that new veins have been discovered. The workmen testify, that they now find the ore two or three miles from the works. From these facts, we are inclined to adopt the opinion, that a species of common bog ore can be renewed, or in other words, that the bog is capable of growing; and also, that stagnant water combined with acids, and alkalies, decomposes animal and vegetable substances, and affords an argillaceous and phosphorised variety of iron ore, which is formed of a thickness proportioned to the time in which this chemical process of reproduction has been in operation.

The foundery is situated in the Fief St. Etienne. After the surrender of this country to Britain, Col. Burton, Governor of Three Rivers, informed the Directors of works, that it was Lord Amherst's intention to keep the works on the same footing as before the conquest. After the final cession of the country, in 1763, as the King of France had given great attention to the establishment, it pleased the king of England, George III, to keep this property as part of the Crown's domains in Canada. But it was kept up under the king's name only a few years, and in 1766 a stock company was formed in Quebec, who took the lease of the works for 16 years, by a deed dated Quebec, May 12, 1767. It was let to these gentlemen at an annual rent of £800. At the expiration of this lease in 1782, Governor Haldimand rented the establishment to Conrad Gugy, Esq., for 16 years. He did not keep it long, and in a few years it passed

through several hands, until 1806 when it became the property of Messrs. Monroe & Bell. The works continued under the supervision of this eminent firm until within the last few years. The hon. James Ferrier leased them for awhile, and we are informed that they are now under the patronage of Sir James Stewart. B.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Voices from the Mountains and from the Crowd, by Charles Mackay.

"Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam;
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into grey.
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Once the welcome light is broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer:
CLEAR THE WAY!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant-wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
CLEAR THE WAY!"

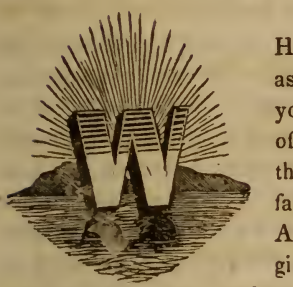
[FOR THE "MAPLE LEAF."]

EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION;

OR

LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BY PHILIP MUSGRAVE.



"WHY don't you put your boots on?" asked a thin, wiry visaged, red haired young man, and then added in a tone of authority, "you cannot come into the shop in that slip shod slovenly fashion to tend upon decent customers. Away, sir, not a word!" he continued giving additional sternness to the harsh severity of his tone and manner, by a stamp of his foot upon the floor, as he saw some symptoms of a reply or explanation.

A pale, sickly looking boy, some fourteen or fifteen years old, to whom the question, or rather mandate, was addressed, limped slowly out of the shop, and went up stairs. As he did so, he turned his heavy and swollen eyes, upon Louis Graham, an older clerk in the store, who had been very kind to him. And Louis Graham's heart ached for him, as he saw those eyes brimful of tears, and welling over. Perhaps the poor boy was thinking at the time, of his mother, and his happy home in a far off settlement, in the back woods.

He was very small for his age, and although never sickly, was rather delicate. Perhaps from the slender and feminine texture of his frame, rather than from any constitutional defect, he looked more like a girl than a boy. He had been reared, it must be confessed, far too tenderly for one who had to begin thus early to fight the great battle of life; and no wonder if he fell crushed and vanquished in the conflict; but we must not anticipate.

Henry Herbert, the little hero of our tale, was the only son, but not the only child of, an officer in the army, who fell, no matter how nor where, in one of the bloody fights during the late rebellion in Canada.

Mrs. Herbert was a sensible and strong minded woman, and after the first paroxism of grief for her sad and sudden bereavement had partially subsided, saw and felt, all the difficulties and responsibilities of her lone and unprotected position—she had not a

friend in the country, but she looked up in faith and hope, without a wavering thought, to the great Father of her fatherless children. And this balm to a fond mother's bleeding heart, even before the fearful wound was healed, roused up into stern activity all the hitherto latent energies of the woman.

I said, she had not a friend in the country, but in this I was wrong—for there was one warm heart that kindly sympathised with her in all her sorrows, and humble as the position of the owner of that heart was, for it belonged to one who had nursed herself in her infancy, as well as her children in theirs, this faithful and attached creature, was undoubtedly a great comfort to her, and a greater still in after years, while she herself was mingling with the dust, to the sorrowing and afflicted ones she had left behind her.

Poor old Mary McKinnon, she was a woman of ten thousand, had saved during her long service in the family, a good deal of money, quite a little capital, and being more a *man* of business than her mistress, as from her masculine character I may well say, she proposed to buy a little farm here in Canada with her savings, and that they should live upon it together, and she would manage it, and with the widow's pension and the allowance to her children, she was sure they would get on very comfortably.

All Mrs. Herbert's demurs and objections to this plan, and they were many and various, being overruled by the resolute conduct of the faithful old nurse, she was obliged to submit to it, and they *did* get on very comfortably for several years, till the cold hand of death was stretched over the scene and left it desolate.

When Mrs. Herbert was thus left a disconsolate widow, she had, as I have already hinted, two little fatherless children, a girl nine years old, and a boy, our poor delicate little Henry, of seven, to provide for.

For seven long years the fond mother and her little ones—the minds and intellects of the latter gradually developing themselves, lived upon old Mary's farm in all the luxurious enjoyments of rural life. The farm was improved—the stock increased, and year after year added to their cup of happiness, till it actually seemed filled to the brim, but ere it overflowed it was dashed from their hands; the poor mother sickened and died of some sudden and violent disease, some affection of the heart I think it was. Her

pension, and I believe some small annuity fell with her, and the two little orphans—orphans now in the fullest extent of the desolate term, were left to be thrown upon the wide cold world, without other friend or protector than the faithful, but now helpless old Mary. For what could she do? and the children themselves, they were but children still; what could they do?

Amy, the oldest, inheriting the energetic mind of her mother, determined what they would *not* do. They would not be a burthen upon their poor old nurse. She *was* old now, and would have quite enough to do to support herself, and she therefore was resolutely bent upon their earning their own livelihood. To this end she applied to the storekeeper in the settlement where they lived to endeavor to get her delicate little brother into some situation in a store, in the great town of———. He at once kindly complied with her request, and was completely successful in his application, and she went down with Henry to see him installed in his new place, and with a view also to obtain for herself some similar situation in the same town, in order that they might not be separated. In this also she succeeded, even beyond her most sanguine expectations, and in obtaining employment, she found a home.—A home all but equal to the one she had lost—not so, poor Henry, to whose melancholy history we now return.

It was early in the morning, a raw chilling morning, in the month of April, about 6 o'clock, and just as the fires in the stoves were beginning to be felt, that Henry Herbert was slowly ascending the long and winding stairs to his lonely garret room. He had hardly however reached the last, the weary sixty-fourth, (I counted them myself, in one of my many visits afterwards to the the sick boy,) when a lighter and rapid step went bounding after him. It was Louis Graham's. He found the poor boy tugging at one of his boots, and trying in vain to get it on. He had been on his feet the day before for more than *seventeen hours*, aye and for many a long and weary day before that, till, as his kind friend suspected, his feet and legs had become so swollen that he could *not* get his boots on.

"Put on mine, Henry my boy," he said in a tone and manner denoting a cheerfulness he certainly did not feel, "they are a size or two larger than yours," he continued, "and you'll find them underneath my drawers, at the other end of the room."

The helpless sufferer turned a languid look of gratitude upon his friend, but ere he had time to utter a word that friend was down the stairs, and at his post again, before the harsh superintendent had missed him. And yet this superintendent was not harsh by nature, but had become a tyrant from the ill treatment of his youth. How odd that such should be the case, and yet how common.

Henry came down immediately after, in his friend's Sunday boots, and in this guise another long weary day was added to the past, but the measure was full, and the number to the last unit was completed.

It was Saturday, and at three minutes before twelve o'clock at night, the business of the day was declared by the superintendent to be over. He could not think for a moment of their working on the Sunday; Oh no! he was too pious a man for that.

At, or a little before 8 o'clock the next morning, they breakfasted at that hour on Sunday morning, Louis Graham got up, and called to his young friend, they slept in the same room, to follow his example.

"Come Harry my lad," he said, "up with you, we have only a quarter of an hour to dress in."

Poor Harry rubbed his eyes, and refused at first to stir, but afterwards, on the kind bantering of his friend got up and walked across the room from his bed-side to the window, to look out upon the bright sunshine.

"Oh how beautiful it is!" he exclaimed, "even here with nothing for it to shine upon but dead walls and a smoky atmosphere. But how grand," he continued as a thought of his "boyhood's home" shot athwart his vision, "how glorious is it at this moment on the green fields, and the budding forests, and the sparkling little streamlet, and the browsing cattle, and the bright plumage of the Bob-o-lincoln, and a thousand other beauties in the lovely landscape about my mother's house that I shall never see again."

This was said in such a serious melancholy tone and manner, as affected his companion almost to tears, but assuming again a cheerfulness which he did not feel, he said to him in a bantering tone, "Come, come, none of your sentimental nonsense master

Harry, but get dressed as quickly as you can, or we shall be too late for breakfast!"

The boy returned in compliance with his friends admonition to the side of his bed, but had hardly reached it, when he staggered and fell upon the floor.

The silver cord was loosened but not broken.—His friend, a stout and stalwart man, took him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant, and laid him again in his bed.

That sunshiny Sunday was a sad and sorrowful day for Amy Herbert, his kind and loving sister, and little less so to his friend Louis Graham.

The doctor was sent for, and the two mourners, who had never met before, sat beside the bed of the little sufferer, watching every varied expression of his countenance, as he examined his patient; their scrutiny, however, ended in disappointment, and despair—no not despair, for as the door of that sick chamber closed upon the doctor's departure, a ray of hope with a beam of bright sunshine came down from the skies through the window, shedding a bloom of immortality on the three warm hearts within.

"Dear, dear Amy!" said the sick boy, as his weeping sister bent over him, and kissed his pallid brow, "Don't, pray, don't take on so.—It's the Lord's will,—and you know that we shall be happy yet together, and Louis too. Besides," he added in a more cheerful tone, "I may recover, despite that ominous shake of the doctors head, and be—" "overworked and crushed again into the earth as we all are, with these long long hours, and weary want of sleep," bitterly interposed his friend finishing the sentence for him in a less hopeful way than the poor sick boy intended.

"But I hear," said the sister addressing herself timidly, for the first time, to Louis Graham, "that an Association is being formed for the purpose of insisting upon *early* closing—called, indeed, the 'Early Closing Association,' and good Mrs. Wilmot, my employer, says, that she is sure it will succeed, and that all good people will come into it at once, so that by the time, say a week or two," the hopeful girl continued, "my poor brother Harry will be well again, he won't have to work more than twelve hours a day."

"And enough too in all conscience," replied the grateful listener to this unconcious compliment to himself, for Amy Herbert knew

not that Louis Graham was the originator and promoter of this great and benevolent scheme, which has already been as great a benefit to thousands, as it doubtless will be to tens of thousands yet unborn.

But was poor Harry Herbert to be among the number of the participators in the benefits of this important, and benevolent scheme? Alas no!

That long and weary Sunday passed away into the dark gulf of that mysterious eternity which had no beginning, and another week and another Sunday were to be added to that mysterious eternity which has no end. And still Henry Herbert lived, and the two mourners (his loving sister Amy, and Louis Graham) were yet to be found at the bed-side of the patient sufferer, and by this time another kind and sympathising soul was there—a circumstance it would be unjust and cruel to forget. Mary McKinnon, the old and faithful nurse, no sooner heard of poor Henry's illness than she came to town, in the full assurance of hope that her presence and care would soon restore the darling boy of her beloved mistress to health and strength again.

But vain and futile was the hope; another Sunday came; the sun shone as brightly, not *through* the garret windows of that chamber, but *upon* them, and its bright beams were reflected back upon the dull pavement in the street below, for they were darkened with the shadow of death, and the pale faced boy in his placid sleep lay there with the light covering of a snow-white sheet upon his slender frame, and as on the last Sunday with the two mourners, Amy Herbert, and Louis Graham by his side.—*Two* mourners!—there were three.—The poor old nurse must not be forgotten. * * *

Years. on the swift wings of time, fled by, during which, Louis Graham, by unwavering exertions accomplished the great object, as it seemed, of his life's mission, and the early closing of shops became the general rule throughout the community.

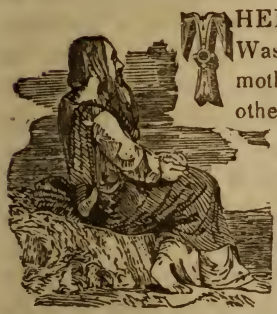
During this period many were the *casual* interviews, resulting in short walks on the long Summer evenings, of course quite accidental, between the two mourners who had sat so sad and disconsolate by the side of the dying and dead boy, till on a certain fortunate event, when Louis Graham's merits and faithful services were rewarded by a partnership in the concern with which he had

been so long connected, old Mary's quiet was again disturbed, by being sent for to be present at the happy nuptials of Louis Graham and Amy Herbert.

A proud woman was old Mary, on that happy day, and prouder still as she returned to her peaceful farm, in the back woods, laden with presents from her pet Amy and her husband.

"The poor mother," she exclaimed, as she journied homeward, "how happy would she have been had she lived to see this day;" for a moment in the joyousness of the scene, and but for a moment poor Henry was forgotten.

THE TRUE HERO.



"THERE is an endearing tenderness" says Washington Irving, "in the love of a mother for her son that transcends all other affections of the heart." We have just heard a touching illustration of the fact, that the love of a son for his mother may also transcend and swallow up all other affections, at a moment too, when he might well be pardoned for remembering only his own great trials. Some two years ago, a young man, belonging to Philadelphia, was returning by rail road to that city from the town of Reading Pensylvania. By an accident which happened to the train as it was approaching town, and while he was standing upon the platform, he was thrown off, and fell partly under the wheels of the succeeding car; and his right arm, "marrow, bones, and all" was crushed to a jelly, and dropped uselessly at his side. This, however, was fortunately his only injury. He was a young man of determined nerve, and of the noblest spirit. He uttered no word of complaint—not even a groan. When the train arrived at the depôt a carriage was immediately called, when, attended by his friend, he said to the coach-man, "Drive at once to Dr. M——'s, in Walnut street." "Had'nt you better go immediately home?" asked his friend. "No," said he, "I don't want them to know about me until it is all over!" Our

hero, for he was a hero, was deaf to all the cou[illegible] remonstrances of his friend; and they drove rapidly to the h[illegible]e of the eminent surgeon alluded to. They were shown into the parlor and the doctor summoned. After an examination—"Well my dear fellow," said the surgeon, for he was well acquainted with his patient, "you know, I suppose, what must be done?" "I do," he replied, "and it is for the purpose of having it done that I am here!" "My surgical—table is below," said the doctor. "Can it not be done without that?" asked the sufferer. "I cannot be tied—I cannot he held. Amputate my arm here, doctor;" he continued, holding out his dangling limb over the back of the sofa; "Do it *here*, doctor, I shall not flinch, I shall not interfere with your operations.

The limb was bared; two attendants, medical students in the house were summoned; the arm was taken off above the elbow, while the patient sat as he had requested, uttering no groan, nor speaking a single word, while the operation was being performed. The dressings were applied, and, attended by his friend, the patient had reached the door on his way to his own house, which was very near by, when he turned round to the surgeon, and said: "Doctor, I should like to look at my arm once more; pray let me see it! The surgeon raised the mangled limb; the patient glanced at the bloodless hand, and said: "Doctor, there is a *ring* upon the middle finger of that hand; won't you take it off for me? My Mother gave me that ring when she was on her death-bed. I can part with my arm, but while I live I *can't* part with that ring!" The ring was slipped from the cold white finger: "Put it on *that* finger," said he, holding up the same finger of the left hand. As he was leaving the door with his attendant, to enter the carriage, he said: "How shall I break this thing to my poor sister?" Is not this a true *hero*, reader?

L. Gaylord Clark.

"*A heart* loving to do good, finds an outlet at every point, while from a thousand little streams, kindness and affection flow in."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

ELIZA ARRIVES IN CANADA.

EVERY page of that wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," glows with inimitable tracery and life-like picturing. We have read somewhere of one who was surfeited in reading the book once, and declared he could never look into it again! We must confess, that a taste which claims to be so sublimated and purified, might need other aliment—but for our simple self, we had rather not claim such exalted discrimination, and enjoy the tear, or the smile, the alternate melting of every refined affection of the soul, and the cheerful brightness which invests Mrs. Stowe's home groups with a lively enticement. We delight to follow her shrewd delineations of life, and see the workings of selfishness, and avarice, and the fear of Man shown up with such native humor, and witty seizing upon the grotesque.—We cannot decide in which she most excels,—in viewing things in comical, and amusing relations, as in the answer she puts into the mouth of the little negro girl who had purloined, and destroyed Miss. Ophelia's ribbon on the sabbath day; and, when asked, "What makes you behave so?" answered, "'Spects it's my wicked heart,"—or in bringing the most affecting scenes to our view with a tenderness that allures us into mournful sympathy with the sick, and the dying, and lifts our thoughts from the chamber of dissolution to that celestial beauty which blooms above.

Mrs. Stowe's descriptions of Northern, Southern, and Western character, in the United States, are very natural. The American reader feels as if he was meeting familiar faces, and journeying over accustomed routes. Many a hearty laugh have we had over the famous scene in which "Sam and Andy" flourished so conspicuously, or when we read those quiet unpretending descriptions of "St. Clare's" sarcastic humor, and "Miss Vermont's" clock-like precision. The generous hospitality of the Kentucky gentleman, the calm happiness of a senator's home, the orderings of a thrifty house-keeper amid the valleys of Indiana, and the New England farm-house, all appear to us true to the life. At one time we follow our authoress to a backwoods' plantation,

where the white cotton bowls, cover acres and acres with a snow white mantling, and the only features to vary the wide spread sameness, are the "big house" of the master—the range of negro huts—and the cotton-house, where defile at night scores of hands, old and young, with their burden picked from the plants under the scorching sun, At another moment she rolls out before us a sunset scene on Lake Porchartrain, and we see, in imagination, the waters rippling lazily on the low beach, and inhale the fragrance wafted from many a beauteons flower, while the luxuriant growth of plant and tree,—from the *Passiflora* that crowns arbor, and verandah with its emblematic flowers, to the *Pomegranate* whose scarlet clusters peep forth temptingly among its dark foliage adds to the enchantment of the spot.

We felt a great sympathy with those broken hearts in that Mississippi steamboat. We once saw a man sink in that river and wife and family went out in vain to meet him, when we arrived opposite his home. He threw himself into the stream in a fit of desperation, and before a boat could be sent to help him, he sank to rise no more : as in the case of the poor bereaved negro woman, the mighty river rushed on, and the boat, groaning and puffing, gave stroke after stroke of her vast machinery, and soon left the spot far in the distance ; unmarked in the turbid waters by aught, save an eddying whirl around a gnarled branch of a tree that swayed, to and fro, near where that immortal spirit had soared from its earthly home.

The readers of the "Maple Leaf" have been introduced to some of Mrs. Stowe's characters, and we are sorry the limits of our magazine do not permit us to give larger extracts each month. We have thought it best to refer to some of the principal characters, and relate the finale in their history, for the benefit of those subscribers who, residing at a distance from the city, might not be likely to procure the work.

We left George and Eliza, last month, at the Quaker settlement. Their souls were fired at the thought of a recapture, and the energy of despair glowed in George's fine countenance, and lit up Eliza's lovely features with a holy trust in His care, who had so signally brought them thus far. The Quakers are always earnestly interested in aiding the slave. They pro-

vided the little company with a covered waggon, and some of their society went to assist the fugitives, in case the pursuers should overtake them. On a ledge or rocks, up which there was only one narrow pathway, "the run-aways" gathered themselves just in time to avoid a strong party, which came at full gallop to arrest them. Here George made a speech in defence of his position, of which says our authoress, with her stinging irony: "If he had been a Hungarian youth, bravely defending in some mountain fortress, the retreat of fugitives escaping from Austria into America, this would have been sublime heroism; but as it was a youth of African descent, defending the retreat of fugitives through America into Canada, of course we are all too well instructed and patriotic to see any heroism in it; and if any of our readers do, they must do it on their own private responsibility." George and his friends came off victorious; though obliged to fire at their assailants, it rejoiced his heart that no one was seriously wounded. Passed on from one step to another, through the whole length of this branch of "under ground rail-road," the little party at last arrived safely in Sandusky. Here Eliza disguised herself, to avoid suspicion, and "Mrs. Smyth, a respectable woman, who, fortunately for them, was on her way to the settlement whither they were fleeing," took charge of little Harry. He was dressed as a little girl, and easily persuaded to take hold of her hand, while the party proceeded on board of the Steamboat which conveyed them to the "Land of Liberty!"

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE BOY.

THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER, "AND SHE WAS A WIDOW."

A little spirit slumbereth here,
Who to one heart was very dear;
O, he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day, its dream by night;
The chill wind came, the young flower faded
And died,—the grave its sweetness shaded.

Fair boy thou should'st have mourned for me,
Not I have lived to weep for thee;
Yet, not long shall this sorrowing be,
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck the dear and sacred ground,
When spring gales, next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

—*Communicated.*

THE following lines were written by a deceased friend at the early age of 17 years, on finding in the woods, near New Bedford Mass., an old, very old stone, marking a stranger's grave. —Here shut in by the solemn silence which pervaded the spot, and, the detatched, from earthly considerations, the importance of the spiritual man, rose in dignity before him, and his young heart swelling with great thoughts, breathed forth its musing, and its convictions :—

THE OLD GRAVE STONE.

(*Original.*)

I have seen in the woods an old grey stone,
With some ancient words and a date imprest,
Time worn and mossy, and standing alone,
To mark the spot where a stranger found rest.

And I love to go, when the evening breeze
Moves silently over the sleeper's bed,
And muse for awhile 'neath the tall oak trees,
That curtain this couch of the lonely dead ;

For there seems to be to my spirit brought,
In thissweet and soothing hour of even',
Bright glimpses, like those which the prophet caught,
When, entranced, he stood by the gate of heaven.

* * * * * * * * * *

Does the soul of man revisit the earth,
As it wanders amongst the rolling spheres ?
Does it stand again by its place of birth,
And recall the thoughts of its early years ?

And are there not times when that spirit of light,
Whose earth-home is mouldering beneath my feet,
Will hitherward hasten her airy flight
And gather her wings on this green turf seat ?

Oh yes ! there are times, when the sun goes down,
And light fleecy clouds have mellowed his ray,
When the wood-thrush lights on this old gray stone,
And trills his farewell to departing day ;

That here to this quiet and calm repose,
That spirit will come, and will linger here,
While memory around her its mantle throws,
And the scenes of her youth once more appear.

But she lingers not long, for memory's hand
Retraces the ills as the joys she knew ;
And she looks beyond to a " better land,"
Where joys will sparkle eternity through.

But a few more years, and the trumpet's sound
Will ring through the universe God has made,
And rolling along through this vast profound,
Will reach the spot where this sleeper is laid.

Then, then, will the form that now slumbers alone,
Rise up from its' bed in the forest's gloom,
And, joined to its' spirit before the throne,
Expect the award of the day of doom.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

(By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.)

CHAPTER IV.

IT was some time before Lady Mary's nurse could tell her any more stories. She received a letter from her sister-in-law, informing her that her brother was dangerously ill, confined to what was feared would prove his death-bed, and that he earnestly desired to see her before he died. The Governor's lady, who was very kind and good to all her household, readily consented to have Mrs. Frazer go and see her sick relation.

It was with much regret that Lady Mary parted from her dear nurse, whom she loved very tenderly. Mrs. Frazer informed her young charge that it might be a fortnight before she could return, as her brother lived on the shores of one of the small lakes, near the head waters of the Otonabee river, a great way off; but she promised to return as soon as she could, and, to console her young mistress for her absence, said she would bring her some Indian toys from the back-woods.

The month of March passed away pleasantly; for Lady Mary enjoyed many a delightful sleigh-drive with her papa, and mamma, and with her governess, who seized every opportunity

to instruct and amuse her. On entering the nursery one day, after enjoying a long drive in the country, great was her joy to see her good nurse sitting quietly at work by the stove. She was dressed in deep mourning, and looked much thinner and paler than when she last saw her.

The kind little girl knew, when she saw her nurse's black dress, that her brother must be dead; and, with the delicacy and thoughtfulness of a true lady, remained very quiet, and did not annoy her with questions about triffling matters; she spoke low and gently to her, and tried to comfort her when she saw large tears falling on the work which she held in her hand, and kindly said, "Mrs. Frazer, you had better go and lie down and rest yourself, for you must be tired after such a long long journey."

The next day Mrs. Frazer seemed much better; she brought out an Indian basket very richly wrought with colored porcupine quills; it was made of birch bark, and had two lids.

Lady Mary admired the splendid colors, and strange patterns on the basket.—"It is for you my dear," said her nurse, "open it and see what is in it." Lady Mary lifted one of the lids, and took out another smaller basket, of a different shape and pattern. It had a top which was sewed down with a coarse looking thread, which her nurse told her was nothing but the sinews of the deer, dried and beaten fine, and drawn out like thread. Then, taking an end of it in her hand, she made Lady Mary observe, that these coarse threads could be separated into a great number of finer ones, some so delicate that they could be passed through the eye of a fine needle, or a tiny bead could be strung upon it.

"The Indians, my Lady, sew with the sinews of the wild animals which they kill. These sinews are much tougher, and stronger than thread, and, therefore, well adapted to sew together such things as moccassins, leggings, and garments made of the skins of wild beasts. The finer threads are used for sewing the beads and quill ornaments on moccassins, and sheaths, and pouches, beside other things that I cannot now think of."

"They sew some things with the roots of the tamarack, or

larch; such as the common sorts of birch baskets, and the bark canoes, and bark for the covering of their wigwams. They call this 'wah-tap,' (root-thread,) and they prepare it by pulling off the outer rind and steeping it in water. It is the larger fibres which have the appearance of small cordage when coiled up, and fit for use. This 'wah-tap,' is very valuable to these poor Indians, who could not make their birch bark canoes so well or so strongly without it. There is also another plant called 'asclepias parviflora,' (Indian hemp,) which is a small shrubby kind of milk weed, that grows on gravelly islands. It bears white flowers, the branches are long and slender; on stripping the bark off there is a fine silky thread that covers the wood, this is tough and can be drawn out and twisted. It has been spun into cloth.—It is very white, and fine, and does not break easily. There are other plants of the same family that have pods full of fine shining silk, but these are too short and brittle to spin into thread. This last, kind Lady Mary, I will show you in the Summer; it is called 'asclepias syriaca,' (milk weed,—fly traps.)"

But while Mrs. Frazer was talking about these plants the little lady was examining the contents of the small birch box,—"If you please, nurse, will you tell me what these hard dark shining seeds are?"

"These seeds, my dear, are Indian rice; an old squaw, Mrs. Peter Noggan, gave me this to take as 'Present for Governor's Daughter;'" and Mrs. Frazer imitated the soft whining tone of the Indian which made Lady Mary laugh.

"The box is called a 'mowkowk.' There is another just like it only there is a white bird, a snow bird, I suppose it is meant for—worked on the lid. The lid of this box was fastened down with a narrow slip of deer-skin; Lady Mary cut the fastening, and raised the lid,—"Nurse it is only yellow sand; how droll, to send me a box of sand."

"It is not sand; taste it, Lady Mary."

"It is sweet—it is sugar,! Ah now I know what it is that this kind old squaw has sent me; it is Maple-sugar; it is very nice. I will go and show it to mama."

Wait a little, Lady Mary, let us see what there is in the basket besides the rice and the Maple-sugar."

"What a lovely thing this is! dear nurse, what can it be?"

"It is a sheath, for your scizzors, my dear; it is made of doe-skin, and it is embroidered with beads, and colored quills split fine, and sewed down with the deer sinew thread. There is a pair of bracelets; they are very curiously woven."

Lady Mary examined the bracelets and said, she thought the were wrought with beads, like bugles. But Mrs. Frazer told her that they were porcupine quills cut out very fine, and strung in a pattern. They were very neatly and tastefully made; the pattern was that of a Grecian scroll, very carefully imitated by some Indian squaw.

"There is an embroidered knife sheath; it is large enough for a hunting knife.—For a 'couteau du chasse,'—that is the name for it, is it not?"

"This sheath was worked by the wife of Isaak Iron, an educated Indian chief of the the Mudlake Indians. She gave it to me because I had once been kind to her in sickness."

"I will give it to my dear papa," said Lady Mary, "for I never mean to go out hunting, and do not wish to carry a big knife by my side" and she laid the sheath away after having admired its gay colors, and the figure of a little animal worked in black and white quills, which was meant to represent a raccoon; Mrs. Frazer told her.

"This is a present for your doll, it is a doll's mat, it was woven by a little girl seven years old, Rachel Muskrat;—and here is a little canoe of red cedar; made by a little Indian boy."

"What a darling little boat, and there is a fish carved on the paddles." This device greatly pleased the little girl, and she said she would send Rachel a wax doll, and little Moses a knife, or something useful, when Mrs. Frazer went again to the Lakes;—but when her nurse took out of the other end of the basket a birch bark cradle made for the doll, worked very richly, the child clapped her hands for joy; and said, "Ah, nurse, you should not have brought me so many pretty things at once, for I am too happy!"

The rest of the things in the basket consisted of seeds, and berries, and a small cake of Maple-sugar, which Mrs. Frazer had made for the young lady.—This was very different in appearance from the Indian sugar. It was bright and sparkling, like sugar candy, and tasted rich and sweet. The other sugar was dry, and slightly bitter. Mrs. Frazer told Lady Mary that this peculiar taste was caused by the birch bark vessels which the Indians used for catching the sap as it flowed from the maple trees.

"I wonder who taught the Indians how to make maple-sugar?" asked the child.

"I do not know;" replied the nurse. "I have heard that they knew how to make the sugar when the discoverers of the country found them.—It may be that they ,found it out by accident. The sugar maple when wounded in the months of March and April, yields a great deal of sweet liquor. Some Indians may have supplied themselves with this juice when pressed for want of water; for it flows so freely in warm days in Spring, that several pints can be obtained from one tree in the course of the day. By boiling this juice it becomes very sweet, and, at last, when all the thin watery part has gone off in steam, it becomes thick like honey; boiling it still longer it turns to sugar when cold. So you see, my dear, that the Indians might have found it out by boiling some sap instead of water, and letting it remain on the fire till it grew thick."

"Are there many kinds of maple trees that sugar can be made from, nurse?" asked the little girl.

"No, my lady; I believe there is only one that yields sap sweet enough for the purpose. The sap of the birch tree, I have heard can be made into sugar; but it would require a larger quantity. A kind of weak wine and vinegar is made by some persons of birch sap: I have drank it, and it tastes very pleasant. The people who live in the backwoods, and make maple-sugar always make a small cask of vinegar at the 'sugaring off.'"

"That must be very useful, but if the sap is sweet, how can it be made into such sour stuff as vinegar?"

The nurse tried to make Lady Mary understand that the heat

of the sun, or a warm room would make the liquid ferment, unless it had been boiled a long time, so as to become very sweet, and somewhat thick. The first fermentation, she told her, would only give a winy taste, but if it continued to ferment a great deal, them it turned sour and became vinegar.

"How very useful a maple tree must be nurse,—I wish there were maples in the g rden, and I would make some sugar, and molasses, and wine, and vinegar, and what else would I do?"—

Mrs. Frazer laughed and said, "The wood is good to burn, it is considered excellent for fuel."

"If I cut down my tree nurse I should not have any sugar;" said the child quickly.

"The wood is used in making bed-steads and chests of drawers, and many other things. There is a very pretty wood used for furniture called bird's eye maple. The drawers in my bed-room, that you think so pretty, are made of it,—but it is a disease in the tree that causes it to have these little marks all through the wood. The bright scarlet leaves of the maple tree give a beautiful look to the woods in the fall. The soft maple is very bright when the leaves are changing, but it gives no sugar."

"Then I will not let it grow in my garden nurse."

"It is useful for other purposes my dear. The settlers use the bark for dying wool; and a jet black ink can be made from it by boiling down the bark with a bit of coperas, in an iron vessel.—So you see it is useful. The flowers are bright red, and look very pretty in the spring. This tree grows best by the water side, and some call it swamp maple."

This was all Mrs. Frazer could tell Lady Mary about the maple trees. Many little girls as young as the Governor's daughter, would have thought it very dull to listen to all her nurse had to say about plants and trees, but Lady Mary would put aside her dolls and toys, to stand beside her nurse, and ask questions, and listen to her answers. The more she heard, the more she desired to hear about these things. "The hearing ear, and the seeing eye are two things that are never satisfied" saith the wise King Solomon.

Lady Mary was delighted with the contents of her Indian basket, and spent the rest of her play hours in looking at the various articles, and asking her nurse questions about the materials from which they were made. Some of the bark boxes were lined with paper, but the doll's cradle was not, and Lady Mary perceived that the inside of it was very rough, caused by the hard ends of the quills with which it was ornamented. At first the little girl could not think how the squaws worked with the quills, as they could not possibly thread them through the eye of a needle; but her nurse told her that the squaws when they want to work any pattern on birch bark, first draw it out with some sharp pointed instrument,—a sharp nail, or bodkin, or even a strong thorn; they then pierce holes close together round the edge of the leaf, or blade, or bird that they have drawn out on the birch bark,—into these holes they insert one end of the quill, the other end is then drawn through the opposite hole, pulled tight, bent a little, and cut off on the inside. This any one of my young readers may see if they examine the Indian baskets or toys made of birch bark.

"I have seen the squaws in their wigwams at work on these things, sitting cross-legged on their mats,—some had the quills in a little bark dish on their laps, while others held them in their mouths; not a very safe way, nor a nice way; but Indians are not very nice in some of their habits;" said Mrs. Frazer.

"Nurse, if you please, will you tell me what this little animal is designed to represent?" said Lady Mary pointing to the

figure of the raccoon which was worked in quills on the sheath of the hunting knife.—

"It is intended for a raccoon my lady," replied her nurse.

"Is the raccoon a pretty creature like my squirrel?"

"It is much larger than your squirrel,—its fur is not near so soft, or so fine; the color is grey and black, or dusky; the tail barred across and bushy.—You have seen many sleigh robes made of raccoon skins, with the tails looking like tassels at the back of the sleighs."

"Oh yes, and a funny, cunning looking face, peeping out too,"

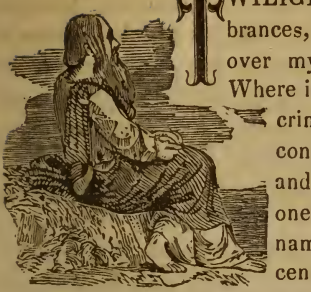
"The face of this little animal is sharp, and the eyes black, and keen like a fox; the feet bare like the soles of our feet, only black and leathery; their nails are very sharp; they can climb trees very fast. During the winter the raccoons lay up in hollow trees; they cling together for the sake of keeping each other warm. They are sometimes found by the choppers as many as seven or eight in one nest fast asleep. Most probably the young family remain together with the old ones till the spring, when they separate. The raccoon in its habits is said to resemble the bear; like the bear, it lives chiefly on vegetables, especially Indian corn, but I do not think that it lays by any store for Winter. They sometimes wake up if there comes a few warm days, but soon retire again to their warm cosy nests."

"Raccoons will eat eggs, and fowls are often taken by them,—perhaps this is in the Winter, when they wake up, and are pressed by hunger."

Her nurse said that one of her friends had a raccoon which he kept in a wooden cage, but he was obliged to have a chain and collar to keep him from getting away, as he used to gnaw the bars asunder, and had slily stolen away, and killed some ducks, and was almost as mischievous as a fox, but very lively and amusing in his way.

Lady Mary now left her good nurse and took her baskets with all the Indian treasures, to show them to her mama,—with whom for the present we will leave her.

TWILIGHT HOURS.



TWILIGHT! a thousand touching remembrances, and endearing recollections steal over my soul at the magic of that word. Where is the heart so hardened, even by crime, or so cased with selfishness and constant intercourse with a hollow and heartless world, that does not at one time or another vibrate at that name so fraught with tender reminiscences of the past?

How does memory recall each member of the beloved family circle gathered round the cheerful fire; the father or loving mother imparting to the eager auditors some tale or legend of olden time, some heroic deeds of the wise, the noble hearted, of those who in a holy cause have been faithful unto death; and, as she gazes on the earnest faces bent upon her, how does the secret prayer ascend unto the throne of God, that on the pliant tender natures around her, they might make an impression, not to be effaced by the rude breath of worldliness.—

Then the conversation would lead on to still deeper things,—gradually unfolding her own treasures of thought and experience,—human life in its more chastened coloring, and endeavouring in the spring-time of their being to inspire them with earnest longings after all that is fair and good. Who dare limit the influence of the "twilight hour?"

It may be the germ of that mighty power implanted in the soul, which impresses it ever with a deep sense of its immortality, that power which has ever supported it in times of trial and of suffering.

It stood by Galileo, when, unmoved by tortures he boldly asserted his sublime discovery.—Like a watching Angel, it hovered over Sir Walter Raleigh in the solitude of the Tower; with Ferguson it watched the stars; with Columbus it crossed the Atlantic; and among the lonely of the earth, it diffuses its hallowing, purifying power.

Far and wide, and into ages yet unborn, the seed of the twilight hour may extend its influence; it must be a growth of in-

crease, for it is watered by the dew of Heaven, and the rays which beam around the throne of God shine upon it! How can we say that the mother may not from her glorified sphere be allowed to raise the veil, and, gazing on this lower world, see with joy, even to a heavenly bosom, that the seed early planted in the hearts of her beloved ones, has sprung up, spreading again its influence through the homes of Earth!

Home! there, in its pristine purity is seen the holy interchange of Love. Strangers intermeddle not with the deep joy or sorrow of the family circle.—Storms divides not; sunshine allures not the loving hearts from each other. But the circle must be scattered. Far distant may be their future homes. These loving arms may never again enfold each other; but, however, widely separated, they will retain in their hearts one spot sacred to the past.

Will not the dim twilight ever recall the home of their childhood, that source of the heart's deepest springs,—the green tree under whose boughs they played so merrily through the long summer day,—and the grave?

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled, as they prayed
Around one Parent knee."

Rice Lake, Dec. 14, 1852. C. HAYWARD.

(*To be continued.*)

ANGEL VISITANTS.

When Earth is hushed in slumber deep—
When moon and stars are shining—
Where Labour lays him down to sleep,
Where Infancy's reclining,
Where Pain forgets his ceaseless smart,
And Grief her weary sighing,
Or where some loving, breaking heart
Keeps watch beside the dying;
We come—a pure and pitying band,
Upon the clouds of even,
And on the sleeping Earth we stand,
The sentinels of Heaven.

When breaks upon the sin-seared mind,
The first repentant feeling,
Or where an influence, pure and kind,
O'er some hard heart is stealing,
Where peasants of a Saviour's love
In rustic speech are telling,
Or Childhood's voice, o'er hill and grove,
In holy lays is swelling;
The softening thought—the cradle-hymn,
The simple, artless story,
Are marked by the same Seraphim
Who hailed the King of Glory.

Oh! call thou not the loneliest spot,
Poor mortal, wan and weary,
Though human converse glad it not,
All desolate and dreary;
There dwells a holy presence there,
Where e'er thy step is roving,
Peopling the earth, the sky, the air,
With beings kind and loving;
No dream of ages passed away,
No nymphs of classic fable,
But they who watched the Babe that lay,
By night, in Bethlehem's stable

R. A. P.

Coburg, Feby. 1853.

[For the "Maple Leaf."]

A BOY'S TRIP TO THE SHAWINEGAN FALLS, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE great river St. Maurice, and the Shawinegan Falls, are comparatively unknown, except to the inhabitants of Three Rivers, and "its vicinity," as the advertisements would say, and, probably, will remain so, until some great man takes it into his head to pay them a visit. As they are both well worth seeing, they may be equally worthy to be described. Some of your readers may like to hear a "Boy's" impressions of a trip up the river to the falls: so here goes.

Know then, ye uninitiated,—that the St. Maurice is a large river, having its source far North, and deriving its springs from the same great chain of Northern Lakes that feed the Ottawa. It pours itself into the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, and indeed gives that

place the name of "Trois Rivieres," from the fact of its emptying itself by three distinct mouths.

With this preface, by way of explanation, let me proceed to detail our trip up the River to the Falls.

Our party consisted of three, K, A, and your humble servant, all eager for a sight of the stupenduous cataract, that some lively imaginations had pictured as scarcely second to Niagara itself. But the Falls were a good many miles off, so we had to look about for some conveyance. The kindness of a Three River friend soon supplied us with this, in the shape of an excellent horse and stylish dog cart; and after we had obtained from him, what he considered, ample directions about the road, accompanied with a neat impromptu chart of the same, and, what was better still a letter of introduction to a hospitable fireside at the Grès, (Anglice Saw Mills,) we started.

True, none of us had ever travelled that way before, and we had no guide; but we felt tolerably secure in the possession of our directions and chart, which told us as follows:—"That there was a good road as far as the Grès,—18 miles off, where we were to put up our horse, present our credentials, and become inmates of the head establishment of the place.—That the Falls were still 6 miles further up the River, but that we could procure a canoe there, and, with an Indian guide, make our way up the River.—That the road to the Grès was a very plain one, there being only one point at which we might possibly go wrong, and that was at the top of a hill, where two roads went off at right angles; and as there was a possibility, nay a strong *probabilty* that we might take the wrong road, and instead of going at '*right*' angles, turn off at '*wrong*.'" The chart aforesaid was very explicit on this point. The first 6 miles of the road were represented as, what the sailor would say, "all plain sailing," and although we might at first find a great many tracks, that we might not care which one we took, as, a little further on they all became one. We were also told of certain great trout streams, and the prospect of dozens of shining, speckled, fat, trout inflamed my piscatorial desires to such a degree that I crammed the necessary tackle into our cart before starting—much to the amusement of K and A, who regarded me as a most stupid angler, my previous fishing attempts in the vicinity of Three Rivers having all ended ignominiously.

Well, we started about 10 o'clock in the morning, "brim" full of expectation; receiving from the ladies many parting hints about "Babes in the woods," and admonitions about the treatment of the horse—such as not driving him too fast, getting out of the cart at hills, &c., &c. Following our directions, we took what seemed the most eligible road. After half-an-hour's pleasant driving we came in sight of a pretty town, and, from the raised table-land we were on, we looked down on glittering spires, and green trees, with a blue strip of water in the distance. Was it possible that there could be such a pretty town behind Three River, which none of us had ever heard of before? Our chart said nothing about it, and our knowledge of the Geopraphy of Canada did not enlighten us on the subject.

The spires looked *very* like the spires of Three Rivers; however, and the blue sheet of water looked *very* like the noble St. Lawrence! Could it be Three Rivers? It was! and we then discovered that we had been unconsciously jogging round the race course! Nothing dismayed, but rather amused,—though half an hour had been wasted, we tried another track; but, after a time, we suspected that the traces of a road were becoming "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," and, at last, we were obliged to admit, that, certainly, that road was an exception to all other roads in general inasmuch as it led to nothing—except by the way to disappointment. Turning back once more we were on the point of going astray for the third time. None of us were very fluent in French, but A thought himself capable of asking directions from a French girl, and he did so, in the following manner:—"Is this le chemin à la St. Maurice?" Her answer startled us, for she said "Non," and pointed far off in another direction. However, I did not feel quite sure about A's French; we wanted the road to the "St. Maurice Forges," and French scholars may be able to judge how far this question of A's indicated our wish,—especially, when the fact is taken into consideration (which we learned afterwards) that there is a French settlement called St. Maurice, in the direction in which the girl pointed, and which no doubt she had in view. A lucky idea struck me, and I mumbled something about "Les Forges," which seemed at once to be satisfactory, and drew an animated "Oui, oui," from our fair friend.

We then trotted on pleasantly enough, and had leisure to observe the surrounding scenery. True, we could not see far on either side of us, the forest did not admit of that, but we could perceive that the road lay along a high table-land, which, as we advanced farther into the forest, became very undulating. The soil is sandy—very—indeed Three Rivers is a place of sand, and for the life of me, I am at a loss to understand how they can get any foundations for their edifices,—a sandy one being proverbially insecure and shaky. I suppose our old horse made the sandy nature of the soil an excuse for going at a most sedate pace, in spite of all the whipping which impetuous youth could bestow!

For the first mile or two, we did not see a vestige of a house, but, as we approached nearer the Forges, we discovered some six or eight miserable farm houses, some of them but half finished—others *entirely finished*, and some deserted; while the crops around these houses were of a most meagre description, generally consisting of about equal parts of stumps, consumptive wheat, and emptiness. Yet, I believe the land is admirably adapted to pasturage, and the grass along the road seemed rich and luxurant. In several fields we observed women cutting the grain with sickles,—their husbands generally working as lumbermen during the summer months. At last, we came in sight of the St. Maurice Forges, and a beautiful sight it was. From a high eminence,—a sandy one of course, we looked down upon a little village, nestling itself in a pleasant little valley,—the impetuous St. Maurice running swiftly past it. On either side high and woody emi-

nences enclosed the view, and gave the little town of white-washed cottages a warm, snug appearance.

I suppose many of your readers have seen a St. Maurice Stove; well, the iron is the product of the "St. Maurice Mines," and the stove the manufacture of the "St. Maurice Forges." The iron obtained in these mines is of the very first quality, and is not second to the best Swedish iron. The number of the workmen's cottages and the regularity with which they are laid out, gives the place the appearance of a good sized village; whil the large workshops might stand for the "public buildings."

We merely stopped to water our horse and ourselves at the Forges, and then started, like young "bears," with the difficulties of the road all before us; for our chart began at the Forges, as, beyond them, the road was represented as more intricate; but, to our delight, we found it was utterly impossible to go astray, there was but one track, and, on either side, the untouched forest.

The soil at, and in the vicinity of the Forges is very black, I suppose because of the large deposits of iron; though I am not quite sure that this is the reason as I have not sufficient Geological lore to hazard a positive opinion.

We came to many very steep hills, which we had to ascend, and, like dutiful boys, (though we were not seen!) we all got out and walked up, in in mercy to our horse. The number of the hills we had to climb showed that we were gradually ascending a higher tract of country.

Beyond the Forges we met with fearful impediments to quick travelling, in the shape of numberless "coal bins." These articles are huge waggons, employed to draw charcoal from the pits in the woods, for the use of the Forges. They are so large, and their boxes bulge on both sides so much, that to meet them in narrow parts of the road is rather ackward, and, as a matter of course, we always fell in with them in such places. They are drawn by two horses each,—tandem fashion,—and the drivers will not "budge," so that you have to "turn out," that is to say, to squeeze your vehicle into some impossible spot, or up some impracticable bank. A dozen such interesting "rencontres" with such unique conveyances, and such enlightened specimens for drivers was quite enough for one day.

We saw a great many large heaps of smoking earth which we supposed to be charcoal pits; we judged so from our knowledge of the process of manufacturing charcoal. Not to be too tedious, let me just add, in concluding Chapter One, that we did not go astray "at the top of the hill,"—that we were awfully bothered with loaded teams, which we could not pass,—that we came to a very steep hill, *down* which we descended,—that at the bottom of this hill we again discovered the river, and what was better, our destination--the Grès,—that the very first person we addresssed was the person we wanted,—that we were hospitably received,—and—there let us stay and rest ourselves for a little; will you, dear reader?

Place D'Armes Hill, Montreal,
March 14, 1853.

JUVENTUS.

EDITORIAL.

This number, sent forth with much anxiety, is sped to its destination under the hopeful impulse which resolution, and a desire to succeed inspires. The *mind* which could plan, and the *courage*, and *perseverance*, which could accomplish, no more acts in unison with ours, but we should prove recreant to all the good influences which *that mind* and *heart* gathered around us. if we faint now, or become disheartened. Looking about and seeing tokens of encouragement we have heartily continued our work, and cheering, and consoling notices, and marks of favor have already met our humble efforts.—

We feel most grateful for the sympathy, and approbation with which the March number has been greeted, and trust that our subscribers may not have reason to regret these kind expressions.—

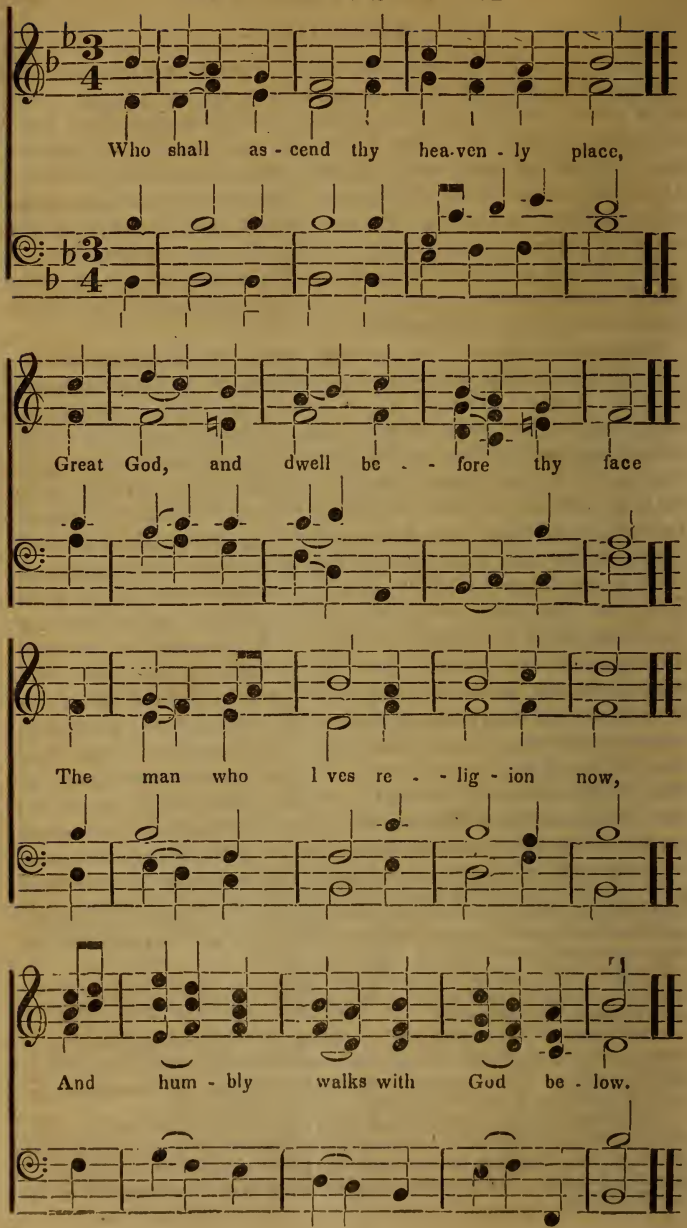
There are points in our lives; moments fraught with the deepest interest; when all that concerns us seems to concentrate; and we stand still fearing to move. Only for a moment must we hesitate, activity is the law of our being: industry that well fitted the duties of yesterday may not at all suit the requirements of to-day; and the morrow may open to us greater responsibilities, and higher claims to exertion. Ever advancing, ever viewing our life in its high relations, let us all aspire to meet its exigencies and difficulties with earnest zeal. It is not easy to keep mind in the ascendant, and nerve the poor weak body to keep pace with the far reaching soul, and it is not strange that we sometimes strive to fold up the bright wings which our spirits would spread for a flight to the realms of intellectual glory, and plead our unfitness to rise. Still we ought to appreciate the nature of the spiritual; and feel the worth of that jewel whose flashing light may gleam with resplendent lustre beneath an eternal day. We ought to look upon all our duties, and all our enjoyments, as ennobled, because they belong to us as sentient beings. Our country can show many men and women who are truly great. Their minds are always expanding. They live for others —they feel for the suffering—they dignify energetic action—they are public benefactors; but there are many, very many, who have hid the precious seeds of early promise. If we could speak to the many, we would say in the warmth of our desire for their improvement—plant these germs of good; water them; nourish them; the spring time is here—it is always spring in the moral world—green shoots will peep forth, graceful foliage will overshadow you, and Canada will yet hear the eloquence of your souls, and be the better for your high purposes.

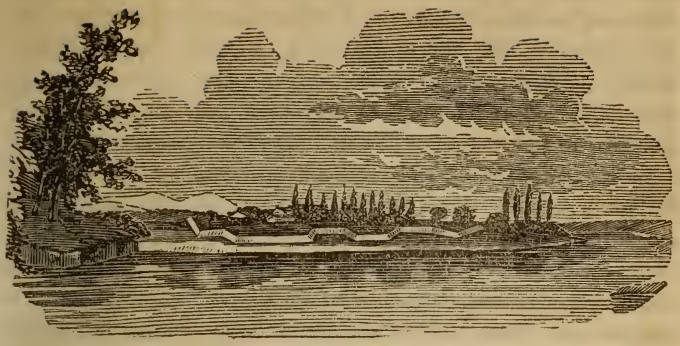
We have received several contributions which we cannot insert for want of space. Our pages will show in the number of original articles, the kind thoughtfulness of contributors.

Short articles are most acceptable. We gladly insert a poetical communication from R. A. P. of Coburg, and take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for an elegant sketch from the same source. We intended to insert it this month but our arrangements would not admit of it.

"Juventus" is assured that we delight to encourage an enterprising youth, who not only understands the abstract truth, that his eyes were given him for the purpose of seeing, but actually uses those eyes as he journies up and down the country. We promise ourselves a fine treat when he takes us to view The Falls.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.


Who shall as - cend thy hea-ven - ly place,
Great God, and dwell be - - fore thy face
The man who lives re - - lig - ion now,
And hum - bly walks with God be - low.



ISLE AUX NOIX.

This is a small island in the Sorel, important to this country as a military outpost in the direction of the United States. It is strongly fortified, and commands the outlet of Lake Champlain. Its surface is not varied, but is low and marshy, especially on the northern side, where the wild fowls gather in the shooting season, and offer fine sport to the lovers of such amusement. The French occupied this island in 1759, when they fled from Chimney Point. They raised fortifications along its shores, and considered it a strong place. They named it in reference to the great number of walnut and hazel trees that were found growing there. They only retained the control of the island a short time;—Lord Amherst dispossessed them in 1760, while on his way to invest Montreal.

During the war in 1775, Isle aux Noix was used in common by English and American troops as a stopping-place, while moving up and down the Lake; and it was here that the officers of both armies consulted on matters of importance. In 1813, the English Government ordered strong fortifications to be constructed all along the island, and sent a strong party to occupy the garrison.

The events of those times interest us all. The recollections which gather round Isle aux Noix, belong equally to the French, the English, and the American—and the sight of its long line of ramparts awakens in each, associations at once pleasing and patriotic. Our forefathers acted a brave part

while pioneering for us, their favored children, the difficult enterprises that have opened to us such peace and prosperity. We enjoy so much, see and hear so many pleasant things, without finding it necessary to make any exertion, that we are in danger of looking too much to our present ease, loving our own comfort, and becoming selfish and careless. Great spirits were Montcalm, and Wolf, and Amherst, and Allen—men who felt fatigue a pleasure—men whose minds planned, and whose wills performed feats of bravery. How fearfully trying must have been their marches through the wilderness. Few roads then wound through our country—the broad lake or river offered a highway in summer, but their boats were clumsy and moved slowly. The land, especially in that part near the River Sorel, is low and marshy. Imagine an army heavily munitioned, marching from St. Johns towards Montreal—baggage waggons sinking in the mud—engineering parties cutting down trees, and trying to construct a rough road as they advance—men's hearts failing them for fear of the lurking savage—night coming on, camp fires lighted—the distant howling of the wolf—the cry of the catamount, and the hooting of the owl, borne to their ears on the evening breeze—every strange sound, or undefined form of broken tree converted into an approaching enemy—the keen cold of our autumn weather stiffening their limbs—insufficient clothing, and indifferent rations completing their misery; and you have only a faint conception of the severe struggles which the brave armies and heroic settlers of this country endured, long before steamboats furrowed our waters, or bridges spanned our rivers, or railroads introduced our cities to each other.

AN HOUR IN THE ICE.

Sleigh bells! who has not listened for their glad music, when friends or dear ones have been waited for? who has not watched for them, perhaps hopefully, perhaps anxiously, perhaps in that agony of suspense which has made their first tone seem as if struck from the very heart? Surely, if the term "joy bells" can ever be rightly applied, it must be to those blithesome heralds of friends approaching. The very house-dog knows his

master's bells, and changes his warning bark, as he recognises them, to one of joyous welcome.

One evening, the close of a March day,—it matters not how long ago,—that merry peal might have been heard approaching the shore of one of the fairest of these island-studded "back lakes," which, if they cannot vie with the broad Huron and Ontario in grandeur, yield in beauty to none of their mighty rivals. The winter had been severe and protracted, and the lake was still frozen over, but the ice had been for some days reckoned unsafe, and in the darkness which was now fast gathering over all things, to cross upon it seemed a perilous attempt.

The person who now appeared, however, driving rapidly towards the shore, looked like one who had braved such dangers many a time before. Every thing about him, from his own blanket coat and crimson sash, to the rough but powerful team he drove, and the shaggy, good-natured collier dog which lay at his feet in the sleigh, spoke the true back-woodsman—one of those hardy, fearless, much-enduring men, who seem made to be the pioneers of civilization, clearing away forests for others to plant cities in their room.

As the night, however, closed about him, it became evident, that even to him the prospect of crossing the unsound ice in the darkness was far from welcome. "It will be as dark as pitch," said he, half aloud, "and the ice is rotten in a dozen places. Well, there's no help for it now, and I know the road blindfold. Once safe on the other side, and I've done with the ice for this winter. I promised Mary this should be the last time."

As the young teamster, for such he was, spoke, he urged his already tired horses to greater speed, for their hoofs were plashing in several inches of water, and the ice beneath was in a state which allowed no dallying by the way.

The moon had not risen, nor could she have given him any assistance if she had, for the sky was covered with thick, black clouds, and not so much as a solitary star peeped forth through the gloom. Relying, however, on his own knowledge of the track, James Gray drove on fearlessly, until he was convinced that he must be nearing a point where it became necessary to make a wide *detour*, to avoid a spot where the ice was both

thin and unsound. Rising to his feet in the sleigh, he peered eagerly into the darkness, to ascertain, if possible, his exact position.

Well was it for him that he did so, as by that movement he freed his limbs from the encumbrance of sundry empty bags, horse cloths, &c., which, when not required for their legitimate uses, were gathered about him as defences from the raw night air.

Even as he stood gazing wistfully forward into the black night, not daring greatly to slacken his horses' speed, where the foundation on which they stood was at best so precarious, the brittle ice yielded, cracked, and finally gave way with a fearful crash, breaking into a thousand fragments, upon which the frightened animals vainly struggled to regain their footing.—There were a few terrible convulsive efforts, a wild snort of terror, and then horses and sleigh disappeared in the black chasm.

As he felt the sleigh sinking under him, Gray sprang out of it, with a strong, sudden bound; but the treacherous ice again broke under him; he clung to its edge with the grasp of a drowning man, but though it supported his weight in the water, it crumbled and gave way beneath him, as often as he attempted, by its aid, to extricate himself from his terrible position. He shouted for help till his voice failed him, but no man heard or answered to his call. Then, as he literally hung there between life and death, his thoughts turned, as those of all human beings in such sore straits must, to One whose ear is never closed, and he "cried unto the Lord in his trouble."

"God have mercy upon me," broke from his whitened lips, as he clutched yet closer the jagged edges of the ice, which his numbed fingers now could scarcely feel. At this instant something swam by him, and a struggling and panting sound told him that his poor dog was still near him, striving, like himself, to escape from the abyss into which they had been so suddenly plunged. Even in his own utmost need, the brave man could still spare a thought for his faithful friend.

Releasing, for an instant, his hold by one hand, he seized the poor creature, and flung him as far as possible upon the firmer

ice. He heard him shake his shaggy coat, and then, after a brief pause, as if in doubt whether to remain and share his master's fate, set off at full speed in the direction of his home. A ray of hope flashed at once through the mind of the despairing man. He well knew that Watch's appearance, alone and dripping with water, would arouse the fears of the anxious wife, who awaited his return; she would probably surmise the truth, and then he felt that nothing would be left undone that human power could do, to seek for, and if possible, to save him. Minute succeeded minute—time, which, to him, seemed like eternity, passed by, and still he clung with that vice-like grip to his frail support. Through his half-maddened brain all the scenes of his early boyhood, of his young, vigorous manhood, passed in rapid review; but above all rose the image of that fair, fond, young wife, as he had seen her that morning standing at his side, with her baby in her arms, and forcing him to repeat, again and again, the promise, that this journey across the lake should be *the last*. The last! the words seemed to ring in his ears; and as his brain whirled, and his senses swam, in that unutterable agony, a voice of fiendish mockery seemed to shriek them out—for the last time! for the last time!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, in the neat, cheerful, humble home, on the farther shore, sat the expectant wife, awaiting the coming of her husband, listening eagerly for the first sound of his well-known bells. It was Saturday evening, and the small log house wore its neatest aspect, to welcome the return at once of the Sabbath and of its master. Everything, including Mary herself and her boy, was as neat and pleasant to the eye, as hands could make it; and a fair object she was, as, seated by the cradle of her child, she plied her knitting-needles busily, or now and then interrupted her occupation to raise her head and listen.

Suddenly she started up, as a scratching and whining noise at the door caught her ear. She threw the door wide open, and poor Watch sprang over the threshold, wet, panting, and *alone*. The moon was shining feebly now, and one glance showed Mary that her husband was not there—another at the dog's dripping coat, told her that her fears were but too

well realized. A dizzy sickness came over her. It passed in an instant, and she stood, pale indeed as death, but with every faculty aroused, every nerve strung, to meet the need of the moment. Time enough would there be for tears and wailings, should the worst prove true ; at present she must *act*—not waste, in idle sorrow, moments as precious as years.

Half-way between Mary's cottage and the lake, stood the rude cabin of an honest Irishman, who, with his "boys," two stalwart young men, had come, not long before, to reside in the neighborhood. In less than five minutes, Mary was on her way thither ; her infant, warmly wrapped up, clasped even more closely than usual to her bosom, as if she feared to lose what might now be her only earthly treasure.

Great was the astonishment of honest Tim Martin and his household, when Mary Gray suddenly appeared in their midst, (none of them ever knew exactly how she came there, for she had entered without knock or call,) and still greater was the sympathy of their kind hearts, when, in accents of forced calmness, she told her story, expressing her belief that something, (she could not bring herself to speak more plainly,) had befallen her husband, and imploring them to aid her in her search for him. Gladly would they have persuaded her to remain in the cabin with the good dame, while they went forth upon the search ; but Mary was inflexibly determined to share in it.

"Ye can be of no use, darlin," said the good-hearted fellow, when the simple preparations for starting were completed ; "ye're better here by far ; you, too, that slip about upon the ice like a cat in walnut shells."

"I shall stand as firm to-night as any of you," said Mary, as she gave her child to Mrs. Martin, and stepped out of the cabin. "It's no use talking, Mr. Martin ; do you think I can sit here when James is perhaps —" She could not finish the sentence, but she was understood.

With rapid steps the little party set off, followed by the dog, which, however, they lost sight of soon after they left the shore. Mary kept her promise of standing firm upon the slippery surface of the lake, for a far deeper fear had banished all timidity for herself, and it would scarcely have been felt had her path

been through burning coals. Long and carefully did they search, narrowly examining every crack and fissure in the ice, where it seemed at all possible that the catastrophe they dreaded, but would not name, might have taken place. At length one of the young men, who was a little in advance of the rest, suddenly started back, with an exclamation of surprise, and lifting the lantern he carried, shewed them a yawning gulf but a few feet from where they stood.

"There was no hole here this morning," he whispered to his brother; but low as was the tone in which he had spoken, it struck like a knell upon the wife's ear. With a sudden, mad impulse, she sprang towards the chasm, but was instantly stopped by a strong but kindly hand. "Ah! thin, the crathur," said the kind Irishman; "sure ye would n't think of it. Think of the boy at home, jewel; why should ye lave him *too?*" Mary felt all that these words were meant to imply; but the sinful impulse was checked, and, burying her face in her hands, tears—hot, burning tears—came to relieve her breaking heart.

Suddenly a low whine caught the ear of one of the young Irishmen, and at the same instant a faint gleam of moonlight showed him the dog at a little distance, standing at the edge of the chasm and looking fixedly downwards, apparently at the black waters below. With a mute sign to the others to keep Mary back, he crept cautiously round towards the faithful animal, and there, still clinging with that desperate, straining grasp to the rough edge, he saw James Gray, speechless, motionless, and evidently almost gone.

The lost was found, but his extrication was still not easy.—The ice under the brave youth's feet cracked and strained, as, creeping as near to the edge as temerity itself could dare to go, he threw round the half lifeless body the knotted rope with which he had come provided.

A few minutes more, and the now rejoicing little party were on their homeward way, bearing in their arms the rescued one, while Mary walked beside, now audibly blessing her kind, true-hearted friends—now, in the silent depths of her heart, offering up thanksgivings to Him who had thus given her back her husband from the very gates of death.

My simple tale is told. James Gray is now a thriving farmer, with more gray than dark hairs upon his head. Mary has become a grave but gentle matron, with many fair young faces smiling round her, but neither has ever forgotten that awful night; and still when winter comes round again, and the frozen lake lies glittering in the sunbeams, "a sea of glass like unto crystal," do the thoughts of both travel backwards—hers to that agonizing search, and his to the untold, unspeakable sensations of that fearful Hour in the Ice.

RHODA A. PAGE.

Cobourg, January 15, 1853.

THE SUMMER BIRD.

MRS. C. HAYWARD.

Mother, dear mother, I heard its voice,
And how did my heart at that sound rejoice;
The note of the beautiful summer bird,
O, long is it since that note I heard!

Sweet summer is coming, I long to bound,
With the footstep free o'er the gladden'd ground;
By the bright streams freed from their ice-bound chain,
Mother, sweet summer is coming again!

Say, shall we not roam by the calm lake's side?
Or deep in the shady valley's hide?
While of England you tell sweet tales to me,
The land of thy fathers so loved by thee?

The mother gazed on her boy so fair,
And her fingers played with his waving hair,
But the tears o'er her beautiful child fell fast,
As her spirit wandered to days long past.

O glad was the time when with joy I heard,
Like thee, my bright one, the summer bird;
In my childhood's home, were those notes to me
Ever the message of hope and glee!

But deep thoughts now in my soul have place,
And I mourn as I gaze on that loving face,
That the dear ones bound by fond ties to me,
May not pour their love as they would on thee.

Mother! sweet mother, O weep no more,
Or longer think of the days of yore,
My father's heart it would grieve to see.
O'er the past you were thinking mournfully.

She raised her head at the name of him,
Without whom Earth's brightest spot were dim,
And the tears to a sunny smile gave way,
As the sun gleams forth on an April day.

Then with eyes of love o'er the woodland wild,
They gaze—the mother and fair haired child,
That with a welcome glad and sweet,
His homeward footsteps they may greet!

Hark! 'tis his step, and away they flew,
To be clasp'd to that heart so fond and true,
And she felt e'en Fatherland was nought,
To the joy that lov'd one's presence brought.

Fern Cliff, Rice Lake.

A CHAPTER ON LAKES.

THE word Lake has a musical sound, and an airy gracefulness in its written combinations. Its immaterial part, like some invisible fairy's wand, calls up the most enchanting forms, and arrays the wealth of nature's beauty before the mind. Around lakes are spread out the fairest landscapes, where sunlight reposes on gentle slopes, and sinuous outlines bound the horizon;—or we see in fancy, mountain and lofty precipice, covered with majestic pine and dark fir trees;—and relieving this severe scenery, bathing the base of the mountains, reflecting the grand old forest trees, embosomed amid ancient solitudes, the limpid waters of a lake present a picture in which beauty and sublimity are equally marked.

Lakes are nature's lovely gems set in the arabesque style, and scattered up and down the world. Sometimes in the vast deserts of the north, they serve as homes for the finny tribes that dart swiftly through their cold depths—sometimes, they

adorn shores where vine and flower, like wreaths of emerald, and ruby, and coral, are twined into bright clusters, festooning trees, and overhanging banks with gorgeous drapery. They contrast beautifully with the golden sands of Africa;—so thinks the traveller through her burning wastes, as he hails the little lake, with its tiny waves, and the luxuriant shade around its banks; and joyously does the wild horse of the desert refresh himself in its waters, and from afar the flying Zebra snuffs the perfume from its flowery banks, and hastes to share with Antelope, and River-horse, and myriads of wild animals, the grateful shelter and the cooling draught.

In our fancy sketches of the lakes of Italy,—and who has not tried to picture them?—we have not forgotten to unfold the rich tintings of the Italian sunsets, and the lofty outlines of the Alpine frontier, with its pinnacles, Mount Blanc and Mount St. Bernard seen amid the clouds; while the melody of the gondolier's song wafted over the waters, the classic ruins of ancient temples, the stirring emotions inspired by historic memories, all most strangely assumed shape and form in our imaginary scene.

The lakes of Switzerland have long been celebrated for their enchanting situation. Lake Geneva, or Leman, as it is called, is 40 miles long, and 1230 feet above the level of the sea. Its waters are wonderfully transparent, and the surrounding scenery is magnificent. Lakes Ladoga and Onega, in Russia, lakes Wener and Wetter in Sweden, and numerous others, chequer the face of the country in Northern Europe. Lochs are characteristic of Scotland. Some of them are simply long arms of the sea, extending into the country. The lovely Loch Lomond ranks pre-eminent among them, with its broad expanse, wooded islands, promontories, bays, and the high mountain at its head. Loch Tay, surrounded by the Grampians, presents Alpine scenery on the grandest scale. Lakes are numerous in England. The taste for water views has dignified lake Windemere, which is only 12 miles long, into importance. Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia, is elevated 12,795 feet above the level of the sea. Vessels made of plaited rushes skim over its surface. Wild storms often lash its waves into furious commotion, and

frowning in its vicinity, the awful forms of Mount Sorato and Mount Illimani rear themselves above this elevated table land. The first rises 25,250 feet, and Mount Illimani to 24,350 feet, surpassing in elevation all the other peaks of the Andes. No visible outlet has yet been discovered through which this lake conveys its surplus waters.

The lakes of our own continent form the largest bodies of fresh water in the world. Like inland seas, they stretch over immense space, and bear on their surface fleets of vessels of all classes and sizes. The Lakes of North America are not formed by mountain torrents, but originate in the watery plains, whence the Mississippi and St. Lawrence take their rise. The great chain of lakes communicate with the ocean by the broad channel of the St. Lawrence ; and as our population is rapidly increasing, they are becoming very important to commerce.— The scenery on the Canadian lakes is very beautiful. The lakes of the Upper Province have been much admired by travellers, and the angler and sportsman have been induced to come from a distance to enjoy the excitement and amusement of an encampment on their banks. Rice Lake is celebrated for its lovely variety of scenery. We have read some fine descriptions of the charming country around Rice Lake, and the views from different points on its shores, written by a Canadian authoress ;* and we think her account of the wild fowl, excellent fish, and rich productions of that region, will greatly interest all who may peruse the work.

We should like to pursue this subject farther, but limited space warns us to draw our remarks to a close. We may, perhaps, refer to this subject at a future time.

A CURIOUS FACT.

Cheever in his " Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Alps," relates an interesting philosophical fact, which we transcribe here, together with the apt comparison he has based upon it:—

" On account of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at the great elevation of the Hospice, (of the Grand St. Bernard)

* Mrs. Traill, authoress of the Canadian Crusoes.

the water boils at about 187 degrees of Fahrenheit, in consequence of which, it takes nearly as long again to cook meat as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212 degrees. The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling, five hours, to cook a bit of meat, which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table, if the water would have waited till 212. This costs fuel, so that their dish of *bouilli* makes the monks consume an inordinate quantity of wood in the kitchen. On the other hand, it may take less fire to boil the kettle for tea, or to make coffee, or to boil an egg. As to the baked meats, we take it the oven is no slower in its work here than in the valleys; but for the business of boiling, they lose 25 degrees of heat, for want of that pressure of the atmosphere, which would keep the water quiet up to 212. Just so, some men's moral and intellectual energies evaporate or go off in an untimely explosion, unless kept under forcible discipline and restraint. A man has no increase of strength after he gets to the boiling point. Some men boil over at 187; others wait till 212; others go still higher before they come to the boiling point; and the higher they go, the greater is the saving of intellectual fuel and time."

[For the "Maple Leaf."

THE VISION.

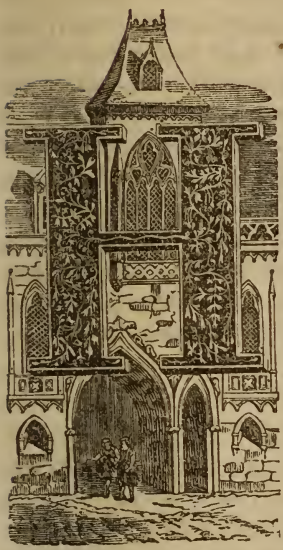
She stood before him in the loveliness
And light of days long vanished; but her air
Was marked with tender sadness, as if care
Had left his traces written, though distress
Was felt no longer.—Through her shadowy dress
And the dark ringlets of her flowing hair,
Trembled the silvery moonbeams, as she there
Stood 'midst their weeping glory, motionless,
And pale as marble statue on a tomb.
But there were traits more heavenly in her face,
Than when her cheek was radiant with the bloom
Which his false love had blighted—and she now
Came like some angel messenger of grace;
And looked forgiveness of his broken vow.

Agnes Strickland.

[For the "Maple Leaf."

A BOY'S TRIP TO THE SHAWINEGAN FALLS, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.



AVING, as detailed in Chapter No. 1, arrived at the *Grès*, the reader will naturally expect a description of that place. In order that he may form some idea of the general landscape, let him fancy a large and swiftly flowing river, with high and richly wooded banks on either side; and let him imagine one little spot of level ground, which might have been once the bed of the river, enclosed by an amphitheatre of high land, and he will be able to form a faint idea of the *locale* of the place. On our way to the *Grès*, we had ascended many hills; but when we descended the hill behind this village, we felt that we had come down again nearly to the level of Three Rivers. Although we could see about four miles of the river, we strained our eyes in vain to catch a sight of the Falls; no white foam indicated their presence,—all was calm, transparent water.

The St. Maurice, some distance above the Mills, is smooth and glassy,—reflecting like a mirror the high banks, and flowing downwards with an imperceptible tide; but, when it comes opposite the little village, it hastens its speed, before plunging down a narrow and rocky chasm; and then tumbles along a rocky bed for a mile or so, when it changes its white spray for the dark water, and becomes once more the smooth, glassy stream. The Mills are placed just at these little falls, where, of course, the "water-power" is immense; and opposite is a most romantic little island—very rocky, and but sparingly covered with stunted shrubbery. The banks on the other side of the river rise to a great height, and are luxuriously clothed with a dark foliage, down to the water's edge. Their whole appearance reminded me most

forcibly of the Niagara River, and for wild grandeur the St. Maurice will bear a comparison even with the Niagara itself.

The village is composed of about 20 clean-looking houses,—inhabited principally by the laborers who are engaged in the Mill, and in procuring from the interior the timber to be sawed. Our quarters were undoubtedly the most eligible ones to be got; and we found a kind hostess in the person of an honest Scotch wife, who seemed glad to see us, and who took us at once under her special care. And, here, I cannot help stopping to say a word upon Scotch domestic economy. How delightful the thoughts of a neat, clean, farm house, and a Scotch welcome! And, even now, I gloat over the recollection of flowing bowls of rich milk and crisp oat cakes; and of the luxury, at bed time, of subsiding into a tremendous "four-poster," with good old fashioned curtains, and extravagantly white linen! Admirers of Cowper will have to forgive me, when I apply his words to this subject:—

> "The recollection, like a vein of ore,
> The further traced, enriches but the more."

Mrs. ——— conducted us, in the first place, to the mill; and there we saw the process of converting the huge logs into thin boards. The saws were very numerous and seemed very busy; so numerous and so busy indeed, that the sharpening of them alone gives constant employment to one man. They look not unlike sections of an alligator's jaws, and go through a log with as great ease as that animal would be supposed to masticate a tender kid. The mill is the property of Messrs. Baptist and Gordon, of Three Rivers; and the works which these gentlemen have built, in order to bring the timber from the interior, are on a very extensive scale. But I suspect the profits are proportionably large, for the mill is worked night and day, and the American market is an extensive and ready one.

Having been shown over the mill, and having had all its machinery explained to us, I bethought me of my trout intentions. Upon obtaining the necessary directions, touching the precise position of the "trout stream," I went in search of my tackle, when, to my surprise, I discovered that I had left my hooks behind!

Fishing being therefore out of the question, we determined to start next morning for the Falls.

How dreadfully still the evening air was—not a sound fell upon the ear; but the monotonous roar of the waters, which only increased the profound silence. The woods seemed sunk in deep slumber; and not a breath of air shook the leaves, or rippled the still water. But what a sad addition to the romantic, was the buzz of the mosquito, and the bite of the sand-fly! All the poetry which a lovely night, a sublime scene, and a delicious stillness can inspire, is *buzzed* out of you by these vulgar realities. We were congratulated upon having arrived at a season when they were rare; but our disfigured and reddened features told that their scarcity was rather fabulous.

Early next morning, we witnessed the departure, for the "shanties," of several large canoes, "laden with provisions for the lumbermen engaged in getting out the timber from the woods. Some of these "shanties" are one hundred miles up the river. Soon after, we obtained the loan of a home-made boat, or canoe —we were afraid of the bark canoes—and with an Indian, or rather half-breed, for a guide, started for the Shawinegan Falls.

I think I never saw water so smooth and glassy, and yet so very black. I suppose it only appears so from the dark nature of the soil over which it passes; but such is the fact. From this circumstance the river is called the "Black River," and in Three Rivers it is chiefly known by that name. We all took our turn at paddling; but finding it a very laborious occupation, I got out of the canoe, and walked along the "Booms." These are square logs, fastened together in a long chain, intended to guide the timber down to the mill. Within these "booms" thousands of sticks of timber were floating down to the hungry saws. They were rather narrow to walk comfortably on, but preferable to paddling. At the end of the booms, however, I had again to take my turn at the paddle.

Our anxiety to get a peep of the Falls was intense; and the further we paddled, there seemed the less chance of our ever reaching them. For about four miles the river is perfectly straight, and the Falls are of course hidden from your view; but a sharp point of land appears before you, and you feel an intense anxiety

to "round" it, with the full expectation of then having your wishes gratified. But not so, the promontory reached, you seem as far off as ever, and see only another one ahead. The current becomes stronger too as you advance; and the exercise of stemming it, and the impatience to reach your destination united, tend to put you in a frame of mind the reverse of equanimity.

After paddling vigorously through a rippling current, we turned a provoking headland, and were informed by our guide that the Falls were at hand. Indeed, this information was superfluous, as the deep roar of the falling water was distinctly heard. The stream becoming very rapid, we landed soon after,—but still without a glimpse of the Shawinegan. Our guide pointed out a path up the steep bank, which leads to the Falls. This path is called a "portage," and is used by the "*voyageurs*" in conveying the canoes and their cargoes overland, in order to avoid the Falls. We found it steep enough, although we had only ourselves to carry; but the hardy Indians trudge over it with small barrels of pork on their backs, and make light of the weight of a large canoe.

After we had ascended the banks, we pursued this rugged path for some time—the roar of the waters becoming, every step, more distinct. In my intense anxiety, I had preceded my companions in order to have the first sight of the Falls; and, as I advanced nearer, the ground on which I stood shook and trembled beneath, and a strange feeling of awe and hesitation crept over me. At last, through the thick foliage of the trees, I saw a sheet of white spray directly before me. I felt that I was very close to the cataract; the roar had increased—and the earth seemed convulsed by an earthquake. I hastened on—emerged from the woods, and stood facing the Shawinegan Falls!

And what a sight was that which thus burst so suddenly upon me! I stood upon a huge pile of black rocks, and immediately before me, at the distance of a few hundred yards, the St. Maurice tumbled down a precipice of rugged rocks, in one broad sheet of foam, froth and spray.

The Shawinegan is unlike any other Falls I ever saw. The river, just at the rapids above takes a sharp turn before coming to the precipice; it there rolls over an inclined plane of rugged rocks, and, at the bottom, again takes a turn almost at right angles; so

that the spectator stands immediately before them. The Niagara, the Genesee, and the Montmorenci Falls, are all cascades of water, falling over an even ledge of rocks in one unbroken stream to the bottom; but the cataract before which I stood, exhibited the peculiarity of an immense volume of water rolling down a declivity of rocks in one great sheet of white foam.

I had observed all this, when K. and A. came up breathless; and in one voice exclaimed, "how beautiful."

We rambled over the rocks for some time—picked a few little shrubs, as reminiscences of the spot; and, after taking a last look, retraced our steps to the canoe.

Some years ago I was taxed, together with other youthful spirits, with the heinous crime of being enchanted with a penny show, while standing upon the "table rock" at Niagara; but I hope I have since learned to place a true value upon the respective merits of Niagara and penny shows; and, that with fresh years I can better appreciate the wonders of nature.

Unfortunately our time was so limited that we could not linger longer. A week indeed could be pleasantly spent in viewing the Falls from every point, and in discovering their varied beauties; and if my readers could be induced to pay them a visit, I can assure any of them that their time will be most agreeably passed.

In the spring of the year when the water is high, and when the timber and ice come over the Falls, the sight must be truly sublime.

We reached our canoe in a plump of rain, but the shower soon clearing off, we turned our faces homeward. It was a much pleasanter sail down, than up the river; the current, flowing at the rate of two or three miles an hour, carried us downward with hardly any exertion on our part.

We arrived at the *Grès* very hungry, and unfortunately late for dinner. But amply satisfied as to our *inner-boys*, with plenty of home made bread, rich milk, and excellent cheese, we ordered our vehicle and set out for home.

After a pleasant drive, we came in sight of Three Rivers, about six o'clock, much delighted with our expedition, and brim full of our adventures.

Having thus described a "Trip to the Shawinegan Falls," I will only add, in concluding, my conviction, that in a very few years, they will become a most fashionable and favorite summer resort.

Still, we cannot help wishing that *they* could always remain quiet and grand—a smoky steamboat would disfigure the wild scene; and it cannot be supposed that a fashionable hotel would much add to the sublimity of simple nature.

JUVENTUS.

Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal,
13th April, 1853.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

(BY MRS. TRAILL, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER V.

SPRING is coming, Nurse! Spring is coming at last—exclaimed the Governor's little daughter joyfully, "The snow is going away at last! I am tired of the white snow, it makes my eyes ache. I want to see the brown earth, and the grass, and the green moss, and the pretty flowers again."

"It will be some days before this deep covering of snow is gone, the streets are still covered with ice, and it will take some time, my lady, to soften it."

"But, nurse, the warm sun shines, and there are little streams of water running along the streets in every direction; see the snow is gone from under the bushes and trees in the garden—and I saw some dear little birds flying about. I watched them on the dry stalks of the tall rough weeds, and they appeared to be picking seeds out of the husks. Can you tell me what birds they were?"

"I saw the flock of birds that you mean, lady Mary; they are the common snow sparrows. (Fringilla nivalis.) They are among our earliest visitants; they may be seen early in April, mingled with the brown song sparrow, (Fringilla melodia,) flitting about the garden fences, or picking the stalks of the tall mullein and amaranths, to find the seeds that have not been shaken out by the autumn winds, and possibly they also find insects cradled in the husks of the old seed vessels.

"These snow sparrows are very hardy, and though some migrate to the States in the beginning of winter, a few stay in the Upper Province, and others come back to us before the snow is all gone.

"They are very pretty, neat looking birds, nurse, dark slate color with white breasts." (Furdus migratorious.)

"When I was a little girl I used to call them my Quaker birds, they looked so neat and trim. In the summer you may find their nests in the brush-heaps near the edge of the forest; they sing a soft low song."

"Nurse, I heard a bird singing yesterday when I was in the garden; it was not one of our pretty Quaker birds, but a little plain brown bird.

"It was a song sparrow, lady Mary. This cheerful little bird comes with the snow birds, often before the 'robin.'"

"Oh nurse! the 'robin'! I wish you would show me a darling 'robin-redbreast.' I did not know that they lived in Canada."

"The bird that we call the robin in this country, my dear, is not like the little redbreast that you have seen at home. Our robin is twice as large." (Its color is purplish, black on the back, wings, and tail, breast white, in shape and size resembling the European robin.) I believe that it is really a thrush. It migrates in the fall, and returns to us very early in the spring."

"What is migrating, nurse?"

"When a person leaves his native country and goes to live in another, he is said to emigrate. This is the reason why the English, Scotch, and Irish families who come to live in Canada are called emigrants."

"What color are the Canada robins, nurse?"

"The head is blackish, the back a lead color, and the breast is pale orange; not so bright a red as the real robin."

"Have you ever seen their nests, nurse?"

"Yes, my dear, many of them. It is not a pretty nest; it is large and coarsely put together, of old dried grass and roots, and dead leaves, and inside it is plastered with clay, mixed with bits of straw, so as to form a sort of mortar. You know, lady Mary, that the blackbird and thrush build nests, and line them with plaster in this way."

The little lady nodded her head in assent.

"Nurse, I once saw a robin's nest when I was in England; it was in the side of a moss ditch, with primroses growing close beside it; it was made of green moss, and lined with white wool and hair; it was a pretty nest, with nice eggs in it, much better than your big robin's nest."

"Our robins build in great up-turned roots, and the corner of rail fences, and sometimes in the young pine trees and apple trees in

the orchard. The eggs are greenish blue. The robin sings a full clear song, indeed, he is our best songster. We have so few singing birds that we prize those that do the more."

"Does the Canadian robin come into the house in winter and pick up the crumbs as the dear little redbreasts do at home."

"No, lady Mary, they are able to find plenty of food abroad when they return to us, but they hop about near the houses and gardens very freely. In the fall, before they go away, they may be seen in great numbers running about the old pastures, picking up worms and seeds."

"Do people see the birds flying away together, nurse?"

"Not often, my dear; for most birds congregate together in small flocks for some time, and go without being noticed; many go away at night, when we are sleeping, and some fly very high on cloudy days, so that they are not distinctly seen against the dull grey sky. The water-birds such as geese, swans, and ducks, are often seen taking their flight in large bodies—they are heard making a continual noise in the air, and may be seen like long lines or in the from of the letter V lying on its side, (>) the point generally directed Southward or Westward. The strongest and oldest birds acting as leaders; when tired, these fall backward into the main body, and another set take their places."

Lady Mary was much surprised at the order and sagacity of these wild fowl, and Mrs. Frazer told her that some other time she would tell her or read her more about these birds.

"Nurse, will you tell me something more about bird's nests, and what they make them of?"

"Birds that live chiefly in the depths of the forest or in solitary places, far away from the haunts of men, build their nests of ruder materials and with less care in the manner of putting them together—dried grass roots and a little moss, seem to be the materials they make use of. It has been noticed by many persons, my dear, that those birds that live near towns and villages, and cleared farms, soon learn to make better sorts of nests, and to weave into them soft and comfortable things such as silk, wool, cotton, and hair."

"That is very strange, nurse."

"It is so, lady Mary; but the same thing may also be seen among human beings. The savage nations are contented with rude dwellings made of sticks and cane, covered with skins of beasts, bark, or reeds; but when they once unite together in a more social state, and live in villages and towns, a desire for improvement takes place; the tent of skins or the rude shanty is exchanged for a hut of better shape; and this in time gives place to houses and furniture of a more ornamental and useful kind."

"Nurse, I heard mamma say once that the Britons who lived in England were once savages, and lived in caves and huts, and such places, and were dressed in skins, and painted their bodies like the Indians."

"When you read the history of England, you will see that such was the case," said Mrs. Frazer.

"Nurse, perhaps the little birds like to see the flowers, and the sun shine, and the blue sky, and men's houses. I will make my garden very pretty this spring, and plant some nice flowers to please the dear little birds."

Many persons would have thought such remarks very foolish in our little lady, but Mrs. Frazer, who was a good as well as a wise woman, did not laugh at the little girl, for she thought it was a lovely thing to see her wish to give happiness to the least of God's creatures, for it was imitating His own mercy and goodness, which delighteth in the enjoyment of the things which He has called into existence.

"Please, Mrs. Frazer, will you tell me which flowers will be first in bloom?"

"The very first is a plant that comes up without leaves."

"Nurse, that is the Christmas rose (winter aconite); I have seen it in the old country."

"No, lady Mary, it is the colt's-foot, (Tussilago farfara,) it is a common looking coarse yellow blossomed flower; it is the first that blooms after the snow; then comes the pretty snow-flower, or hepatica. Its pretty tufts of white pink and blue starry flowers, may be seen on the open clearing, or beneath the shade of the half cleared woods, or up-turned roots and sunny banks. Like the English daisy, it grows every where, and the sight of its bright starry blossoms delights every eye."

"The next spring flower that comes, is the dog's-tooth violet," (Erythronium.)

"What a droll name," exclaimed lady Mary, laughing. "I suppose it is called so from the sharpness of the flower leaves, (petals) my lady, but it is a beautiful yellow lily; the leaves are also pretty; they are veined or clouded with milky white or dusky purple; the plant is a bulb, and in the month of April sends up its single nodding yellow spotted flowers; they grow in large beds where the ground is black, and moist, and rich, near creeks at the edge of the forest."

"Do you know any other pretty flowers, nurse?"

"Yes, my lady, there are a great many that bloom in April and May; white violets, and blue and yellow, of many kinds; and then here is the spring beauty, (claytonia) a delicate little flower with

pink striped bells, and the early everlasting (graphalin margaritaceum) and saxifrage, and the white and dark red lily that the Yankees call white and red *death*. (Trillium or wake robin.) These have three green leaves about the middle of the stalk, and the flower is composed of three pure white or deep red leaves; petals my ather used to call them; for my father, lady Mary, was a botanist, and knew the names of all the flowers, and I learned them from him."

"The most curious flower is the moccassin flower; the early one is bright golden yellow, and has a bag or sack which is curiously spotted with ruby red, and its petals are twisted like horns; there is a hard thick piece that lies down just above the sack or moccassin part, and if you lift this up you see a pair of round dark spots like eyes, and the Indians say it is like the face of a hound with the nose and black eyes plain to be seen; two of the shorter curled brown petals look like flapped ears on each side the face."

"There is a more beautiful sort, purple and white, which blooms in August; the plant is taller, and bears large and lovely flowers."

"And has it a funny face and ears, too, nurse?"

"Yes, my dear, the face is more like an ape's face, it is even more distinct than that of the yellow moccassin; when my brothers and I were children we used to fold back the petals and call them baby flowers; the sack looked, we thought, like a baby's white frock."

Lady Mary was much amused at this notion.

"There are a great number of very beautiful and also very curious flowers growing in the forest," said Mrs. Frazer; "some of these are used in medicine, and some by the Indians for dyes, with which they stain the baskets and porcupine quills. One of our very earliest flowers is called the blood-root (sanguinaria,) it comes up a delicate white folded bud, within a vine sharped leaf, which is veined on the under side with orange yellow. If the stem or the root of this plant be broken, a scarlet juice drops out very fast,—it is with this that the squaws dye red and orange colours."

"I am glad, nurse, now I can tell my dear mamma what the baskets and quills are dyed with."

"The flower is very pretty, like a white crocus, only not so large. You saw some in the conservatory the other day, I think, my dear."

"Oh yes, and yellow ones too, and purple in a funny China thing with holes in its back, and the flowers came up through the holes. The gardener said it was a porcupine."

"Please, nurse, tell me what colours real porcupine's quills are, before they are dyed blue, and yellow, and red?"

"They are white, and white and greyish brown;" but just as

Mrs. Frazer was going to give lady Mary a description of the Canadian porcupine, Campbell, the footman, came up to say, that her papa wanted to see her, to show her something; and so as she was detained for some time, I am afraid my readers will not hear in this chapter what it was that Mrs. Frazer told her about the porcupine; or, what the Governor had to show his little daughter.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

MORE GLIMPSES OF UNCLE TOM'S HISTORY.

AMONG the passengers on the boat was a young gentleman of fortune and family, resident in New Orleans, who bore the name of St. Clare. He had with him a daughter between five and six years of age, together with a lady who seemed to claim relationship to both, and to have the little one especially under her charge.

Tom had often caught glimpses of this little girl,—for she was one of those busy, tripping creatures, that can be no more contained in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze,—nor was she one that, once seen, could be easily forgotten.

"What's little missy's name?" said Tom, to her at last, when he thought matters were ripe to push such an inquiry.

"Evangeline St. Clare," said the little one, "though papa and everybody else call me Eva. Now, what's your name?"

"My name's Tom; the little chil'en used to call me Uncle Tom, way back thar in Kentuck."

"Then I mean to call you Uncle Tom, because, you see, I like you," said Eva. "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know?" said Eva.

"No. I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva, quickly; "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to, this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.

The boat here stopped at a small landing to take in wood, and Eva and her father were standing together by the railings to see the boat start from the landing-place; the wheel had made two or three revolutions in the water, when, by some sudden movement, the little one suddenly lost her balance, and fell sheer over the side of the boat into the water.

Tom was standing just under her on the lower deck, as she fell. He saw her strike the water, and sink, and was after her in a moment. A broad-chested, strong-armed fellow, it was nothing for him to keep afloat in the water, till, in a moment or two, the child rose to the surface, and he caught her in his arms, and saved her.

"Papa, do buy him! it's no matter what you pay," whispered Eva, softly, getting up on a package, and putting her arm around her father's neck. "You have money enough, I know. I want him."

"What for, pussy? Are you going to use him for a rattle-box, or a rocking-horse, or what?"

"I want to make him happy."

"An original reason, certainly." * * * * *

A gay laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain, laughed too.

There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat in the court, every one of his button-holes stuck full of cape jessamines, and Eva, gayly laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses around his neck; and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip-sparrow, still laughing.

"O, Tom, you look so funny!"

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

"How can you let her?" said Miss Ophelia, a maiden aunt from some free-soil State.

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

"Why, I don't know, it seems so dreadful!"

"You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black; but a creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do,—obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice.

"What would the poor and lowly do, without children?" continued St. Clare, leaning on the railing, and watching Eva, as she tripped off, leading Tom with her. "Your lilttle child is your only true democrat. Tom, now, is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs and Methodist hymns are better than an opera, and the traps and little bits of trash in his pocket a mine of jewels, and he the most wonderful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the roses of Eden that the Lord has dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few enough of any other kind."

"Well, said Marie, the heartless wife of St. Clare after some anti-slavery remarks, "I'm thankful I'm born where slavery exists; and I believe it's right,—indeed, I feel it must be; and, at any rate, I'm sure I could n't get along without it."

"I say, what do you think, Pussy?" said her father to Eva, who came in at this moment, with a flower in her hand. * * *

"What about, papa?"

"Why, which do you like the best,—to live as they do at your uncle's, up in Vermont, or to have a house-full of Slaves, as we do?"

"O, of course, our way is the pleasantest," said Eva.

"Why so?" said St. Clare, stroking her head.

"Why, it makes so many more round you to love, you know," said Eva, looking up earnestly.

"Now, that's just like Eva," said Marie; "just one of her odd speeches."

"Is it an odd speech, papa?" said Eva, whisperingly, as she got upon his knee.

Rather, as this world goes, pussy," said St. Clare. "Bu where has my little Eva been, all dinner-time?"

"O, I've been up in Tom's room, hearing him sing.

"And I read to him in my Bible; and he explains what it means, you know."

"Tom is n't a bad hand, now, at explaining Scripture, I dare sware," said St. Clare. "Tom has a natural genius for religion. I wanted the horses out early, this morning, and I stole up to Tom's cubiculum there, over the stables, and there I heard him holding a meeting by himself; and, in fact, I have n't heard anything quite so savory as Tom's prayer, this some time. He put in for me, with a zeal that was quite apostolic."

"Perhaps he guessed you were listening. I've heard of that trick before."

"If he did, he was n't very politic; for he gave the Lord his opinion of me, pretty freely. Tom seemed to think there was decidedly room for improvement in me, and seemed very earnest that I should be converted."

"I hope you'll lay it to heart," said Miss Ophelia.

"I suppose you are much of the same opinion," said St. Clare.

"Well, we shall see,—shan't we, Eva?" * * * *

On one of these occasions, Eva said, "Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?"

"O, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds!—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn,

"I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white."

"Uncle Tom, I've seen *them*," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice,

"They are all robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of

unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going *there*," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; *I'm going, before long.*"

Even so, beloved Eva! fair star of thy dwelling! Thou art passing away; but they that love thee dearest know it not.

For so bright and placid was the farewell voyage of the little spirit,—by such sweet and fragrant breezes was the small bark borne towards the heavenly shores,—that it was impossible to realize that it was death that was approaching. The child felt no pain,—only a tranquil, soft weakness, daily and almost insensibly increasing; and she was so beautiful, so loving, so trustful, so happy, that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her, St. Clare found a strange calm coming over him. It was not hope,—that was impossible; it was not resignation; it was only a calm resting in the present, which seemed so beautiful that he wished to think of no future. It was like that hush of spirit which we feel amid the bright, mild woods of autumn, when the bright hectic flush is on the trees, and the last lingering flowers by the brook; and we joy in it all the more, because we know that soon it will all pass away.

The friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels, as the cords begin to unbind, ere it leaves its clay forever, and then comes the last sad scene. * * * * * *

"O, God, this is dreadful!" said St. Clare, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "O, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and, with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare,—"this wrings my heart."

"O, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear Master!" said Tom; "look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows, as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes,

that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

GENIUS.

Genius, heaven-born gift, in vain would poverty crush thee by its soul-subduing chains; in vain would outward circumstances press thee down. Upwards! upwards! thou soarest, and, overcoming obstacles which, to the less gifted, appear insurmountable, thou standest forth strong in thy all-conquering power. And genius, of which the germ has sprung from among the lowly of the earth, amid accumulating earthly cares and trials, burns with even brighter effulgence than when sprung from a higher and more favored class, which has been tended and nurtured by soft, genial airs, and experienced no outward struggles to bind the spirit endued with it to earth. It is deeply interesting to mark the early origin, the strength of the indomitable will, which thus has characterized some of the greatest men the world has ever produced, who have sprung from the ranks of the people. If we follow the early career of one of these in modern days, and trace him gradually but surely mounting to the pinnacle of fame, how fraught, not only with interest but with encouragement, is his life. And this leads me to notice the beautiful arrangement of the British constitution, which holds out to one and all of her sons, the sceptre of fame. Unbiassed by wealth or rank, in highly favored England, the poorest there may feel that the path of glory lies open to him, if he have power to tread it. It is this freedom, this liberty of the soul, which has made her what she is—the highest on the scroll of fame's greatness. At the present time it may, to many, be particularly interesting to follow the career of him whose triumps in the art of engineering have created as it were a new era, not only throughout Europe, but on this continent also, and whose son will in all probability be soon among us, to plant in our adopted country a work worthy of that from which we sprang. See him a poor, ill-clad boy, employed in common field labor, yet out of his hard-earned wages reserving a portion owards apprenticing himself to a clock maker. Here, doubt-

less, that love of engineering was first nurtured, and his mechanical genius called into activity. With beautiful filial devotion, he, after having carefully saved the sum of one hundred pounds, made it over to his parents. See him now removing with his parents to the village of Wahbothe, where he was employed as brakesman on the waggon-way, and from thence to Hillingworth, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle colliery, still employed in the same capacity. Here that son, whose future fame was so to gladden his father's heart, was born. About that time the machinery at the colliery for pumping water out of the pit, got out of repair, and to the consternation of the proprietors, the efforts of the engineer were vainly employed to rectify it. The men were all, in consequence, thrown out of employ, and there seemed but little probability of the obstacle being surmounted. A special commission met on the subject, when one present ventured to remark he had heard George Stephenson say "he could soon set her to rights." Glad to catch at any hope of success, they sent for him, and he was introduced to the assembled circle, prominent among whom stood the resident engineer, anger and scorn depicted in his countenance at this interference in his department. Calmly the young man replied to the numerous questions applied to him, undaunted by the plainly depicted incredulity of many. He vouchsafed no explanation on the subject, and refused to act unless implicit confidence were placed in him. On being asked how many weeks it would require to rectify the deficiency in the machinery, to the astonishment of all he named but a few days, and instead of a large body of men, selected merely a picked few. Quietly and steadily his operations were carried on; and the proprietors of the works, the resident engineer, and an immense concourse from the neighbourhood, assembled to witness what many anxiously expected would prove a failure. The day was highly propitious, and the assembled multitude eagerly awaited the appearance of the young man. He stands before them—his fine bearing, his manly form, would anywhere have attracted attention, but now he was peculiarly an object of interest. The fair and beautiful had also repaired there to grace the scene with their presence. Pale, but calm, he stood undaunted, strong in the inward consciousness of his power. A deep emotion lighted up that powerful countenance, but self-

conscious energy was seen on his commanding brow. Well aware how much depended on his success, he felt it would prove the stepping stone to fame. But the moment approaches, and the operation commences. Anger and ill-suppressed jealousy were visibly depicted in the deportment of the engineer and many of his fellow workmen, which gave way to a shout of scorn as they perceived the failure of the apparatus. Like a lion at bay, goaded by taunts and his own inward consciousness of power, he surveyed the incredulous crowd, and as an immense fellow near him, famed for his bullying disposition, applied some sneering epithet to him, "I felt," says he, "at that moment a something rising within my breast—a feeling uncontrollable, and one which I never before or since experienced;" and grasping him with his powerful arm, he flung him from him, and turned to remedy the cause of failure, in a short time witnessing the complete success of his endeavors.

That was a proud moment in his life, as, amidst the acclamations of all present, he felt conscious of having achieved a complete triumph in the art of engineering. He was, in consequence, promoted to engineer, and rapidly advanced to fame. He obtained the sum of £500 for his engine "Rocket," and it seems that he even then contemplated the present advanced stage of perfection in the locomotive engine, evidently applying it to the new passenger train, but dared not openly express his sentiments, so insane was he thought upon the subject. When called before a Parliamentary Committee, he felt painfully his own deficiency in education; and as I have heard from one who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, he said—"I saw they were incredulous; I watched the half-suppressed smile, the whispered taunt, 'is he mad?' 'is he a foreigner?' 'what is he?' but above all rose the sense of a power within which told me these very men would at some not very distant day ride in Stephenson's engine at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour." Feeling the want of words in which to express myself readily and fluently, I abruptly added, "I canna answer ye, but I will take care my son shall." His whole soul was bent on giving that son a liberal education; from school he passed to college, and we all know what that son now is, and how fully he has repaid his father's fondest hopes.

C. H., Rice Lake.

(To be continued.)

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

Have a clear minded perception of rectitude. Be sure you are right, and then set your face resolutely towards the "shining light." Heed not frowns or cold looks from those you love; affection must bend to duty; tenderness to unflinching integrity. The honest man is often deeply tried, but his course leads most surely to happiness and peace.

It takes many streams flowing together, to fertilize a country; so individual influence and individual energy are all required to carry on plans of public improvement. It is clearly the duty of each citizen to have an opinion on questions relating to the general weal, and maintain that opinion, just as much as it is that of the Statesman in the halls of legislature, or the Lawyer explaining the statute-book.

Key West. A military station on the East cost of Florida, near the Southern point. The United States' Government regard this as an important post, and large stores of ammunition and naval equipments are kept here, and a garrison is maintained. From its position it commands the entrance into the Gulf of Mexico on the American side; and revenue cutters and cruising clippers rendezvous here when returning from look-out excursions. The coast is rocky and dangerous, and sailors always feel relieved when their ship or "fast sailing brig" clears the narrow pass, and enters the *gulf stream.* The rocks near the station are piled up quite regularly, and an opening between them is called "the hole in the wall." Years since we looked upon that lone fortress with the greatest interest. Certain youthful fancies, and warm imaginings coloured everything we saw, even to grey stone walls, and well we remember how we watched the waves that dashed then, as now, upon that barrier, and felt braced by the breeze that at once crested, and curled their mountain summits, and bore our vessel quickly away.

"*A mistress* rebuked her servant girl for not dusting the furniture. 'These things are very dusty—look.—look!' 'If you please ma'am,' said the girl, 'it's not the things that's dirty, but that nasty sun that comes in and shows the dust on things.'"

"*A Quaker* was once examined before a Court, and was asked by the presiding Judge,—'Pray, Mr. ———, do you know what we sit here for?' 'Yea, verily, do I,' said the Quaker, 'three of you for two dollars a-day, and the fat one on your right, for one thousand dollars a-year.'"

"*Robert Burns*, on his way to Leith, one morning, met a country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped to converse awhile. A young Edinburgh blood took the Poet to task for this defect of taste. 'Why you fantastic gomeril,' said Burns, 'it was not the great-coat, the scone bonnet, and the saundaer boot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day.'"

"*On Sunday*, a lady called to her little boy, who was shooting marbles on the pavement, to come into the house. 'Don't you know you should'nt be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles,—it is Sunday.' 'Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday *in the back yard*, Mother?'"

RECIPES.

SELECTED.

Wheat Muffins.—One pint of milk, and two eggs. One table spoonful of yeast, and a salt spoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients with sufficient flour to make a thick batter. Let it rise four or five hours, and bake in muffin rings. This can be made of unbolted flour, adding two great spoonfuls of molasses, and it is very fine.

Corn Muffins.—One quart of Indial meal, sifted. A heaping spoonful of butter. One quart of milk, and a salt spoonful of salt. Two table spoonfuls of distillery yeast, and one of molasses. Let it rise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings, or in shallow pans.

Mahogany furniture may be beautifully polished thus:—rub it with *cold drawn linseed* oil; wipe off the oil, and polish by rubbing smartly with a clean dry cloth. Marble may be cleaned thus:—pound, very fine, a little stone blue with four ounces of whiting; mix them with an ounce of soda dissolved in a little water, and four ounces of soft soap; boil all fifteen minutes over a slow fire, carefully stirring it. When quite hot, lay it on the marble with a brush, and let it remain half an hour; wash it off with warm water, flannel, and scrubbing brush, and wipe it dry.

Liquid Blacking.—Mix and stir well together four ounces of ivory-black, six gills of vinegar, two spoonfuls of molasses, and one of sweet-oil.

Superior Writing Ink.—Mix with a gallon of pure soft water, and stir in well, twelve ounces of coarsely-powdered Aleppo galls, six of chipped logwood, five of protosulphate of iron, five of gum-arabic, and two of dry muscovado sugar.

Wood that is straight and solid, makes more in a load, and it is most profitable. A cord of small crooked sticks does not contain half the wood there is in a load of solid logs.

The best wood for fires is the hickory, hard maple, white ash, black birch, yellow birch, beech, yellow oak, and locust. The best are named first.

EDITORIAL.

Tenderly the spring winds woo the fair flowers, modestly the gentle violet peeps forth its young head 'neath its leafy shelter, lovingly twitter the Robins among the boughs of the Maple; the clear sky and the cheering rays of the sun, betoken the rapid approach of "happy, joyous May." No wonder the blood quickens its flow round the hearts of old and young as they reiterate the expressions, "joyous May, merry May." Here in our beloved country, the opening beauties of a gradual change of seasons are most warmly appreciated. From the swelling leaf-bud to the expanded foliage, every stage of vegetation excites emotions of pleasure in the beholder. Let any one take a walk in the environs of our city for a few days in succession, and he will be astonished at the growth of leaves and plants from one day to another, and inhaling the air perfumed with the breath of the lilacs and violet, and looking round upon "the mountain" and city, he will acknowledge the pleasing influences of the season. The tiny germ of future beauty and greenness was hid from the frost and cold through the long winter, but the enticing warmth of the sun invites it to come forth and gladden the world. Thus do youthful hearts in their purity, and freshness, and confiding trust, make loving and hearty responses to the voices around them!

Who does not know that the first day of May is regarded among us, in the good city of Montreal, as a day of wonderful importance? The reverence anciently paid to it dwindles into nothing, or may be regarded almost as a figment of fabulous times, compared to its dignity in these enlightened days, when everything is important, as it helps on the great business of getting and holding position in the scale of humanity. We have our remarkable days, our anniversaries, but none enlist all hearts so much as the first of May. Why, most astonished and incredulous readers, do you forget that the first of May is devoted by common consent to the important and trying, amusing and distressing, rejoicing and mournful business of *moving?* Such a rattling of trucks, and cabs, and carts, and carriages! Such a turning out of time-worn relics—such accessions to the auction warehouses of refuse furniture from all directions, destined to be cried up "as good as new"—such histories of ancient clocks, and venerated bookcases, and other heirlooms, at last brought to a close! What hurrying through the streets—men with looking glasses and picture frames, elbowing their way through the crowd! piles of beds and chairs, books and crockery, mingling in amiable confusion, with innumerable smaller items crowning the unwieldy trucks, and presenting to the uninitiated observer an endless scene of confusion twice confounded. Within doors, cleaning and scrubbing, painting and papering, white-washing and coloring, are carried forward with high success; and house-keepers, armed with authority and experience, receive their medly loads of furniture, and with skill and dexterity assort them all into their places. Dear reader, if you are a stranger to our city, do not visit it on the first of May; for though a lady might be forgiven for not recognizing her own cousin on that day, we assure you of a warm reception at any other time.

We were much pleased to receive a communication from a friend in Toronto. J. C. G. will appear in our next.

The conclusion of "Twilight Hours" is deferred for this number. We have another article from the same interesting writer, which we think will be read with pleasure, as it refers to the late Mr. Stephenson, whose son is expected, we believe, to come to this country, and superintend the erection of the bridge over the St. Lawrence.

The writer of "Shawinegan Falls" gives us, in his pleasant style, quite an idea of that wild region of country. We are glad to gather so much information on the subject.

We refer our readers to our Prospectus on the inside of the cover.

PENCILLINGS OF THOUGHT.

LITTING through the mind in dim shape, clustering in close companionship with the thoughts of business or devotion, clinging to every aspiration of present and future happiness; we always hear their voices, those twin sisters, Ideality and Imagination, as whispering soothingly, they beckon to hope and joy. Ideality loves the post of observation, she dwells where more sedate powers would feel insecure. She delights to light up the citadel, and throw beams of radiance into the innermost chambers of the mind; and point out to the weary and sorrowing a land of Beulah —a land of peace—where, fast by the river of life, shall bloom and thrive those ardent anticipations which have cheered it in this vale of tears.

Thought, swifter than light, passes over mountains, and yawning precipices, and roaring cataracts; threads its electric pathway across oceans, pursues the circuit of rivers, and, in the twinkling of an eye, circumnavigates the globe. Ideality rushes onward in the same pathway, to gather up beautiful forms, and transfer bright tints for her pictures. Circumstances may damp the ardor of this friend of man; but she will ever and anon, soar aloft beyond the reach of poverty and pain. She will career and revel in the sunshine, and seat herself on the rainbow; she will trace out the path of the stars, and sail in the glorious blaze of the zodiacal clusters, and fly near the pearly gates to hear angelic melody. It is her delight to return laden with spoil, ravished from the wonderful creation of God; and calling to her aid memory and conception, her sister powers, they spread out a rich treat, which the poor man may enjoy equally with the more fortunate.

The faculty of representing scenes and transactions to the mind is variously named,—in common language we call it imagination. It is possessed in different degrees by different minds.

The man of glowing imagination enjoys much every day. A word is sufficient to awaken it, and fill him with an overflowing happiness. A pleasant thought, a sweet strain of music, or the sound of the Sabbath bells floating on the morning air, may give imagination a start, and she needs no urging to trace out her bright sketches, and paint them "to the life."

Through this faculty there is a direct avenue to the heart, especially to the youthful heart. We love to see youthful eyes sparkle, and youthful faces beam with intelligence; but they seldom show great interest when imagination is dormant. Parents and teachers ought to direct and foster this gift in a judicious manner; satisfying its longing by proper aliment, removing all that unnatural stimulant, found in much of the reading of the day; they should open to the young mind the wondrous scenery of life, point out to them the loveliness of nature; lift gently the veil of the future, and bid imagination grasp the idea of man's probable greatness in this world, and his exalted destiny in heaven. More attention to the right direction and cultivation of imagination would, we believe, render the task of parents and teachers much more pleasing; for the warm influence of a fervid imagination will impart interest to the necessary discipline of educational routines, and convert angles, and triangles, formulas and theorems, even into exciting objects, and throw around the rules of grammar, or the pages of history, the romance of happy associations. Memory and judgment can be enticed to exertion by waking up the livelier powers of the mind. Many a gifted youth has passed year after year in school, without interest, until he has chanced to commence some study that roused his mind, and taught him to explore the fields of thought, and rise to regions of grandeur and sublimity. Take, for example, "Kame's Elements of Criticism," and lecture to a class of pupils, and watch the brightening of their minds, and the coruscations of mental power that will be elicited from their newly awakened thoughts, and mark how soon they feel their souls and minds too narrow; and throwing wide the portals of universal thought, look out into the world with new and noble purposes. It is necessary to discipline judgment and memory; but it is well to address the

fancy also; it is well to call all the powers of the *mind* into harmonious action.

Oh! joyous hours were those of early life,
When at the fount of learning glad I bent,
And 'mid bright forms with emulation rife
Sought light, *while fancy* inspiration lent.

Each well remember'd face, each loving group
Glides phantom-like and noiseless through those halls;
And dimly o'er the clustering graceful troop,
Steal softened shadows on the school-room walls.

A charm was there! a halo of delight
Gilded, and glanc'd round wisdom's mystic lore;
And eyes of love, and minds in native light,
Mingled sweet glances, and sweet influence bore.

We gather'd oft, with ardent zeal and might,
The flowers which grew on science' verdant slope,
Or plum'd our powers for a mysterious flight,
To realms where grandeur dwells, and smiling hope.

* * * * * *

And ever now, through time's oblivious gloom,
I backward send a glance of earnest love,
And with imagination's fervent bloom,
Deck youthful scenes in colors from above.

THE FIRST CROSS WORD.

BY MRS. PHELPS.

"You *seem* happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a family where the husband and wife *seemed* more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntingdon, laughing; "you have used the word *seem* only twice in that short sentence. And now you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life, before taking the fatal step. It is well Henry is not here, to see the look of sadness in the eye of his bride-elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings, instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette; talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about

married life. I see so few who are really happy in this relation, —I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come nearer to it than any one else. Don't you ever ——"

"Quarrel?—no, not often, now. We had our breaking in. I believe it must come to all, sooner or later."

"Do tell me about it, will you, Annette?"

"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it.

"I was a romantic girl, as you well know, Kate. Some few friends I had, whom I loved dearly; but these friendships did not quite satisfy my heart. Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. When we were first married, I used sometimes to ask myself, 'Now, do I find in this life all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be?' My heart always responded, 'Yes, and more so.' With us the romance of married life—if I may call it so—held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement of feeling, when we were together. I enjoyed riding and walking *alone* with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down alone together, to talk or read. For a long time I felt a general restraint in his presence. I liked to be becomingly dressed, and to feel in tune. When dull, I made an effort to be social and cheerful, if he was present. I had a great fear of getting into the way of sitting down stupidly with my husband, or of having nothing to talk about but the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, or heard, or thought, to tell him; and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never silent for want of something to say. Thus we lived for a year or two. I was very happy. I think people were often surprised to see us continue to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

"But there was this about it. As yet I had nothing to try me. We were boarding, I had no care, and his tenderness and interest were a sovereign panacea for the little ails and roughnesses which must fall to us in our best estate. But this could not last forever. He became more and more occupied in his business, and I at length had a house and baby to look after. Then, for the first time, our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto we

had been devoted to each other; now the real cares of life pressed upon us so as often really to absorb our energies. I was the first to feel the change. It seemed to me as if something were overshadowing us. Sometimes I would get sentimental, and think he did not love me as he once did. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my first wrong step. Indulgence in these moods weakened my resolutions. It was an injustice to him of which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me, too, with a wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged, which began to affect my spirits.

"Once, I had for some time carried about this little sore spot in my heart. I kept the matter all to myself, for I was in part ashamed, and in part too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no security of happiness in married life but in the most perfect confidence.

"There came a season of damp, chilly weather. One morning I got up feeling very irritable. I had taken cold, my head ached, and my baby had been troublesome during the night. In my kitchen I had a cross, ignorant servant girl; and on this particular morning she had done her very worst for breakfast. The beef-steak was burned to a cinder, the eggs were like bullets, the bread was half-baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay, was execrable. My husband was very patient with all this, until it came to the coffee; and this upset him. He put his cup down, and said, in a half-vexed tone, 'I do wish that we could ever have any good coffee! Annette, why cannot you have it made as my mother does?'

"This was the drop too much for me, and I boiled over. 'You never think anything on our table fit to be eaten!' said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice. 'You had better live at home, if you are not satisfied, or else provide me with decent servants. I cannot do everything,—take care of my baby all night, and get the breakfast, too.'

"'I did not know before that I was very unreasonable,' said he, in a tone of injured feeling. He sat for a few minutes, then rose, left his untasted breakfast, put on his hat, and went off.

"When I heard the door shut behind him, all my temper left me. I went into my room, locked myself in, sat down, and

cried like a child. This was the *first cross word* I had ever spoken to my husband. It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us. I worked myself up to such a pitch of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands.

"'O, it is all over with us,' thought I; 'we shall never be happy together again in this world.' This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only blank—darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. 'He need not have spoken so to me, at any rate,' said I, out loud. 'He might have seen how I felt; it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not one bit kind in him. It is plain enough that he does not care for my comfort as he once did. Then to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him! It is too bad.'

"Don't look so dreadfully sober, Kate. My baby cried just here, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances; yet I had gone far enough to get well on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection that if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was dreadfully sorry that I had spoken cross to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would not exhibit signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

"So I bathed my face, that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with unusual care, and went down to old Bridget, to give some very particular directions about the dinner. I did this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for his injustice. I resolved to reproach him with a first-rate dinner, good as his mother could cook. To whet the edge of my delicate reproof, I made with my own hands, a most excellent cup of coffee.

"One o'clock came at last, though I thought it never would; the door opened, and I heard his quiet step in the hall. Of all things in this world, he was whistling! He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the morning's

cloud had disappeared, and, as he sat down, looked around with a pleased expression.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, 'what a nice dinner!'

"'I am glad you are pleased,' said I, in a subdued tone.

"'Capital!' said he; 'the best roast we have had this season!'

"He was so much taken up with my delicate reproofs as not to notice that I was out of spirits. I was half pleased and half provoked; but I kept rather still, making little conversation, excepting in reply to him.

"After desert, I handed him his cup of coffee. He was quite astonished. 'Why, Annette,' said he, 'I do believe you went to work to-day to see what you could do.'

"He had hit the truth, though without the least suspicion of the cause. My first impulse was, to be honest, and out with it, by replying, 'Is it as good as your mother makes?' This would have given him the key to the whole story,—he would have ferreted it all out, and we should have settled it there; but I felt ashamed to. I sipped my coffee in silence. The golden moment passed, and my good angel took its flight. Pride had the day. I even began to be vexed at his enjoying a good dinner so much, and so easily forgetting what had caused me so much suffering. He was very busy on that day, and did not stay with me as long as usual to chat, but went off whistling even more cheerfully than when he came.

"I went up into the nursery, and sat down to think it over. Baby was asleep, the rain was pattering against the windows, the wind was rising, and to me the world looked dreary enough. I had tired myself all out getting up such a dinner; and now the excitement was over, and I felt the reaction, I began to ask myself what I had got for it. Just nothing at all. My husband either did not or would not see that there was anything to be reconciled about. I blamed him for his insensibility. 'Once,' thought I, 'he would have noticed any change in my voice, or any shadow which came over my spirits; now, I can really be cross to him, and he does not mind it at all.'

"I had a doleful afternoon of it. I was restless enough; trying first one employment and then another, but finding no-

thing that would suit. I went down to tea, further, if anything, from the right point than I had been at noon. I sat dejected and silent. My husband tried once or twice to engage me in conversation, without success.

"'Annette,' said he, at length, in a kind tone, 'do not you feel well to-day?'

"'Not very,' said I, with a sigh.

"'What is the matter?'

"'My head aches; the baby kept me awake almost all night.' This was the truth, but only in part, and I felt guilty as I said it. Then he begged me to go and lie down on the sofa in the parlor, and said he would read to me anything that I would like to hear.

"I felt that this was kind in him. It was like old times; the new times, you see, had been but a day, but it seemed to me very long; yet it was not what I wanted. I wished to have the trouble cleared away, not bridged over; and determined to hold out until it should come to this, and he should see and feel that I could not be made happy, after a cross word, without a scene of mutual contrition and forgiveness: so I would not stay and be read to, but told him I must go to bed. I left him in his easy chair, with his study-lamp and book and bright fire, in regular old bachelor-style, and went off into my nursery, and then to my bed, and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Kate, as if you thought I was a fool. I think so myself, now."

"How did it all end, Annette?"

"I held out a week, becoming every day more and more sad, and *sulky*, I may as well call it. When I was left alone, I used to take my baby up and cry over him, as if my husband were dead, and the child were all I had left in the world. Dear me! how unhappy I was, and every day added to it. I would find something in his conduct to pain me, every time we met. Either he was too attentive or not attentive enough; talked too much or too little.

"He bore my moody ill-humour most patiently, thinking I was ill. One day he came home, and told me that he had obtained a week's leave of absence, and had engaged a buggy, and I must pack up myself and baby, and be ready to start off

in an hour. He was going to take me home to my mother's. 'We may as well have a journey as pay doctors' bills, Annette,' said he; 'and as to having you drooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up our house, run away from all care, and have some fun.'

"He looked up so kindly I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out, to think how ugly I had been; but there was no time then to talk it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I resolved that I would tell him the whole story, from beginning to end. The moment I came to this determination, the load was gone; my heart seemed light as a feather; the expression of my countenance, the tones of my voice changed. I was conscious of it, and he noticed it as soon as I joined him at the appointed hour.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, 'getting ready has cured you. We may as well stay at home, now.'

"That will do, Kate. The rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party."

"No, no, Annette! that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell me how you settled it."

"Well, we rode on, enjoying the change, until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour,—everything about us was beautiful and serene. I felt deeply, and I longed to have all in my heart pure and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it they were dropping down upon the baby. My husband turned and saw them.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, with the utmost surprise, 'what is the matter?'

"'O, I am sorry!' said I.

"'Sorry for what, love,' said he? 'Are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?'

"'I am so sorry,' said I, 'that I have been so ugly, this week!'

"'What do you mean?' said he, looking more and more puzzled.

"'How can you help knowing?' said I. Then I began at the beginning, and told the whole story. How I rose feeling irritable, and was provoked to speak the *first cross word;* how he told me my things were not as nice as his mother's, and went off vexed; then how he got over it, and forgot all about it, and would not help me to feel good-natured by saying he was sorry. How I had brooded over it all the week,—how it had festered away in my heart, and poisoned all my enjoyment. What torrents of tears I had shed when alone, as I thought it was all over with us, and we should never love again as we had once loved.

"He heard me through without making a single remark, and then he burst into a loud laugh. 'I want to know, Annette,' said he, 'if this is what has ailed you all this week?'

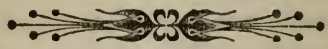
"'Yes,' said I. Upon this, he checked our Dobbin, and began to turn round.

"'What are you going to do?' said I.

"'Going back,' said he, 'if this is all that is the matter with you."

"I laughed as heartily as he did; for, now my sin was confessed, I felt very happy; but I pulled the other rein and drew the whip-lash over Dobbin's ears, and away he went like a bird towards my mother's home.

"But we made a resolution, then, Kate, that if either had aught against the other, it should be settled before the sun went down; that we might go to sleep, if not at 'peace with all the world,' at least at peace with each other, forgiving and forgiven. This resolution we have faithfully kept, and I have never seen another week of such misery as I have been telling you about, and I trust I never shall. I hope you will find in your new relations, Kate, all the enjoyment we now do. This is the best wish I can offer you,—and that your first cross word may also be your *last.*"



RULES OF HEALTH.—Live moderately, exercise freely, bathe daily, rise early, dress lightly, take things coolly, avoid the blues, eschew wine, shun doctors and drugs, lawyers and lawsuits, marry a good wife, and endeavor to make her happy.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

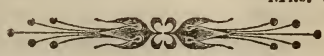
There's a crown for the monarch, a golden crown—
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems.
They've rifled the depths of Golconda's mine,
And stolen the pearls from the Ocean brine;
But the rearest gem, and the finest gold,
On a brow of care, lies heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor of lotus-flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers;
And the golden hearts of the Nymhara gleam
From their snowy bills, with a mellow beam.
They have stript the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine-clad isle;
But the sweetest flowers from the holy flood,
And the vine will fade, on a brow of blood!

There's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay;
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.
They've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath in vain they have sought—
It withers away on a brow of thought.

There's a crown for the christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife.
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
Brightened by sun-beams from fountains above.
They've gathered its rays from sources afar,
From seraphim's eyes, and Bethlehem's star;
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a christian's brow is a crown of peace.

Mrs. S. C. E., Mayo.



The Spoken and the Unspoken Thought.—I beg you, says Kossuth, to take to heart one maxim, which for myself I have ever observed, and ever shall: it is, never to say more than is necessary. The unspoken word never does harm; but what is once uttered cannot be recalled, and no man can foresee its consequences.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

(By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of "The Canadian Crusoes," &c.)

CHAPTER VI.

When Lady Mary went down to her father, he presented her with a beautiful Indian bag, which he had brought from Lake Huron in the Upper Province. It was of fine doe skin, very finely wrought with dyed moose hair, and resembled a coloured engraving; the border was of scarlet feathers on one side, and blue on the other, which formed a rich silken fringe at each edge. This was a present from the wife of one of the chiefs on Manitoulin island. Lady Mary was greatly delighted with her present, and admired this new fashioned work of the coloured moose hair very much. The feathers, Mrs. Frazer told her, were from the summer red bird or war bird, and the blue bird, both of which, Lady Mary said she had seen. The Indians use these feathers as ornaments on their heads and shoulders, on grand occasions.

Lady Mary recollected hearing her mamma speak of some Indians that wore mantles and dresses of gay feathers. They were the natives of Peru in South America.

"Dear nurse, will you tell me any thing more about birds and flowers, to-day?" asked Lady Mary, after she had put away her pretty bag.

"I promised to tell you about the beavers, my lady," replied Mrs. Frazer.

"Oh, yes, about the beavers that make the dams, and the nice houses, and cut down big trees; I am glad you can tell me something about those curious creatures,—for mamma bought me a pretty picture, which I will shew you if you please," said the little girl; "but what is this odd looking, black thing here? Is it a dried fish? It must be a black bass! Ah! yes, nurse, I am sure it is."

The nurse smiled and said, "It is not a fish at all, my dear, it is a dried beaver's tail. I brought it from the back lakes when I was at home, that you might see it. See, my lady, how curiously the beaver's tail is covered with scales, it looks like some sort of black leather, stamped in a diaper pattern. Before it has been dried, it is very heavy, weighing three or four pounds. I have heard my brothers and some of the Indian trappers say, that the animal makes use of its tail to beat the sides of the dams, and smooth the mud and clay, as a plasterer uses a trowel. Some people think otherwise, but it seems so well suited, from its shape and weight, for the purpose, and the walls they raise, seem to have been smoothed as if with a trowel, that I see no reason to disbelieve the story."

"And what do the beavers make dams with, nurse?"

"With small trees cut into pieces, and drawn in close to each other, and then they fill up the spaces between with sods, and stones, and clay, and all sorts of things, that they gather together and work up into a solid wall; the walls are made broad at the bottom, and several feet in thickness, to make them strong enough to keep the water from washing through them. The beavers assemble together in the fall, about the months of October and November, to build their houses and repair their dams. They prefer running water, as it is less likely to freeze. They work in large parties, sometimes fifty or a hundred together, and do a great deal in a short time. They work during the night."

"Of what use is the dam, nurse?"

"The dam is for the purpose of securing a constant supply of water, without which, they could not live.

"When they have enclosed the beaver-pond, they then separate into family parties of seven or twelve, sometimes more, sometimes less; and construct dwellings, which are raised against the inner wall of the dam.

"These little huts have two chambers, one in which they sleep, which is warm, and soft, and dry, lined with roots, and sedges, and dried grass, and any odds and ends that serve their purpose.

"The feeding place is below. In this is stored the wood or the bark on which they feed; the entrance to this is under water, and hidden from sight; but it is there that the cunning hunter sets his trap to catch the unsuspecting beavers."

"Nurse, do not beavers, and otters, and muskrats, feel cold living in the water; and do they not get wet?"

"No, my dear; they do not feel cold, for the thick coating of hair and down, keeps them warm; and these animals, like ducks and geese, and all kinds of water fowls, are supplied with a bag of oil, with which they dress their coats, and that throws off the moisture; for you know Lady Mary, that oil and water will not mix. All creatures that live in the water, are provided with oily fur, or smooth scales, that no water can penetrate."

"Are there any beavers in England, nurse?" asked Lady Mary.

"No, my lady, I never heard of any; but I remember my father told me, that this animal once existed in numbers, in different countries of Europe; he said they were still to be found in Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, and even in France.

"The beaver abounds mostly in North America, and in its cold portions: in solitudes, that no foot of man, but the wild Indian has ever penetrated; in lonely streams, and inland lakes, these harmless creatures are found fulfilling God's purpose, and doing injury to none.

"I think if there had been any beavers in the land of Israel, in Solomon's time, that the wise king who speaks of the ants, and spiders, and grasshoppers, and the conies,* would have named the beavers also, as patterns of gentleness, cleanliness, and industry. They work together in bands, and live in families, and never fight or disagree.

"They have no chief or leader—they seem to have neither king nor ruler—yet they work in perfect love and harmony.

"How pleasant it would be, Lady Mary, if all Christian people would love each other, as these poor beavers seem to."

"Nurse, how can beavers cut down trees—they have neither axes nor saws?"

"Here, Lady Mary, are the axes and saws with which God has provided these little creatures;" and Mrs. Frazer shewed Lady Mary two long curved tusks, of a reddish-brown colour, which she told her were the tools used by the beavers to cut and gnaw the trees; she said she had seen trees as large round as a man's leg, that had been cut by these simple tools.

* Supposed to be a species of marmet, inhabiting the rocks about Judea.

Lady Mary was much surprised, that such small animals could cut through anything so big.

"In nature," replied her nurse, "we often see great things done by very small means. Patience and perseverance will do much. There is an old saying, my dear, that 'little strokes fell great oaks.'"

"The poplar, birch, and some other trees, on which the beavers feed, and also use in making the dams, are softer, and more easily cut, than oak, and elm, and beech would be; these trees are found growing near water, and in such places as the beavers build in.

"There are large open tracts of land in Canada, called beaver-meadows; these are covered with a long, thick, rank grass, which the settlers cut down, and use as hay.

"These beaver-meadows have the appearance of dried-up lakes; the soil is black and spongy, you may put a stick down to a depth of many feet; it is only in the months of July, August, and September, that they are dry.

"Bushes of black alder, with a few poplars, and twining shrubs, are scattered over the beaver-meadows, the banks are high and stony in some of them, and there are little islands of trees in places. There are many pretty wild flowers there. Among others, I found growing on the dry banks, some real hair bells, both blue and white."

"Ah! dear nurse—hair bells!—did you find real hair bells, such as grow on the bonny Highland hills, among the heather?"

"I wish Papa would let me go to the Upper Province, to see the beaver-meadows, and gather the dear blue bells."

"My father, Lady Mary, wept when I brought him a handful of these flowers, for he said it reminded him of his Highland home. I have found these pretty bells growing on the wild hills, about Rice lake, near the water as well as near the beaver-meadows."

"Do the beavers sleep in the winter time, nurse?"

"They do not lie torpid, as raccoons do, though they may sleep a good deal; but as they lay up a great store of provisions for the winter, of course they must wake up to eat it."

Lady Mary thought so too.

"In the spring, when the warm long day returns, they quit the winter retreat, and separate in pairs, living in holes in the banks of lakes and rivers, and do not unite again till the approach of the cold calls them all together to prepare for winter, as I told you."

"Who calls them all to build their winter houses?" asked the child."

"We know not. They call it instinct that guides these wild animals; doubtless it is the law of nature given to them by God."

There is a great resemblance in the habits of the muskrat and the beaver. They all live in the water, all separate in the spring, and meet again in the fall to build and work together; and having helped in these things, they retire to a private dwelling, each family by itself. The otter does not make a dam like the beaver, and I am not sure that it works in companies as the beaver; it lives on fish and roots—the muskrat on shell-fish and roots, and the beaver on vegetable food mostly. Muskrats and beavers are used for food, but the flesh of the otter is too fishy to be eaten.

"Nurse, can people eat muskrats?" asked Lady Mary, with surprise.

"Yes, my lady; in the spring months the hunters and Indians reckon them good food; I have eaten them myself, but I did not like them, they were too fat. Muskrats build a little house of rushes and plaster it, they have two chambers, and do not lie torpid; they build in shallow rushy places in lakes, but in spring they quit their winter houses, and are often found in holes among the roots of trees; they live on muscles and shell-fish. The fur is used in making caps."

"Nurse, did you ever see a tame beaver?"

"Yes, my dear; I knew a Squaw who had a tame beaver which she used to take out in the canoe with her, and it sat in her lap or on her shoulder, and was very playful. I also heard of one that a gentleman kept, it played sad tricks; but just as Mrs. Frazer was about to tell the little lady about the gentleman's tame beaver, the dinner-bell rang, and, as dinner at Government House waits for no one, Lady Mary was obliged to defer hearing the story till another time.

(To be Continued.)

Worldly Professors.—Too many persons seem to use their religion as a diver does his bell, to venture down into the depths of worldliness with safety, and there grope for pearls, with just so much of heaven's air as will keep them from suffocating, and no more; and some, alas, as at times is the case with the diver, are suffocated in the experiment.

An Architectural Conceit.—The column is an emblem of faith, it springs from earth to heaven; the arch symbolizes mercy, it descends from heaven to earth.

ST. JOHN'S ON THE RICHELIEU; OR, SOREL IN 1776.

A sail down Lake Champlain from Whitehall to St. John's except to the tourist, will, we fear, soon be among the things that were. Formerly men of business could spare time to admire the varied beauties which the winding, changing shores on either side display. Happy in the belief that they were pushing on to the place of destination as fast as steam could convey them, they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the scene, and ensconced quietly in the saloon, or promenading the deck, felt all the enchanting influences which it was long the pride of the captains of those floating palaces to display. Much of the romance of travelling has been lost of late, since the shortest routes are the most popular. The retirement which a pleasant family party can find on board of a steamboat where each may express sympathy in what is beautiful, or join in the merry laugh at the many ludicrous things which arise in the course of a day's sail, is all lost in the public car. The halcyon hours of the newly wedded pair fly by on the lightest pinions, while they point out to each other the objects of interest as the boat moves along. The world has narrowed down

to their own share of it, and no envious intruding eyes need disturb their happy exchange of sentiment.

People used to describe their rapid journies from New York to Montreal ; and though days were required to perform it, they, fortunately, unconscious of the improvements soon to be made in travelling, did not forget to enumerate the pleasure they derived, not only from the lovely views on the lake, but from the happy adjustment of everything to promote the comfort and pleasure of the passengers on the splendid steamboats. Now, steam almost outstrips itself, and goes frantic with energy, and tears away along the railways, and madly disregarding obstacles, lands men and baggage in one general mass at the bottom of a ravine, or in the midst of a river ; or, triumphantly reins up just in time to save a general crash ; giving a shrill blast to warn of its approach.

Laud railroads as we may, we can never forget the delight we have experienced while sailing down Lake Champlain. The country around is rich in memorable incident. At the outlet of the Lake, St. John's presents its regular outline in perfect contrast to Whitehall, Burlington and many other places on the Lake. It is situated on the western side of the Richelieu or Sorel river. Though its growth has been slow, and its population has never exceeded five thousand, it has been an important place ever since the early settlement of Canada. A canal connects it with Chambly, a lovely village, about twelve miles distant ; and a constant communication is kept up with Montreal by railroad. It is a kind of head quarters for the transportation trade, and was all along the place where goods passing and repassing were narrowly watched by custom-house officers. At present the bulk of travelling is turned to Rouse's Point, most of the goods take that direction also. St. John's figured in the early wars of Canada, and has always been strongly garrisoned. "Military works were thrown up by the French under Montcalm in 1758." "The ruins of old fort St. John's occupy a broad area in the open fields, behind the present military works, which are a little south of the village, and directly upon the shore of the river." The Americans made St. John's the scene of their first attempt upon Canada, and

descending the Richelieu, appeared before it in 1775, and took possession of the fort which they held until May, 1776, when they retreated from the country. "The country on both sides of the river is flat, and there is no place where the town may be seen to advantage. From the middle of the river one can get a fine view of the long bridge which connects St. John's with St. Athenaise on the opposite shore, where the steep roof and glittering spire of the French Church towers above the trees."

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN; OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

UNCLE TOM'S LAST HOURS.

ST. Clare had promised at poor Eva's dying request to give Tom his liberty, and meant to have done so, but a fatal accident prevented him from carrying out his benevolent intentions, so that shortly after his death Tom and Adolph, and some half a dozen other servants, were marched down to a slave-warehouse, to await the convenience of the trader, who was going to make up a lot for auction. . . .

Tom was sold, and on the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red river, he sat, chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky,—moon and star; all had passed by him, as the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendors; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever kind St. Clare; hours

of ease and indulgent leisure,—all gone! and in place thereof, *what remains*? . . .

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer Pirate, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

The boat moved on,—freighted with its weight of sorrow,—up the red, muddy, turbid current, through the abrupt, tortuous windings of the Red River; and sad eyes gazed wearily on the steep red-clay banks, as they glided by in dreary sameness. At last the boat stopped at a small town, and Legree, with his party, disembarked.

Trailing wearily behind a rude wagon, and over a ruder road, Tom and his associates faced onward.

In the wagon was seated Simon Legree; and the two women, still fettered together, were stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it, and the whole company were seeking Legree's plantation, which lay a good distance off.

It was a wild, forsaken road, now winding through dreary pine barrens, where the wind whispered mournfully, and now over log causeways, through long cypress swamps, the doleful trees rising out of the slimy, spongy ground, hung with long wreaths of funereal black moss, while ever and anon the loathsome form of the moccasin snake might be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there, rotting in the water.

It is disconsolate enough, this riding, to the stranger, who, with well filled pocket and well appointed horse, treads the lonely way on some errand of business; but wilder, drearier, to the man enthralled, whom every weary step bears further from all that man loves and prays for.

So one should have thought, that witnessed the sunken and dejected expression on these dark faces; the wistful, patient weariness with which those sad eyes rested on object after object that passed them in their sad journey.

At length the enclosures of the plantation rose to view; and the waggon rolled up a weedy gravel walk, under a noble

avenue of China trees, whose graceful forms and ever-spring foliage seemed to be the only things there that neglect could not daunt or alter.

The house had been large and handsome. It was built in a manner common at the South; but the place looked desolate and uncomfortable. Bits of board, old decayed barrels and boxes, garnished the ground in all directions; and three or four ferocious-looking dogs, roused by the sound of the wagon-wheels, came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions.

"Ye see what ye'd get!" said Legree, caressing the dogs with grim satisfaction, and turning to Tom and his companions. "Ye see what ye'd get! if ye try to run off. These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers; and they'd jest as soon chaw one on ye up as eat their supper." . . .

It took but a short time to familiarize Tom with all that was to be hoped or feared in his new way of life. He was an expert and efficient workman in whatever he undertook; and was, both from habit and principle, prompt and faithful.

Legree took silent note of Tom's availability. He rated him as a first-class hand; and yet he felt a secret dislike to him,—the native antipathy of bad to good, and made up his mind that, as Tom was not hard to his hand, he would harden him forthwith; and some few weeks after Tom had been on the place, he determined to commence the process.

"Tom, jest take this yer gal, and flog her; ye've seen enough on't to know how."

"I beg Mas'r's pardon," said Tom; "hopes Mas'r won't set me at that. It's what I an't used to,—never did,—and can't do, no way possible."

"Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before I've done with ye!" said Legree, taking up a cow-hide, and striking Tom a heavy blow across the cheek, and following up the infliction by a shower of blows.

"There!" he said, as he stopped to rest; "now, will ye tell me ye can't do it?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Tom, putting up his hand, to wipe the blood that trickled down his face. "I'm willin' to work

night and day, and work while there's life and breath in me; but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do;—and, Mas'r, I *never* shall do it,—*never!*"

Tom had a remarkably smooth, soft voice, and a habitually respectful manner, that had given Legree an idea that he would be cowardly, and easily subdued.

Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last burst forth,—

"An't I yer master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all there is inside yer old cussed black shell? An't yer mine, now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot; "tell me!"

In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and, looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed,

"No! no! no! my soul an't yours, Mas'r! You have n't bought it,—ye can't buy it! It's been bought and paid for, by one that's able to keep it;—no matter, no matter, you can't harm me!"

"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see,—we'll see! Here, Sambo, Quimbo, give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month!"

Two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of powers of darkness.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the waste-room of the gin-house, lay Tom.

And Legree determined, if he could not subdue him by bullying, to defer his vengeance, to be wreaked in a more convenient season.

The solemn light of dawn—the angelic glory of the morning star—had looked in through the rude window of the shed where Tom was lying; and, as if descending on that star-beam, came the solemn words, "I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star." He did not know but that the day of his death was dawning in the sky; and his heart throbbed with solemn throes of joy and desire, as he thought that

wondrous *all*, of which he had often pondered,—the great white throne, with its ever radiant rainbow; the white robed multitude, with voices as many waters; the crowns, the palms, the harps,—might all break upon his vision before that sun should set again. And, therefore, without shuddering or trembling, he heard the voice of his persecutor, as he drew near.

"Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Did n't I tell yer I could larn yer a thing or two? How do yer like it,—eh? How did yer whaling agree with yer, Tom? An't quite so crank as ye was last night. Ye could n't treat a poor sinner, now, to a bit of a sermon, could ye,—eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up," said Legree, kicking him again.

This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint; and, as Tom made efforts to do so, Legree laughed brutally.

Tom by this time had gained his feet, and was confronting his master with a steady unmoved front.

"Now, Tom, get right down on yer knees and beg my pardon, for yer shines last night."

"Mas'r Legree," said Tom, "I can't do it. I did only what I thought was right. I shall do just so again, if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may. I know ye can do dreadful things, but,"—he stretched himself upward and clasped his hands,—"but, after ye've killed the body, there an't no more ye can do. And O, there's all ETERNITY to come after that!

"Mas'r Legree, as ye bought me, I'll be a true and faithful servant to ye. I'll give ye all the work of my hands, all my time, all my strength; but my soul I won't give up to mortal man. I will hold on to the Lord, and put his commands before all,—die or live; you may be sure on't. Mas'r Legree, I an't a grain afeard to die. I'd as soon die as not. Ye may whip me, starve me, burn me,—it'll only send me sooner where I want to go." . . .

Two of Legree's slaves seized upon an opportunity to make their escape, and he determined to wreak his anger upon poor Tom; whom, he pretended to think, knew of their retreat.

"Now, Quimbo," said Legree, as he stretched himself down in the sitting-room, "you jest go and walk that Tom up here, right away!"

Tom heard the message with a forewarning heart; for he knew all the plan of the fugitives' escape, and the place of their present concealment;—he knew the deadly character of the man he had to deal with, and his despotic power. But he felt strong in God to meet death, rather than betray the helpless.

"Well, Tom!" said Legree, walking up, and seizing him grimly by the collar of his coat, and speaking through his teeth, in a paroxysm of determined rage, "do you know I've made up my mind to KILL you?"

"It's very likely, Mas'r," said Tom, calmly.

"I *have*," said Legree, with grim, terrible calmness, "*done—just—that—thing*, Tom, unless you'll tell me what you know about these yer gals!"

Tom stood silent.

"*I han't nothing to tell, Mas'r*," said Tom, with a slow, firm, deliberate utterance.

"Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know anything!"

"I know, Mas'r; but I can't tell anything. *I can die!*"

"You've always stood it out agin' me: now, I'll *conquer ye, or I'll kill ye!* one or t' other. I'll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take 'em, one by one, till ye give up!"

* * * * * * * * * *

"He's most gone, Mas'r," said Sambo, touched, in spite of himself, by the patience of his victim.

"Pay away, till he gives up! Give it to him! give it to him!" shouted Legree. "I'll take every drop of blood he has, unless he confesses!"

Tom opened his eyes, and looked upon his master. "Ye poor miserable critter!" he said, "there an't no more ye can do! I forgive ye, with all my soul!" and he fainted entirely away.

"I b'lieve, my soul, he's done for, finally," said Legree, stepping forward to look at him. "Yes, he is! Well, his mouth's shut up, at last,—that's one comfort!"

GENIUS.

PART II.

Not only throughout Great Britain, but over the whole continent of Europe, the fame both of George Stephenson and his son, has been diffused and rendered lasting by works of almost imperishable magnificence and stability,—proud triumphs of engineering skill. See the tubular bridge at Conway, or the Britannia across the Menai Straits, with many others, too numerous to mention, besides the innumerable lines of railway projected or carried out by them, both at home and abroad. From Leopold of Belgium the elder Stephenson received the honour of knighthood, but neither fame nor wealth could ever sully the beautiful simplicity of character for which he was so remarkable.

His benevolence was universally felt and acknowledged. He resided principally in the neighbourhood of one of his extensive mines, where he employed upwards of one thousand labourers, and it was his greatest delight to superintend, or personally satisfy himself about their welfare and well-doing; in return, they looked up to him almost in the light of a father.

I have heard many amusing and interesting anecdotes of his benevolence of disposition, his child-like simplicity, his love of nature, which he kept untainted to the last, from the same gentleman before alluded to, who had the privilege of his friendship. He might well be called the "poor man's friend." Here where fuel is so easily obtained, and where the labourer rejoices in such liberal wages, a faint idea only can be formed of the privations of the poorer classes at home during a severe winter, where coal is so expensive. Acting with the true philanthropy of his nature, Mr. Stephenson set himself strenuously to oppose everything approaching to monopoly in the coal trade, and laboured hard and successfully in lowering the price of it by means of transportation by railway to the midland and southern counties of England. He was truly a *public* benefactor; no selfish views ever corroded his great undertakings; it was for public benefit he laboured, and that alone. Courted and flattered by the wealthy and the aristocracy of Britain, he nobly resisted any importunity or temptation to open a line on what he knew would prove a non-paying route, though often urged by most plausible and powerful arguments from those

who, not understanding the commercial policy of the country, or from some private motive, wished it carried in a certain direction.

His argument was ever, that no railway ought to be constructed that would not prove a *public* benefit to the country, or a sure and safe investment for capital. He was a strenuous opponent of competing lines, as destructive to public enterprise and welfare. Now that a railway era is dawning upon this colony, may his bright example influence those who have the direction of such important undertakings. Bitterly did he regret the numerous widows and orphans, reduced to poverty by the fathers of families, or the trustees investing money in a nonpaying line of railway.

Let us now once more follow him into private life, and see this great and good man there; still carrying out his schemes o benevolence and charity. Not only did he look after the general welfare of his labourers, but daily would he be seen visiting from door to door, making himself acquainted with the every day life of each family. The women hailed his appearance with joy; and pleasure beamed in the eyes of the children as they saw him approaching, each eager to catch his approving smile. Did any little disagreement occur in their respective homes, he had always a happy way of settling things in order again; and so much was he beloved and respected, that no admonition fell from his lips unheeded. On one occasion, observing a gloom depicted in the countenance of the wife of one of his best workmen, he asked her what was the matter?

"O, sir, I know you could make all right."

"Well, Mary, tell me the trouble, and I'll see what can be done; surely, you and John have not quarrelled?"

O no, sir, he is the best of husbands; but he has taken to drinking, and I know not where it will end; if you would only speak to him; but please don't let him know sir, as I told you."

"No, no, Mary, leave that to me; I'll see you again in a day or two."

When John came home to his dinner the next day, Mr. Stephenson walked in.

"Well, John, I have a little matter to talk over with you?"

"What is it, please sir?"

"Why, you have always yet pleased me; but I hear you have been paying visits lately at the public-house yonder; now, John, you have a happy home and good wife, don't throw those blessings away, and let this be the last time I hear of this.

The advice was magical, and John and his Mary looked happy as ever, and many a silent prayer did she breathe for him who had stood between her and sorrow.

In this quiet way, many a house owed its home happiness to his kind and judicious interference.

It was a treat to see him throwing off all his cares (with so many interests at stake, how great they must have been) and giving himself up with true zeal and delight, to the innocent recreations of country life. He had a vast collection of pets—dogs, horses, birds, &c.; and he enjoyed finding bird's nests, not to take, but to watch over and protect them from being taken. Every creature that came within his reach, felt the power of his benevolent heart. The mantle of the father, has indeed descended on the son, and his presence in Canada will be hailed with sincere and heartfelt pleasure.

C. H., Rice Lake.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

All wept and sorrow'd o'er the early bier
Of Jairus' daughter, when the Lord drew near,
And moved with a divine compassion said,
"Mourn not in hopeless anguish for the maid,
She doth but slumber." Then the faithless crowd
Expressed their scorn and unbelief aloud—
Pointed the marbled brow and rayless eyes,
And cried, "Shall yon unconscious clay arise
At thy behest? And shall unconquered Death
Resign his spoil, and bow thy power beneath."
So spoke the scoffers, but the maiden's hand
The Saviour took, and at his high command
And thrilling touch, the spirit lately fled
Returns once more, and she the newly dead
In whose cold breast each pulse had ceased to beat,
Where neither breath remained nor vital heat,
Feels the immediate presence and the might
Of the all powerful source of life and light;
At whose creative word existence flowed,
Who now restores the being he bestowed
And death's pale captive, wakening at his word,
Burst the grim tyrant's chain, to glorify the Lord.

EDITORIAL.

With this number closes the First Volume of the "Maple Leaf." We look back upon the past with thankfulness, and forward to the future with hope. The Magazine has attained a large circulation for the time, and we trust, by increasing attention to the Editorial work, and suitable co-operation in the printing department, it will gain a large accession of friends.

It has preserved from the commencement its distinguishing features—its Canadian characteristics. We have felt that a proper attention to the interesting traits of the country would render it entertaining and useful; these we shall continue to develope by description, accompanied, when practicable, with cuts. Our talented contributors Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Hayward, will continue their pleasant articles, while other native writers have kindly promised the assistance of their pens. We shall now send the July number to all who take the Magazine, with the request that it may be carefully examined, and, if possible, retained.

The first year of any work is the year of difficulty and trial above all others. The "Maple Leaf" has gained a position; and it remains to be seen whether a native work will be sustained, so that it may be improved, and embellish it as it deserves. We ought to have a literature decidedly national but Canada will not take her place, in this respect, with other countries, until she endeavors to foster and extend native productions with genuine zeal. Many periodicals which have been projected here, have failed for the want of that interest in their success which they needed, and one after another have been discontinued, and their places supplied with foreign publications! The expense of a small periodical is great. The subscriber who reads each number, and quietly criticises this fault, or dissects that sentence; sees one cut too dark, another too coarse; finds the paper execrable, and the whole number wanting in taste, little dreams of the amount of money and toil *that one* issue has cost; or how gladly every error would be avoided for the future, if large subscription lists and prompt payments would furnish the means. Money almost can do everything. It can import paper from abroad when there is none at home, and by offering large inducements, secure elegant engravings, perfect typography and entertaining articles; and hurrying all forward, send forth a Magazine creditable in every respect to the country. This we will do as soon as possible—in the mean time comfort ourselves with the reflection that all *great* enterprises require time to mature them.

We shall be glad to receive articles intended for the "Maple Leaf" early in each month. They should reach Montreal generally on the 10th.

Attention is called to the Prospectus of the Magazine which appears on the inside of the cover.

Lines on a Church-yard are in type, and will appear in our next number.

THE

MAPLE LEAF;

A Canadian Monthly Magazine.

VOLS. III. AND IV.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR MRS. E. H. LAY BY J. C. BECKET.

1854.

MAPLE LEAF:

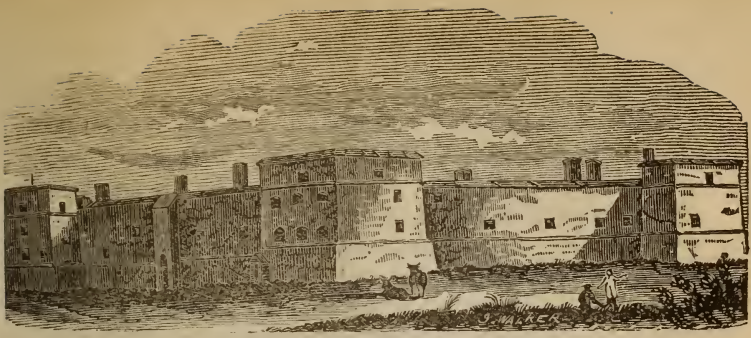
INDEX TO VOLUME THIRD.

	PAGE.
A City Miss	52
A Fragment	70
A Mother's Influence	84
Authentic Anecdotes, &c.	90
A Day's Fishing	150
Anecdotes of Hayden	167
Afternoon at Leisure	168
Answers to Enigmas, &c.	158, 192
	126, 159
British Empire, the	83
Blindness	180
Crotchet Work	25, 62, 149
Cracker for Oscar's Nut	159
Correspondence	126
Charades, Enigmas, &c.	94, 125
	159, 160, 192
Conscience, &c.	76
Depth of the Sea	160
Earth's Visible Records	119
Editorial	31, 64, 94, 128, 160, 192
Foolscap	39
Fort Chambly in 1776	1
Fragment of an Unpublished Manuscript	16
Funeral Hymn for a Child	76
Frankfort Cemetery	155
Governor's Daughter, &c.	12, 44, 71
	111, 137, 165
Glow-worm, the	23
Hymn	118
Instruction of the Deaf in Germany	109
Incident	89
Ignis Fatuus, the	161
Lines by Persolus	199
Lily	11
Legend of the Pyrennees	53, 77
	129, 185
Losing One's Temper	59
Lines, &c., by Edla	164
My Fortune's Made	17
Mother	27
Music	32
Mexican Boa Snakes	39
Memory	57
Mother and her Boy, the	102
Magistrate Smuggler	51
Natural Bridge	143
Ottawa River and its Valley	41
Original of Paul Pry	142
Poetry (Original)	101
Recipes	31, 64, 91
Rapides des Chats	121
Sketch of the Fall of Aztec Empire, &c.	5, 33, 65, 97
Seasons in Canada, the	146, 185
Sleeps	151
Thoughts on a Church Yard	24
Twilight Musings	29
Things Useful and Agreeable	30
	63, 92
To the Mother of Little Alice	43
The Seasons	89
To the Parents of Caroline W.	135
To November	136
To my Sister, &c.	148
View of the Georgian Springs	40
Varieties	62, 75, 167
Who Can Tell Me ?	96
We were too Poor to Pay	183
What Sent One Husband to California	172

INDEX TO VOLUME FOURTH.

	PAGE.
Annie's New Year's Gift	1
An Epicede	20
Answers to Enigmas, &c.	32, 64, 160
Annie Gray	33
A Discovery	38
A Chapter about Bees	40
A Good Maxim	176
Agreeing with Her	84
Answer the Cabman	157
Cut of the Bosphorus	8
Charades, Enigmas, &c.	32, 64, 128
Curiosity of a Spider's Web	58
Chestnut Basket	59
Correspondence of the Hypian	117
Convolvulus Watch-Pocket	177
Conversation	124
Chemical Effects of Light	139
Coroner's Inquest, the	171
Dying Wife, the	54
Delirantis Somnium	76

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Do we ever Forget ?	78	Nitimur Spe	184
Deformed Boy, the	103, 148	Parrot's Lesson	124
Drops from a Full Heart	185	Reading Euclid Himself	153
Dropping Well, the	19	Recipes	53
Editorial	32, 64, 96, 128, 160, 190	Reflections	111
Exile's Daughter	22	Retrospective	127
Events of a Night, the	71	Recollections of School Days	140
East India Cottage	145	Sunset Thoughts	183
Firelight Fancies	40	Song of the Sliders	70
First Trip by Railway	65, 120	Strawberry Season, the	174
Funeral Dirge	171	Seasons in Canada	154
Gathered Flower	116	Sevastopol	181
Geysers, the	169	Trouble with Servants	178
Haven't the Change	65	To Edla	39
Halos	113	Two in Heaven	52
Ice Bergs	49	The Christmas Tree	57
I See a Man	60	Things Useful, &c	63
India	79	The Two Widow's of Hunter's Creek	86
Indian Sleighing	81	The Bosphorus	9
Improvisatory	85	Thermometers	94
Judgment, &c	186	The Housewife's Friend	187
Life, Love, Death, &c	30	The Motherless	144
Lines	102	To the Month	139
Musings at Eventide	7	To a Dear Friend	159
Metrical Replies to Edla's Questions, Life, Love, Death, What are they ?	53	Valetta in Malta	125
My Old Memorandum Book	97	What Sent One Husband to California	10
Mental Recreation	188	Wonders of Chemistry	61
Nil Desperandum	61	Wisdom	156



FORT CHAMBLY IN 1776.

Business presses upon the overcharged brain of the merchant. Loss and Gain, Commission and Brokerage, the price of Stock and many contingencies, are the subjects which stand out before his wearied mind month after month. He toils on through long accounts and deep calculations, and large profits;—day after day passes, and the busy season is drawing to a close. The exhausted system needs relaxation, the delicate mechanism must be strengthened for a new campaign; and rising with joyous elasticity, the mind of the merchant throws off the weight of care, and prepares to enjoy a period of freedom. He almost hears the glad music of the cascade, and feels the fragrant-scented breeze upon his heated brow, and sees the cheerful scenery of a quiet country retreat. A delightful exchange he is about to make from the heat and dust of the city, to recreate amidst the freshness of country life.

Reader, have you ever found it in your heart to treat yourself to the luxury of a summer's trip through the beautiful interior of Canada? We do not refer to a hurried passage through the most frequented routes; those, though affording picturesque changes, and beautiful views, cannot equal the grandeur of many spots unknown, except to the artist, or man of leisure, or to the speculator who visits them to ascertain their lumber resources, or suitableness as sites of future cities. You may indeed refresh yourselves and enjoy much by taking a trip up the Ottawa, or catch magnificent views of the country as you proceed to Toronto or Hamilton by the St. Lawrence,—glimpses that will be remembered with the liveliest gratification; but after all when one starts on a pleasure excursion with plenty of time, there is nothing equal to the good old fashioned way. Jolting along in the family ba

rouche, stopping here to talk with the *habitans*, there to gather a curious plant, or secure a mineral, or admire a lovely sunset, without feeling afraid of "the bell," suits our taste—we do not like hurry—to a nicety. Then the admirable scope one has for contrivance,—in cases where a wheel happens to come off in "an unfrequented road,"—the tales, and incidents, and witticisms each bring forward for the general benefit, the innocent disenchantment from the formalities of city life, make up the agreeable features of these pleasant journies, and contribute wonderfully to exhilarate the mind and body.

We started one fine morning to drive to Chambly, a pleasant village, about seventeen miles from Montreal. The city and its suburbs stretch a long distance down the river, nearly to the ferry which we were to cross, opposite to Longueuil. It was early, and the hum of activity had not filled the city which was still reposing, save here and there a market-cart moved over the pavement, forerunner of the swarms of human beings soon to pour out of the houses, and fill the streets. Some where hid away in our temperament is a touch of the moralising spirit; for we never look around a large city, and try to comprehend the number and employments of its inhabitants, than thoughts of the eternal future of all these heirs of immortality, fill us with pain—a pain which is increased when we transfer our thoughts from an individual place to the whole world, with its masses, and masses of living, accountable human beings, all hurrying onward through life as a fast flowing stream pours ever into the ocean. But to return to our ride; we reached the ferry just in time for the first boat, and were soon landed on the opposite side of the river, and our horse snuffing the pure morning air as it came laden with the odor of the meadow blossoms, started off at a brisk rate, and we soon found ourselves out of the neat little village of Longueuil, and on a broad plank road, admiring the cultivated farms on either side of us, or looking at the distant trees on the road side. The country here is so level that we could see a great distance, and the view ends in a distant vista, where trees and houses appear to meet. Neat farm-houses are scattered along the road, and usually appended in true national taste is the pretty little flower garden, with its roses and geraniums, and many sweet-scented plants. The houses are not large, or built with any great view to conve-

nience. It is quite common to see the oven or bake-house separate from the dwelling, and one oven suffices a whole neighborhood. Each family sends its own bread ready to bake at the general baking. Another peculiarity which we noticed on the road to Chambly, and which we have observed in other directions in Lower Canada, is the absence of shade trees around the dwellings. A few were nicely shaded, but considering the beautiful variety of trees in the country, we are surprised that so little attention is paid to those cheap and useful ornaments of the farmer's premises. However, we saw so much to admire in the waving grain, promising hay fields, and appearance of happiness and comfort, that we were inclined to say beautiful to everything, and above all to the glad sunshine which was drinking up the dew drops from the grass, and the blue sky draped so delicately and fancifully with the morning clouds, and the far off mountains, whose figures like immense castles stood out to remind us of fairy land. Poised over our heads, or alighting on the bough of a tree, sailing past in circles, or hopping on the fences, the birds with their solos and choruses put the climax to our enjoyment.

With a good horse seventeen miles are soon passed, and long before noon we found ourselves driving around the circular road to the village of Chambly. The river Richelieu, just at the foot of the rapids, widens into a large circular bay; making a grand sweep it returns to its usual size a short distance from the village. The road branches about a mile from Chambly, one part follows the direction of the river, and the houses are built on the banks with gardens sloping down to the water's edge. It is a beautiful spot, and we thought while looking at the broad bay where rafts of timber were floating, or boats making their way to unload, that Chambly was the most desirable place we had seen, combining, as we thought, the beauties of a lovely landscape with the activity of business. If we were interested in this part of the village, we were delighted with the view of the old stone fort; which, defying the waste of elements, still stands, though now only used as a store house; it put us in mind of Canada's days of genuine chivalry and romance, when from the port-holes of this old fort the cannon was pointed, and sweeping over the water, commanded the range of the bay and some distance back on the land side.

The river Richelieu is the outlet for the immense volume of water in Lake Champlain. It is a swift stream; its channel in some places is wide and deep, but often interrupted by rapids. There are some fine residences on the banks of the river near the rapids. The Seigneurial residence is very pretty; but we thought we should prefer a quiet spot on the bay, than there, within sound of the waters which tumble over the rocks in resistless force. This river affords excellent sites for manufacturing establishments. We saw one place for the manufacture of lasts, perched out by the rushing current.

Government maintains a garrison here. The soldiers' barracks are located a little way out of the village. Chambly is a place of considerable commercial importance; boats come in through the canal, bringing goods from various points on Lake Champlain and beyond there; we believe one line of boats comes through from Albany. The arrival of these boats adds much to the activity of the village. The subject of connecting the river Richelieu with the St. Lawrence has been before the minds of Canadian merchants for some time. It is supposed that a canal connecting these rivers would attract much of the western trade. Flour and other commodities could pass from any given point on the front directly through to New York, without the trouble of transhipment. The great object ought to be, however, to connect the waters of Lake Champlain, or its outlet, the Richelieu, with the St. Lawrence at a point that, all things considered, will promote the most important class of interests, not simply the interest of Montreal, or that part of the country east of Montreal, but of the western part of the country also,—since the canal would be constructed at the expense of the Province. Public works beautify, as well as improve a country. It is necessary to use wisdom in the selection of suitable routes and sites for such great operations. A false step cannot be easily remedied without loss, since if one route is not liked, another may be easily adopted by the public, owing to the number of ways in which goods may now be forwarded from one place to another.

It must now be a matter of high satisfaction to those who have spent years of discouragement and privation in this coun-

try, to view works of utility and progress starting up in every direction, and know that each year will bring fresh improvements in all departments of life. But to return to our visit to Chambly; much as we enjoyed it, our time was soon spent, and about five o'clock we took the road to St. Johns. It passes through a cultivated country; here and there we got a full view of the river with its white-capt waves and murmuring rapids, and wondered to see it flow on so smoothly; not long after it had leaped over rocks and obstructions in one sheet of foam. The houses of the inhabitants are scattered along the roadside quite thickly; the taste of the people is so social, that the children generally settle near their parents and take their portions from the homestead, which is a reason why there are so many houses and such small farms, among the French part of the settlements. We were so interested in what we saw that we forgot to be fatigued, and only *felt so* when—seated in the hotel at St. Johns—we tried to collect our thoughts and bring them down from certain flights in which they had been indulging, as we looked at the beautiful sunset spreading over the Richelieu, and tinging the glades with its softened radiance.

Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

BY MRS. E. T. RENAUD.

THE present advanced stage of human progress affords many facilities for a review of the past. We stand upon a vantage ground from which we can look calmly back upon ages which have run their course, mighty kingdoms which have risen and disappeared to give place to others destined to be alike ephemeral. The renowned leaders of the nations, the powerful chiefs of tribes, the far famed conquerors of the world, have all shared the same fate—a short lived glory, a meteor light, soon to be forgotten in the succeeding darkness. To read the page of history aright, we must read it by the aid of two lights. By the lesser light of experience or observation we are enabled to trace the hidden cause from the manifested effect.

We can argue from the present much of the past; and when a purpose fully developed is presented to us, we can reason correctly upon the steps for its attainment. But the assistance of the greater light of revelation is absolutely necessary before we can study with advantage the records of the past. As well might the traveller who viewed the surface of our globe, with all its varieties of mountain and ocean grandeur, under an eclipse, imagine he gave a true picture of the earth while describing the long shadows of the mountains, the deep recesses of the valleys, the silence of the groves, and the pale, soft, melancholy light whose rays so feebly illuminated the world. The historian who attempts to describe habits, delineate character, or form conclusions discarding or despising this divine revelation, is working equally in the dark. History is prophecy fulfilled—another apocalypse—a description of the works and ways of the Great Ruler of the Universe who setteth up princes, and at his will removeth them.

The doctrine of an omniscient observation, and an omnipresent Providence, must be our guiding star in the pursuance of this study; if lost sight of, we err in judgment, and reason in ignorance.

These remarks apply equally to individual as to general history. It is a common remark, that circumstances form the character, that great events produce great men, and sudden emergencies give rise to unusual displays of vigor and ability. Ought we not rather to say, the mind is moulded for the peculiar use to which it is set apart; the character strengthened and invigorated in proportion to the difficulties with which it has to cope; the vessel prepared and tempered for the master's use. For what purpose was the Persian Cyrus raised to the height of power and glory he attained; but that as the shepherd of the Lord he might gather together the lost sheep of Israel, and restore them to their own land. Alexander the Great fulfilled his mission, though he might not understand it. As a he goat he came from the West, and smote the ram having two horns, viz., the king of Media and Persia.

There are two leading principles which ought to be borne in mind while contemplating God's providential dealings with the world. The gradual propagation of Christianity, and the just punishment of nations whose cup of iniquity is full, whose abounding trans-

gressions cry for vengeance—which, though long delayed, assuredly falls and sweeps them with a terrible destruction from the face of the earth. The extirpation of the Canaanites of old is thus accounted for; and in later times, when the same enormities prevailed, the same punishment has been inflicted. The history of Mexico, the subject of this sketch, illustrates this remark; and while we cannot but feel pity for the multitudes that perished, we acknowledge the wisdom and mercy that swept from the earth a superstition so baneful, a religion so full of horri dcruelty as the Aztec worship.

The first discovery of America was far from being complete. Columbus did little more in 1498 than descry the coast of this New World. North America owes its discovery to Sebastien Cabot, who was sent out by Henry VII. of England, a few years after Columbus's successful enterprise. In this way England obtained these large possessions in America, a remnant of which she still retains. Peru was subjugated by Francis Pizarro; the Brazilian coast by Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese; and Mexico by Hernando Cortes.

In 1518, the kingdom of Mexico presented a very different aspect from what its discoverers expected; it was, in fact, a mighty monarchy—its sway extended over a vast region of country remarkable for its fertility, presenting every variety of climate, and yielding nearly every species of fruit. Numerous populous cities owed allegiance to the head of the empire; trembled at his frown, regarding his voice as the voice of a god, and not of a man. The sovereign of Mexico at this period was Montezuma the second, a prince who more than sustained all the superstitions and dignity attached to the throne.

The early years of his reign were deservedly popular. He displayed great energy in war, and regulated with wisdom and justice the internal policy of his kingdom. A munificent generosity of spirit was one of his chief characteristics; if he was careful in accumulating treasure, it was in order liberally to recompense his dependents. Some of his improvements mark an intelligence and benevolence scarcely to have been anticipated in his age. He introduced water all over the city by means of a new channel, from whence pipes were laid to the public buildings, private dwellings, &c. He likewise established an hospital for

invalid soldiers in one of his cities on the plain. By degrees the popularity of Montezuma declined; he ceased to be the friend of his subjects; secluded himself from public observation, requiring the personal attendance in a menial capacity of the first nobles of the land; exacting from them, and all with whom he came in contact, the most slavish homage, the most servile marks of respect. When the monarch passed among his subjects, all eyes were fixed upon the ground, while many prostrated themselves before him. The portrait left us of this celebrated Indian emperor, is an interesting one. He was at this time about 40 years of age, his person was tall and thin, but not ill made; his hair was black and straight, and not very long; his beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than generally belongs to his race; his features were serious in their expression; he moved with dignity; his whole demeanor was tempered by an expression of benignity worthy of a great prince. The city of Mexico contained a large and industrious population. The public works manifested an advanced state of civilization. The temples and principal buildings were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the sun. A draw-bridge was the only entrance into the city. The palace of Montezuma was a vast irregular pile of low stone buildings, so large and so numerous, that one of the conquerors declared, though he had frequently visited it, he never was able to support the fatigue of an entire survey. In the courts, many fountains were playing, which supplied a hundred baths in the interior of the palace. The apartments were large, but not lofty; the ceilings formed of odoriferous woods richly carved; the floors covered with mats; the walls hung with cotton beautifully stained, or with the skins of wild animals; and draperies of feather work, wrought in imitation of birds and insects, which might well compare in nicety of art and beauty of colors with the famed tapestries of Flanders. Thus Mexico, a second Tadmor in the desert, had reached a degree of splendor and magnificence little dreamt of in the Eastern World. And Montezuma, like Nebuchadonoyer, might stand upon his battlements, and look down with a spirit of triumphant exultation upon the mighty city with its temples, towers, and palaces, which rose proudly from the beautiful valley of Jezcuco, and cast their deep shadows upon the quiet surface of the lake. But however fair the aspect of this far-famed city—however advanced its inhabitants

might be in arts and refinements, there were scenes enacted within these walls, and horrid cruelties perpetrated, worthy of the lowest degree of barbarism.

The religion of the Aztecs had not kept pace with their advancement in civilization. The gentle spirit of Christianity was a stranger to their superstitions. Their tenets manifested a strange incongruity, their creed contained traditions of a purer faith. Many of their rites and sacraments bore a strong analogy to that of Christianity; for example, in naming their children, "the lips and bosom of the infant were sprinkled with water, while prayer was offered up, that the Lord would permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be 'born anew.'"

The Aztecs acknowledged the existence of a superior Creator and Lord of the Universe, and addressed prayer to him as the God by whom we live, "Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts." It had been well had they rested in this knowledge, and sought no further light; but man has ever sought out many inventions, and not liking to retain God in his knowledge, has changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man. Among the Aztecs there were thirteen powerful deities, and more than two hundred inferior. The chief of these was the terrible Huit Zilopotchli, or war god, whose fantastic image was loaded with costly ornaments; his temples were the finest of the public edifices; his altars reeked with the blood of human beings, in whose sacrifice he specially delighted; captives taken in war were invariably reserved for this dreadful fate. Women were not excepted from the cruel sentence; on some occasions children, generally infants, were offered up to appease the anger, or secure the favor of the blood thirsty god.

It is said from twenty to thirty thousand victims were annually sacrificed throughout the kingdom. The manner of sacrifice was as revolting as inhuman. The victim was laid upon a large flat stone, its upper surface somewhat convex, so as to throw up the chest; the priest, clad in a scarlet mantle, dexterously opened the breast with a sharp razor, and plunged his hand into the wound to reach the palpitating heart, held it up towards the sun, and then cast it at the feet of the deity as an acceptable offering. If

the victim had been a captive taken in war, the body was delivered to his captor, who caused it to be dressed and prepared as a grateful repast for his friends. Can we wonder that the wrath of God should at last overtake a people so totally given over to idolatry and all wickedness, and sweep them as with the besom of destruction from the face of the earth? Could anything be more hurtful in his sight than this sacrifice of man once created in His own image, and still endowed with capabilities of serving him, thus offered at the altar of devils? We rather marvel that the vengeance is so long delayed, the sword not sooner whetted. But the decree had gone forth, the avenger of blood is at the door, a fearful retribution is at hand. Montezuma, in the midst of his luxurious indolence, is startled by whispers of strange and ominous import—tidings reach the capital of the arrival of a band of strangers; white men of great wisdom and power, carrying in their hands the thunders and lightning:—by referring to the picture writing, which was the usual mode of communication, he sees depicted the Spaniards,—their costumes, arms, and equipments, with a fidelity that gave him a real picture of his opponents. Horses were then unknown in Mexico; at first the horse and rider were supposed to be one, a new and terrible engine of destruction; the water houses, as they called the ships of the strangers, were included in the sketch which was to convey the fatal news to the capital. Montezuma trembled; he felt as if his glory had departed; his resistless power overthrown; and his kingdom lay under sentence of death and destruction. Again and again did a prophecy, long since made, return to his agitated mind, viz., that the posterity of the god Metzalcoatt were one day to return and resume possession of the empire of Mexico. A general feeling seems to have prevailed at that period that this promise was about to be accomplished; and many of the tribes recognized in the fair complexion of the Spaniards, their great valor and superior knowledge, these conquerors whose arrival had been so long anticipated. This universal belief paved the way for the approach of the Spaniards; disarming the hostility of some; commanding the reverence of others, and investing the strangers with a superstitious character, which greatly aided their enterprise.

Montreal, June, 1853.

(To be Continued.)

THE LILY.

[ORIGINAL.]

"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Grand and beauteous stands the lily,
Nodding gently to the wind;
With a robe of dazzling whiteness,
And a crown of royal brightness,
Deck'd and gemm'd by Nature's mind.

Glorious symbols meet our vision,
When we see thee, flower divine;
Proudly set amid the meadow,
Feeling naught of care or sorrow,
All unconscious in thy prime.

Toiling not for wealth or fashion,
Clothed art thou in tissues rare;
Woven in the looms of heaven,
Dropp'd by angel bands at even,
O'er the fields and valleys fair.

Fast by Eden's lovely bowers,
Near the sacred tree of life,
Bending stately thy corolla,
Fill'd the air with sweet aroma,
Paradise saw then no strife.

Gold of Ophir, dyes of Sidon,
Crown'd the ancient monarch's reign;
And his pearls and jewels costly,
Flash'd back light all bright and lofty,
O'er the Queen of Sheba's train.

Yet the king in all his glory
Rival'd not thy spotless dress;
Eastern climes, and wealth of ages
Vied to please earth's mighty sages;
Dim their lustre grew and less.

Love may woo thee, flower imperial,
Art may blend her tints so bright—
Amaranthine hues and changeless
From the regions true and peerless,
Meet not genius' loftiest flight.

Breezes kiss thee, softly whispering
Tales of realms beyond the main,
Where by water clear as crystal,
Joyful keeping sacred festal,
Lilies stand a lovely train.

Oh ye fearful souls, and fainting,
Envy not the world's false show;
Loftier hopes, enduring treasure,
Rising still in endless measure,
Shall the God of love bestow.

E. H. L.

Montreal, June 3, 1853.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs, Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY MARY'S STORY ABOUT THE TAME BEAVER, WITH SOME FURTHER REMARKS ON BEAVERS AND RACCOONS.

"Nurse, you have told me a great many nice stories. Now, I can tell you one, if you would like to hear it;" and the Governor's little daughter fixed her bright eyes, beaming with intelligence, on the face of her nurse, who smiled, and said she should like very much to hear the story.

"You must guess what it is be about, nurse."

"I am afraid I shall not guess right. Is it 'Little Red Riding Hood,' or 'Old Mother Hubbard,' or 'Jack the Giant Killer!'"

"Oh, nurse, to guess such silly stories," said the little lady stopping her ears. "Those are too silly even for me to tell baby. My story is a nice story, about a darling tame beaver. Major Pickford took me on his knee and told me the story last night." Mrs. Frazer begged Lady Mary's pardon for making such foolish guesses, and declared she should like very much to hear Major Pickford's story of the tame beaver.

"Well, nurse, you must know that there was once a gentleman who lived in the bush, on the banks of a small lake, somewhere in Canada, a long, long way from Montreal. He lived all alone in a little log-house, and spent his time in fishing, and trapping, and hunting; and he was very dull, for he had no wife and no

little children like me to talk to. The only people whom he used to see were some French lumberers, and now and then the Indians would come in their canoes and fish on his lake, and make their wigwams on the lake shore, and hunt deer in the wood. The gentleman was very fond of the Indians, and used to pass a great deal of his time with them, and talk to them in their own language.

"Well, nurse, one day he found a poor little Indian boy in the woods; he had been lost in the great forest and was half starved, and quite sick and weak, and the kind gentleman took him home to his house, and fed him and nursed him till he got quite strong again. Was not that good, nurse?"

"It was quite right, my lady. People should always be kind to the sick and weak, and especially to a poor Indian stranger. I like the story very much, and shall be glad to hear more about the Indian boy."

"Nurse, there is not a great deal more about the Indian boy—for when the Indians returned soon after that from hunting, he went away with them; but I forgot to tell you that the gentleman had often said how much he should like to have a young beaver to make a pet of. He was very fond of pets; he had a dear little squirrel just like mine, nurse, a flying squirrel, which he had made so tame that it slept in his bosom and lived in his pocket, where he kept nuts and acorns and apples for it to eat, and he had a raccoon too, nurse,—only think, a real raccoon; and Major Pickford told me something so droll about the raccoon, only I want first to go on with the story about the beaver.

"One day as the gentleman was sitting by the fire reading, he heard a very slight noise, and when he looked up he was quite surprised at seeing an Indian boy in a blanket coat,—his black eyes were fixed upon his face, and his long black hair hung down on his shoulders, he looked quite wild-like, he did not say a word, but he opened his blanket-coat, and showed a brown furred animal asleep on his breast.

"What do you think it was, nurse?"

"A young beaver, my lady."

"Yes, nurse, it was a little beaver. The good Indian boy had caught it and tamed it on purpose to bring it to his white friend, who had been so good to him.

"I cannot tell you all the amusing things the Indian boy said about the beaver, though the Major told them to me; but I cannot talk like an Indian, you know, Mrs. Frazer. After the boy went away, the gentleman set to work and made a little log-house for his beaver to live in, and set it in a corner of the shanty; and he hollowed a large sugar-trough for his water, that he might have water to wash in,—and cut down some young willows and poplars and birch trees for him to eat, and the little beaver grew very fond of his new master; it would fondle him just like a little squirrel—put its soft head on his knee, and climb on to his lap; he taught it to eat bread and sweet cake and biscuit, and even roast and boiled meat, and it would drink milk too.

"Well, nurse, the little beaver lived very happily with this kind gentleman till the next fall, and then it began to get very restless and active, as if it was tired of doing nothing. One day his master heard of the arrival of a friend some miles off, so he left mister beaver to take care of himself, and went away; but he did not forget to give him some green wood and plenty of water to drink and play in; he staid several days, for he was very glad to meet with a friend in that lonely place; but when he came he could not open his door, and was obliged to get in at the window. What do you think that beaver had done? It had built a dam against the side of the trough, and a wall across the door, and it had dug up the hearth and the floor, and carried the earth and stones to help to make his dam, and puddled it with water, and made such work, the house was in perfect confusion, with the mud, and chips, and bark, and stone; and, oh nurse, worse than all that, it had gnawed through the legs of the tables and chairs, and they were lying on the floor in such a state, and it cost the poor gentleman so much trouble to put things to rights again, and make more chairs and another table; and when I laughed at the pranks of that wicked beaver, for I could not help laughing, the Major pinched my ear, and called me a mischievous puss."

Mrs. Frazer was very much entertained with the story, and she told lady Mary that she had heard of tame beavers doing such things before; for in the season of the year when beavers congregate together to repair their works and build their winter houses, those that are in confinement become restless and unquiet, and show the instinct that moves these animals to provide their winter retreats and lay up their stores of food.

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "I did not think that beavers and raccoons could be taught to eat sweet cake and bread and meat."

"Many animals learn to eat food very different from that which they are accustomed to live on in a wild state. The wild cat lives on raw flesh; but the tame cat, you know, my dear, will eat cooked meat, and even salt meat, with bread and milk and many other things. I knew a person who had a black kitten that he called 'wildfire,' that would sup whisky-toddy out of his glass, and seemed to like it as well as milk or water, only it made it too frisky and wild."

"Nurse, the raccoon that the gentleman had would drink sweet whisky-punch; but my governess said it was not right to give it to him, and Major Pickford laughed, and said that the raccoon must have looked very funny when it was on the spree. Was not the Major naughty to say so?"

Mrs. Frazer said it was not quite proper.

"But, nurse, I have not told you about the raccoon, he was a funny fellow; he was very fond of a little spaniel and her puppies, and took a great deal of care of them; he brought them meat and any thing nice that was given to him to eat; but one day he thought he would give the puppies a good treat, so he contrived to catch a poor cat by the tail, drag her into his den where he and the puppies lived together; the puppies of course would not eat the cat, so the wicked creature eat up poor pussy himself,—and the gentleman was so angry with the naughty thing that he killed him and made a cap of his skin, for he was afraid the cunning raccoon would kill his beaver and eat up his pet squirrel."

"The raccoon, lady Mary, in its natural state, has all the wildness and cunning of the fox and weazle; he will eat flesh, poultry and sucking pigs, and is also very destructive to Indian corn. These creatures abound in the western States, and are killed in great numbers for their skins. The hunters eat the flesh, and say it is very tender and good; but it is not used for food in Canada. The raccoon belongs to the same class of animals as the bear, which it resembles in some points, though being small, it is not so dangerous either to man or the larger animals.

"And now, my dear, let me show you some pretty wild flowers that a little girl brought me this morning for you, as she heard that you loved flowers. There are yellow moccasins or ladies' slippers, the same that I told you of a little while ago,—and white lilies, crane bills, these pretty lilac geraniums, with scarlet cups and blue lupines, they are all in bloom now, and many others. On the Rice Lake plains, if we were there, my lady, we could gather all these and many, many more. In the months of June and July, these plains are like a garden, and full of roses that scent the air."

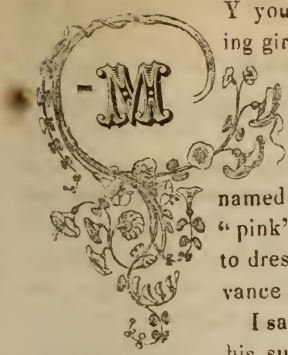
"Nurse, I will ask my dear papa to take me to the Rice Lake plains," said the little lady as she gazed with delight on the lovely Canadian flowers.

(*To be Continued.*)

Fragment from an unpublished manuscript by a Colonist:—

In Eastern and Western Canada how glorious are the brilliant summers; with skies as brightly blue as gild the tropic climes! Fanned by grateful cooling zephyrs, every thing around—air, water, forest, meadow, field and glade—are lovely; all seem as rivals to contend for beauty's palm. The verdant mountains, and the crystal floods; the wild spread forests, and the fertile plains; the foaming waterfalls, the gushing rivulets, the mighty rivers, and the lesser streams; the rushing, boiling rapids, and the placid lakes—all sweetly smile! What lovely rides in summer and in autumn, on every hand, surround thy massive walls! what splendid prospects from thy cloud-capt citadel appear, thou rock-built! time-honoured city!—glorious, invincible Quebec!!! The great, the vast, the wild, the boundless! or the gentle, romantic, cultivated, soft! forests, rivers, mountains, cataracts, villages; fleets lading and unlading, or arriving with swelling sails, in thy magnificent port, or anchored in the stream, waiting a wind to drive them o'er Saint Lawrence's crystal waves, on their homeward course, to the ancient world, surrounded by busy, bustling, commercial scenes; with brilliant, azure, cloudless skies; Canadian summers are among the loveliest that can be found around the mighty globe!

"MY FORTUNE'S MADE."



MY young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest: and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person, and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean in this instance to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlour, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and

rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh well! no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say," replied Cora, "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it; but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day, in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress when I go into the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favour of your dressing well at home, and

for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me dressed out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress-maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife; but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast-table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt-sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously; and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast-table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear?" said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

"But Cora urged the matter; and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me equally as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! how you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife; and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me—

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impressions upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlour opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unblacked; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well, may he ask, what's the matter!" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, 'as my fortune is made'"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, towards his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it's of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired; and in spite of good breeding, and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh

over the matter, on my return to the parlour, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.

THE GLOWWORM.

[ORIGINAL.]

The lark she has sunk on her grassy nest,
And all nature is hushed in a peaceful rest,
When the light of the glowworm is seen from afar,
As the silvery ray of some distant star!

By her light the nightingale tunes her song,
In the sweetest melody all night long,
And those fair flowers their fragrance shed,
Ffrom which the light of day has fled.

Sweet emblem of hope, that appears most bright,
As it springs through the gloom of the darkest night,
Such rays of joy unto man are given,
To cheer through this vale of tears to Heaven.

And thus throughout nature there lies a spring
Of so pure a source, it will ever bring
A fount of gladness, and peace, and love,
Leading the soul to its home above.

It speaks in the sunset's dying glow,
In the tiny streamlet's sparkling flow,
On the mountain's height, in the flowery vale,
In the balmy zephyr, the rushing gale.

And the flowers that scent the midnight air,
They tell of the land so bright and fair,
Where death ne'er enters the scene of bloom,
Or the garland waves o'er the silent tomb.

And oh how it soothes the sinking heart,
When called from the fondly loved to part,
It sheds through the cloud a cheering light,
As the glowworm gives to the bird of night.

C. H.,
Fern Cliff, Rice Lake.

June 16th, 1853.

THOUGHTS ON A CHURCHYARD.

Among the many places which call up associations in the mind of man, there is perhaps none to which he turns more frequently, or on which he dwells with more mournfully-pleasing reflections, than that in which the ashes of those beloved by him are consigned to their lengthened repose, and where they who were united in life, and in death not separated, sleep side by side. If, by the many vicissitudes to which he is exposed in this life of change, he is removed to a distance from their narrow home, how often does memory place before him their peaceful graves, and raise in his mind the tenderest feelings, and call up emotions painful yet pleasing, of which he wishes never to be deprived, and which he cherishes with the fondest affection. On the contrary, if he still remains in the neighbourhood of the hallowed spot, how often does the twilight hour find him bending over their lowly bed, and dropping on it the sacred tear of affection;—with what melancholy pleasure does he, on each succeeding visit, draw nigh, and (if living as he ought) look forward to the time, when having finished his course, and accomplished that which was given him to do, he also shall sink to rest near those who have gone before, with them to await the dread, the awful time when they shall be aroused from their slumbers by the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

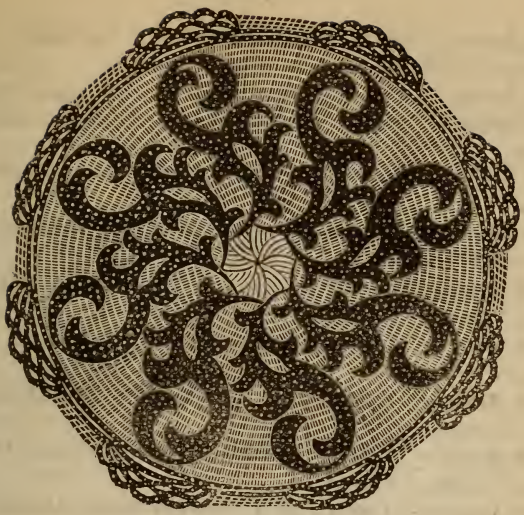
Tread softly, for within each hallowed mound
Repose the ashes of the peaceful dead,
Asking no portion but the scanty ground
Which claims them, now their little life has fled.

Here young and old, the feeble and robust,
Together sleep beneath the verdant sod,
Mingling their ashes with their parent dust,
Obedient to the summons of their God.

Here must they sleep, till once again the call
Of him who formed them, breaks upon their rest;
Then shall they burst the bonds of mortal thrall,
And trembling there, await their Lord's behest.

J. C. G.

Toronto, April 13, 1853.



JEWELLED DOYLEYS.

THE RUBY, BY MRS. PULLAN.

Materials.—1 oz. ruby-colored beads, No. 2, and one reel, No 16 Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head crochet cotton.

Begin by threading all the beads on the cotton; then make a chain of 8 stitches, and close into a round. All the d'oyley is done in Sc, except the edge.

1*st Round.* —* 1 Ch, 1 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

2*nd Round.*—* 1 Ch, 2 Sc on 2 Sc, * 8 times. It will be observed that instead of the usual way of increasing by working two stitches in one, a chain-stitch is made, and one Sc only is worked on each Sc.

3*rd Round.*—* 1 Ch, 3 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

4*th Round.*—* 1 Ch, 4 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

5*th Round.*—* 1 Ch, 5 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

6*th Round.*—* 1 Ch, 6 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

7*th Round.*—* 1 Ch, 7 Sc on Sc, * 8 times.

1*st Bead Round.*—* 2 cotton, 6 beads, * 8 times.

2*nd Round.*—* 4 beads, coming over 2 cotton, and 1 bead at each side, 5 cotton over 4 beads, * 8 times.

3*rd Round.*—* 2 beads over the centre 2 of 4, 8 cotton, * 8 times.

4*th Round.*—* 3 beads, the first 2 over 2, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, * 8 times.

5th Round.—* 7 beads (the first over first of last round,) 5 cotton, * 8 times. End with one bead on the last stitch.

6th Round.—* 6 beads, (1st on 1st,) 6 cotton, 1 bead, * 8 times.

7th Round.—* 3 beads, 10 cotton, 1 bead, * 8 times. End with 2 beads.

8th Round.—* 3 beads, 10 cotton, 2 beads, * 8 times. End with 3 beads.

9th Round.—* 3 beads, 11 cotton, 3 beads, * 7 times, 3 beads. This round is not perfect.

10th Round.—* 3 cotton over cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 3 beads, * 8 times.

11th Round.—* 2 cotton, 9 beads, 3 cotton, (over 1 bead, 1 cotton,) 3 beads, * 8 times.

12th Round.—3 cotton over 2, * 7 beads, 5 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, * 8 times.

13th Round.—* 1 cotton, 5 beads, 5 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, * 8 times.

14th Round.—* 4 cotton, (over 1 cotton, 2 beads,) 3 beads, 5 cotton, 4 beads, (the last on last of 3,) 4 cotton, * 8 times.

15th Round.—* 2 cotton, 5 beads, (the last on last of 3,) 3 cotton, 6 beads, 5 cotton, * 8 times.

16th Round.—* 13 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 6 cotton on 5, * 7 times. Eighth time, 4 cotton only on 3.

17th Round.—* 9 beads, 1 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, (last over 1 cotton,) 3 beads, 4 cotton over 3, * 7 times. Eighth time, 3 cotton on 2.

18th Round. —* 9 beads, 1 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton on 1, * 7 times. Eighth, 1 cotton.

19th Round.—* 5 beads, 5 cotton, 5 beads, 10 cotton, (over 9 stitches,) * 8 times.

20th Round.—* 3 beads, 8 cotton, (over 7 stitches,) 5 beads, 5 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, * 8 times.

21st Round.—* 3 beads over 3, 10 cotton (making 1,) 5 beads, (beginning on 2nd of 5,) 3 cotton, 2 beads, 4 cotton, * 8 times.

22nd Round.—* 3 beads on 3, 12 cotton, (making 1,) 9 beads, 4 cotton, * 8 times.

23rd Round.—* 3 beads on 3, 6 cotton, 4 beads, 3 cotton, 7 beads, (on centre 7 of 9,) 5 cotton, * 8 times.

24th Round.—* 3 beads on 3, 6 cotton on 5, 6 beads, 14 cotton, * 8 times.

25th Round.—* 4 beads, (beginning over 1st of 3,) 7 cotton, (5 on and 1 bead,) 5 beads, 14 cotton, * 8 times.

26th Round.—* 1 cotton over 1 bead, 4 beads, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 4 beads, (over last 4 of 5,) 13 cotton, * 8 times.

27*th Round.*—* 2 cotton on 1 cotton, 8 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 13 cotton, * 8 times.

28*th Round.*—* 3 cotton over 2 C and 1 B, 6 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 14 cotton, * 8 times.

29*th Round.*—* 4 cotton, 3 beads (the 1st over 2nd of 6,) 3 cotton, 5 beads, 16 cotton, * 8 times, 5 cotton.

30*th Round.*—* 9 beads, beginning on 2nd of 3, 21 cotton, * 8 times.

Do one round of cotton only, and then one of beads.

Border.—* 2 Sc cotton, 15 beads, 2 cotton, 13 chain with a bead on each, miss 12, * 8 times.

2*nd Round.*—2 slip on 2 cotton, * 2 Sc with cotton, on the first 2 beads, § 1 bead, 1 cotton, § alternately 6 times, 1 cotton, 5 Ch, with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 13, 7 Ch with beads, miss 5 of 13, Sc with bead on next, 5 Ch with beads, * 8 times.

3*rd Round.*—* 2 Sc with cotton on 2nd Sc and 1 bead § 1 bead, 1 cotton, § 5 times, 1 cotton, 5 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 5, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc on 4th of 7 with beads, 6 Ch with beads, Sc with bead on 2nd of 5 Sc, 5 Ch with beads, * 8 times.

4*th Round.*—* 2 Sc cotton as before, § 1 bead over cotton, 1 cotton over bead, § 4 times. 1 more cotton, 5 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 5, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 6, 6 Ch with bead, 1 Sc with bead on 3rd of next 6, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 2nd of 5, 5 Ch with beads.

These Doyleys must be washed with white Windsor soap and soft water only. When quite clean rinse them in fresh water, and hang them before a fire, or in the air to dry. When nearly dry, pull them out into shape. On no account use any starch, nor an iron. Beads when of good quality, and properly washed, will remain for years uninjured.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

MOTHER!

Mother! It is the dearest of names. Let those who have a mother cherish her tenderly and kindly, for she fills a place in the heart which none other can. She has watched over you from your very birth, she has soothed your couch of languishing, entered into all your pleasures, and sympathised in all your sorrows. She first taught you to pray; and though in after years you may wander from the path of duty, that simple prayer, rising in the still watches of the night, may be the beacon light which will save you from danger.

Mothers have an untold power over the hearts of their children; they have the key, and when none else can bring down the stern heart, they may unlock the fountain of tender emotions. As the gardener forms and bends the vine, so the mother her child, and it is not known how much the mind and character of a child are influenced before it can even lisp a word; but impressions received from a mother can never be effaced. Woman has a certain intuitive power of entering into the innermost feelings of the heart, and binding up the wounded tendrils which contact with the world have rudely bent; but by none is this power possessed as by a mother. The criminal in his cell, hardened and inaccessible at every other point, trembles and falters, and becomes a child at the mention of the mother of his tender years. If we study the biographies of men who were intellectually or morally wise, we may generally trace their excellence to maternal influence exercised in youth.

I had once a mother; she was a beautiful angelic spirit, and although early bereft of her, there are many pleasant circumstances connected with her life, around which memory loves to linger. She generously attended to the wants of the poor, sought out scenes of sickness and distress, and with gentle words kindly encouraged the despairing and forlorn. Oh! if I could but recall my mother, how carefully would I guard each word or thought, that they might not cause her gentle heart to grieve; for there are certain wayward acts of childhood which rush unbidden to my memory, slight, perchance, they may have been, yet I would fain forget them. I well remember when we walked out, to take a last farewell of the grave of my sister; my mother's cheek was pale as she spoke of her own death, and urged me to seek the Saviour, who was so precious to her, in my early years, that I might be able to say with Ruth, "Thy God shall be my God." Sometimes I fancy my mother's spirit hovering over me, and it is this which has soothed my heart, and cheered many a lonely moment since her spirit soared away. When I hear the music of the wind rustling amongst the leaves at sunset, I fondly imagine it is my mother singing again the songs of childhood; she was a glad and attentive observer of nature; she loved the minute as well as the sublime;

and by associating all with the Creator, she enhanced her own pleasure, and raised in the mind of her child a longing after the sacred joys of heaven, a longing which increases with my years, and bursts forth in overwhelming emotions and earnest prayer. But, while I linger in this world,—Oh! pray my own sweet mother, that my spirit may be gentle, my life thine, and mine thy peaceful end.

Montreal, June 17th, 1853. L.

[For the Maple Leaf

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Eve drops her starry veil o'er earth,
The sun sinks down afar,
Now holy hopes and joys have birth—
The glare of day seems little worth;
While music, all too pure for mirth,
Swells high, then melts in air.

Borne gently on the rustling air,
Come angel notes of love,
Bidding me struggle with despair—
Bear manfully my load of care—
Then rise, their better part to share,
And dwell with them above.

I listen to the thrilling strain—
On fancy's ear it rings;
It lightens half my load of pain,
Tells me that all below is vain;
And longing now with them to reign,
I stretch my fetter'd wings.

But ah! how mighty still the cords
That bind, Oh Earth, to thee!
The gentle tones, the loving words,
The scenes which mem'ry's pen records,
The wither'd hopes, the vain rewards,
Forbid me to be free.

Yet will I list that rapturous song,
Whose notes sound evermore;
And bearing up 'mid toil for wrong—
E'en though the night seem dark and long,—
Prepare to join the white-robed throng
On life's all-verdant shore.

J. E, H.

Montreal, June 23, 1853.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

All deep feeling is still, in happiness as well as in grief. Hence, there are appeals upraised to the ever-sympathizing moon, from hearts so richly laden, that they sail like gold-freighted vessels, silently along the bosom of life's ocean, and no one hears their shout of exultation, even when near some long wished for haven; for all great happiness is fearful as well as still. The heart does not trumpet forth its wealth any more than its heaviest loss. It knows that shipwrecks happen to the barque returning home, and already touching on the happy shore. How blessed will be that harbor of safety from whence the storm bound vessel shall go no more out forever.

Example.—One watch set right will do to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing a fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting canopy of glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

The Golden Island is situated at the junction of the Grand Imperial Canal and the Great Yang-tse Kiang River. The Island "rises majestically above the broad flood of the Kiang, which here presents a continued scene of animation, from the arrival and departure of junks, boats, and other vessels trading with the flourishing city of Qua-tchow. The delicate pagoda, a feature for ages identified with Chinese landscape," is a prominent and splendid object.

Advice Gratis to Wives.—There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town-clock—keep time and regularity: she should not be like a town-clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent, and keep within her own house: she should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to: she should not be like an echo—determined to have the last word.

A Remarkable Telescope.—"Do you see that church?" said Sir Frederick Flood to a friend. "No, it is scarcely discernible, and I am short-sighted." "Ay, I know, it is a mile off, but when I look through my excellent new telescope, it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

The ready wit of a true born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. "A few days since," says an exchange paper, "we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeralder dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its ellesler gyrations, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow. 'Faith, madam,' said he as he did so, 'if you were as strong as you are handsome, it could'nt have got away from you.' 'Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?' asked the lady smilingly. 'Troth, madam,' said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, 'that look of your beautiful eyes thanked me for both.'"

"At Beauty's door of glass,
As Wit and Wealth once stood,
They asked her which might pass?
She said—He might who could.

With golden key Wealth thought
The barrier to undo;
But Wit a diamond brought,
And cut his bright way through."

RECIPES.

To Wash a Black Lace Veil.—Mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in. Then pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, not rubbed. It will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Next rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with indigo. Then dry it. Have ready in a pan some stiffening, made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue. Put the veil into it, squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterwards, pin it out to dry on a linen cloth, making it very straight and even, taking care to open and pin in the edge very nicely. When dry, iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen cloth over the ironing-table blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in the same manner.

Preservation of Books.—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London docks in the most exposed manner, knowing that it cannot get any injury from damp.

EDITORIAL.

We make our Editorial salutations to the patrons of the *Maple Leaf* at the commencement of a new volume. It may be well to mention that the work is especially intended for family reading. While its articles are all written, or selected with reference to the varied tastes and feelings which find place in the home circle, it will be found suited to the general reader, and interesting from this variety. We intend to give information, as well as afford amusement; and we hope to succeed in this respect. The size of the Magazine precludes the idea of lengthened discussions on any subject, and we shall trust most to a skilful selection of topics to please.

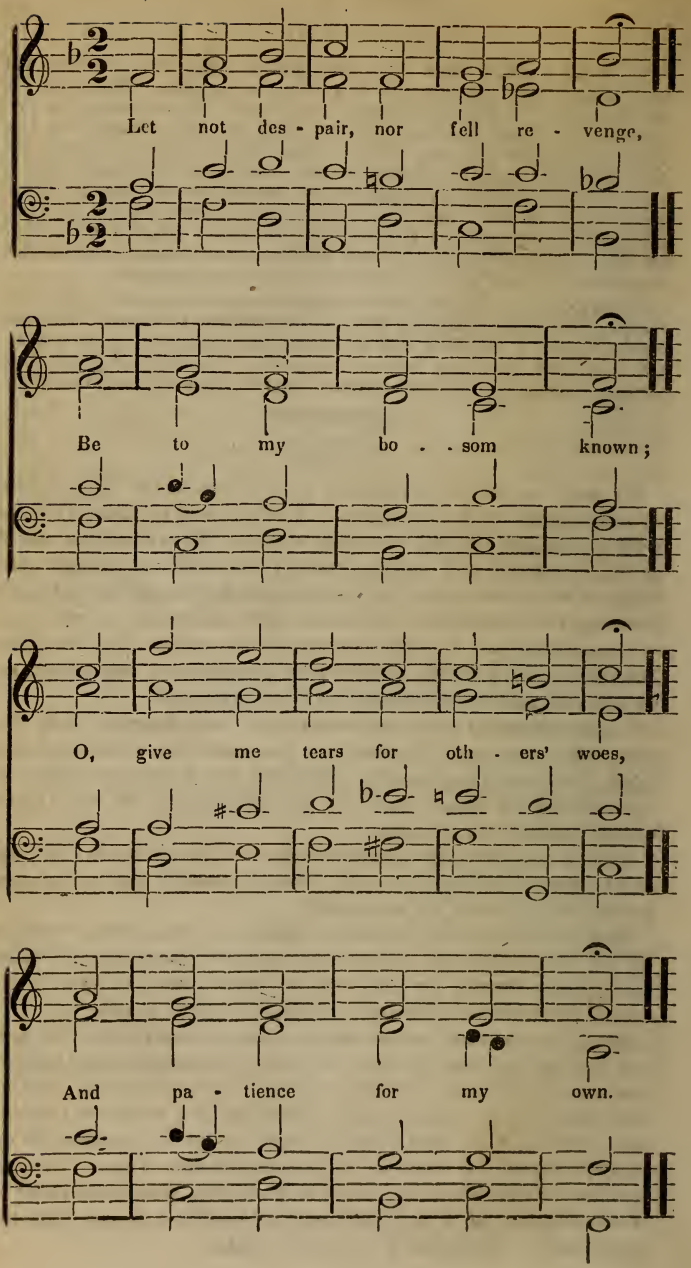
Articles delineating events and scenes which have transpired in the Province, will be welcomed. Touches from pens which love to trace the early stages of progress in a community, and enliven their sketches by bringing to light incidents and legends relating to the wonderful past, will find a corner for such tracery in our Magazine.

Hints on scientific subjects, the discoveries and improvements of the age, or the wonders of nature, will be well received, and find place in the pages devoted to the "Useful and Agreeable."

Nearly all the articles in the present number have been written expressly for it. We thank our contributors for their promptness in sending their articles. Several new names will be noticed, among whom we gladly number the writer of the pleasing "Sketch of the Aztec Empire."

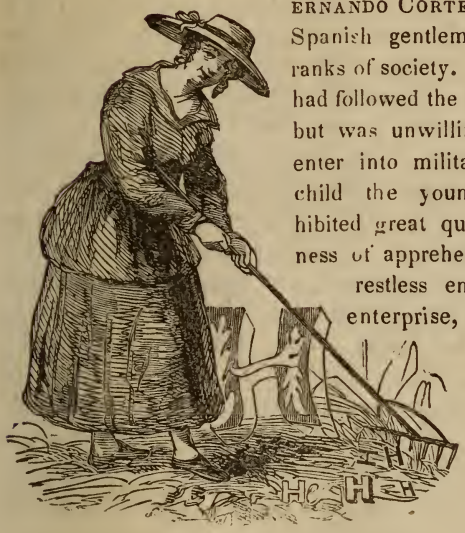
Seated at our table, we are taking a mental observation of the country; and our heart beats quickly as we think of the many kind and indulgent friends our little Magazine already numbers. We learned in our childhood some such sentiment as this—that if we wish to love a country or people, or take an interest in any good cause, we must try and do something for that country or people, or contribute to the advancement of good. The truth stood out, like all such truths, in a kind of skeleton distinctness before our reverential gaze; but it is clothed now, and enshrined in our affectionate apprehension! Experience is an excellent teacher.

DUNDEE.—C.M.


Let not des - pair, nor fell re - venge,
Be to my bo - som known;
O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes,
And pa - tience for my own.

Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(Continued.)



FERNANDO CORTES was the son of a Spanish gentleman in the middle ranks of society. The elder Cortés had followed the profession of arms, but was unwilling his son should enter into military life. From a child the young Hernando exhibited great quickness and readiness of apprehension, joined to a restless energy and love of enterprise, indomitable perseverance, and intrepid courage. The faults that usually accompany such a disposition, were not wanting in his case. He was idle, averse to study, and impatient of control. He was originally intended for the law, but his erratic genius could not bend itself to the labor of a legal education; and at the age of seventeen, his parents reluctantly consented to his following the leading of his own enterprising mind. His first essay was to accompany a small squadron of vessels bound for the Indian Islands. On arriving at Hispanola, he settled down for a short time upon a grant of land which he obtained from the Governor. This quiet life did not, however, suit his ardent temperament. He took advantage of the first opportunity to engage in active service. Such an opening occurred in the conquest of Cuba under Velasquez, who subsequently became Governor of the island. The courage and activity displayed brought Cortés into great favor with Velasquez, who assisted him in various ways; but this favor was not of long continuance. Cortés, by his own imprudence, got into serious difficulties; was twice a prisoner, but each time managed to make his escape; and, finally, a reconciliation took place, though Cortés never again

was received into the same favor. From this period we may date that secret, but deeply rooted jealousy which Velasquez felt towards Cortés, which increased with the growing favor of the young adventurer, and caused him many an anxious hour. The new colonies of the West Indian Islands were from time to time greatly excited by accounts of recent discoveries along the coasts of the New World. Velasquez, who was not destitute of enterprise and energy, resolved to send forth an armament to prosecute these discoveries. After various delays, Cortés was appointed Captain General of the expedition, and sailed in command, November 18th, 1518. The force which Cortés led seemed very insufficient for any great danger; they amounted to one hundred and ten mariners, five hundred and fifty-three soldiers, thirty-two cross-bowmen and thirteen arquebusiers, ten heavy guns and four lighter pieces. His cavalry consisted of sixteen horse. At this time Cortés little knew the great things he was destined to accomplish; it was only step by step the idea opened itself to his mind. Could he have seen at a glance all the difficulties he was about to encounter, all the dangers and hardships he must endure, even a courage inflexible as his own must have shrunk from the contest.

Cortés's mind was deeply imbued with the religious fervor of the day; and the conviction never left him that his mission was a sacred one,—that the abolition of the heathen worship of the Mexicans, and the establishment of Christianity, was an object to be attained at any expense. We are not at liberty to doubt the sincerity of Cortés any more than that of Paul, who once, in persecuting the people of God, verily thought he did God service. Cortés was ever ready to sacrifice a temporal advantage to ensure a religious one. He constantly placed before himself and his followers, that the great end of their undertaking was the demolition of the temples of idolatrous worship, and the planting of the sacred symbol of Christianity in their stead. In the prosecution of this object, Cortés owed much to Father Almedo, who united in a rare degree ardent zeal with wisdom and discretion. He ever opposed conversion by force, trusting more to the effect of example and the preaching of the gentle, peaceable doctrines of his faith,—too often, alas! opposed to the practice of his companions. Cortés also received much assistance from an

Indian girl, named Marina, who, at an early period, became attached to the expedition, and by her knowledge of the language, rendered most essential service to the Spaniards. She soon identified herself with their interests, and never swerved from her fidelity; rendering herself, by her amiable and gentle conduct, her ready sympathy with distress, her active and intelligent assistance in times of difficulty and danger, equally beloved and esteemed.

After coasting among the neighboring islands, Cortés landed on the spot where now stands the city of Vera Cruz, then a desolate beach, with a wide and level plain of sand in the background. By the aid of a few small trees, mats, and cotton carpets, the Spaniards formed a small encampment, where they were soon visited by many of the natives, who came to gaze on the wonderful strangers, bringing with them fruits, game, &c. Presently an embassy from Montezuma was announced, who presented the Spanish General with a magnificent present of the various fabrics of the country. Cortés seems at once to have formed the resolution of making his way to Mexico, allured as much by his desire of conquest as his love of gold, which was greatly excited by the splendid specimens of the gold and jewels sent by Montezuma. In place, however, of receiving an invitation to visit the Capital, he was met by an express prohibition. This did not, however, induce him to abandon the idea, but showed him the necessity of a wise and cautious policy. One of his earliest endeavors was to found a colony that would at once command a commodious harbor, form a depository for articles of commerce and barter, prove a city of refuge in case of adverse fortune, and a retreat for the wounded and disabled. The new city of Villa Rica was situated in a wide and open plain on the Gulf of Mexico, considerably north of the modern town of Vera Cruz. It was soon duly provided with a Civil Constitution. Magistrates were elected, and Cortés placed at the head of the colony as Governor and Director General.

The first Indian city of any note visited by the Spaniards was Cempoalla, which was said to contain from twenty to thirty thousand inhabitants. Here they were received as friends by the Caciques, and were hospitably entertained. Here Cortés learnt the disaffection that existed between Montezuma and his

distant vassals, and resolved to profit by the intelligence. He was well aware that his single arm could do little against the legions of the Indian Monarch, and that his hope of success lay either in arming one half of the kingdom against the other, or in forming an alliance with its powerful enemies. The event proved the truth of his anticipations. But Cortés foresaw other difficulties that required more than ordinary caution and policy to deal with. Disaffection appeared in his little camp A conspiracy was actually formed to seize one of the ships and return to Cuba, and report to Velasquez the proceedings of Cortés. Fortunately, this plan was defeated. One of the party betrayed the rest. Cortés immediately seized the ringleaders, and by the severity and promptness of their punishment, struck a salutary terror into the rest. In order to leave his followers no alternative but conquest or death, he resolved to destroy the shipping, and thus prevent the hope of return to their own country. This he did, casting over the transaction the veil of necessity, alleging the ships were not seaworthy. It needed all the consummate address and presence of mind that peculiarly characterized the Spanish General to enable him to appease the murmurings of the soldiers, and induce them to second his efforts; but his politic oratory finally prevailed, and the pent-up feelings of rage and despair with which they were met, found vent in enthusiastic shouts,—"To Mexico!" "To Mexico!"

The little band were now fairly embarked in the great enterprise. They turned their faces towards Mexico; and leaving their infant colony, traversed the wide plain that extends from the sea coast to the Valley of Mexico. At times their road lay through a country rich in all the treasures of agriculture, aided by a most genial climate,—"a land where fruits and flowers chase one another in an unbroken circle through the year, where the gales are loaded with perfumes, and the groves are filled with many-colored birds." The journey did not continue long so agreeable. They soon experienced a change of climate; cold winds, with rain, sleet, and hail, drenched their clothes, and produced much sickness and suffering. But dangers of a sterner nature waited them ere long. They were about to encounter an enemy in the field justly held in the highest estimation as warriors, to whom belonged the exclusive glory of having suc-

cessfully resisted the innovations of Montezuma,—the Republic of Tlascala. Xicolencatt at this time presided over it, an old man, and nearly blind, but full of fire and wise in counsel. To all Cortés's propositions of friendship, he replied by tokens of avowed hostilities.

Various skirmishes, and several hard fought battles ensued before Cortés entered the city of Tlascala as its conqueror. His final triumph was one of the most important events in the history of the conquest;—without it, Cortés could never have met with the success he did. A long and deadly hatred existed between the Tlascalans and the Aztecs, and of this he availed himself to the utmost, and easily engaged the now humbled chiefs to enter into an alliance that had for its object the destruction of their greatest enemies. After remaining three weeks in Tlascala, and receiving much kindness and hospitality from its inhabitants, Cortés, with a large body of Tlascalan allies, once more set out for Mexico.

Six leagues from Tlascala, is situated the Indian City of Cholula, a populous and wealthy city—one of the many dependencies of the Capital. The reception of the Spaniards by the inhabitants was apparently frank and hospitable;—their professions of friendship were relied on but too securely. Cortés had well nigh paid dearly for his temerity. The Spaniards had not been many days resident in the city before this show of kindliness visibly decreased; and, through the active and intelligent observation of Marina, the young interpreter, a conspiracy was discovered, to surprise and cut off the whole Spanish force. It was intended to reserve some of the prisoners for sacrifice, and send the rest in chains to Montezuma. Cortés no sooner possessed himself of these facts, than he resolved to make such an example of the guilty parties as would strike terror into the whole nation, and manifest, at once, their own strength and resolution. He informed the Chief of the Council of his intention of leaving the city on the following morning—but, before his departure, requested the attendance of the principal citizens. When all were assembled in the large square where his troops were quartered, Cortés at once openly accused them of the treacherous plot just discovered. Astonished at the sudden accusation, the Cholulians could find

no way of escape. No denial or excuse would avail them now. Suddenly, a report was heard, and, at the given signal, every musket and cross-bow was levelled at the defenceless multitude, who, half-naked, and wholly unarmed, stood crowded together in the square, and were shot down like a herd of deer. What began in a massacre, ended in a general fight. The citizens, seizing whatever arms they could lay hold of, attacked the Spaniards on all sides, who, but for the succor of the Tlascalans, who came up at this juncture, might have easily been overpowered. As soon as Cortés perceived enough had been done to secure his own power, and humble his enemies, he put a stop to the slaughter, and then directed all his energies to restore tranquillity and order.

Having arranged the civil affairs of this city, where his residence was long remembered by the tragedy just related, he again set forward on his journey, leaving behind him a salutary terror, while the fame of his exploits spreading far and wide, prepared his way to future conquest. It was not long before the adventurers found themselves in the Valley of Mexico. Now, all their most sanguine expectations, their most brilliant imaginations were more than realized when they beheld the abundant fertility of this beautiful valley. They stood entranced at the loveliness of the scene, and exclaimed, "It is the promised land."

It was the 8th November, 1519, that Cortés entered Mexico, surrounded by his small body of horse, and followed by the Spanish infantry—the Tlascalan allies forming the rear-guard of the troops. Meantime, Montezuma, who was perfectly acquainted with every step of the Spaniard's progress, after much vacillation of purpose, made up his mind to receive the Spaniards as friends, and show them the hospitality due to guests and ambassadors of a foreign prince. When made aware of their near approach, attended by his nobles, he met them in all the pomp of a mighty Sovereign, welcomed them with apparent cordiality, and assigned them suitable quarters in the town. The residence appropriated to Cortés and his troops had been the Palace of Montezuma's father. The apartments were large, surrounding a court. The best were adorned with the gay cotton draperies and feather hangings of the nation;

and white mats, and beds of palm leaves completed the simple furniture of the Mexican habitations. Here, then, the Spaniards settled themselves, and, for some time, were fully engaged in visiting all that was worthy of note in this remarkable city.

Montreal, June, 1853.

(To be Continued.)

MEXICAN BOA SNAKES.

I stepped aside for a moment to admire a rich tuft of large purple flowers, my mule having plodded on about eight or ten yards ahead, when, as I turned from the flowers toward the path, a sensation, as of a flash of lightning, struck my sight, and I saw a brilliant and powerful snake winding its coils round the head and body of the poor mule. It was a large and magnificent boa, of a black and yellow color, and it had entwined the poor beast so firmly in its folds, that ere he had time to utter more than one feeble cry, he was crushed and dead. The perspiration broke out on my forehead as I thought of my own narrow escape; and only remaining a moment to view the movements of the monster as he began to uncoil himself, I rushed through the brushwood, and did not consider myself safe until I was entirely free of the forest.—*Mason's Pictures of Mexico.*

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.

Every schoolboy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of his government paper was brought to him. On looking at it, and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it: and on being told, he said, "Take it away; I will have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

Thus originated the term Foolscap, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about 16 by 13 inches.

VIEW OF THE GEORGIAN SPRINGS, NEAR THE OTTAWA.

THE OTTAWA RIVER AND ITS VALLEY.

We present our readers in this number an engraving which faithfully represents one of the many beautiful scenes on the Ottawa River. This mighty stream, with its many beautiful lakes, wooded islands, and great cascades, is beginning to attract the attention, not only of the lumberman, but also of the pleasure traveler, who loves to gaze upon the beautiful and sublime works of nature. Ottawa is an Indian word, and signifies *the ear*,—but why this noble river should be called the ear, we have no means of ascertaining. If our red brethren call it the ear of the St. Lawrence, it is, indeed, an exceedingly long ear, and takes in sounds from a wide extent of country. The word is accented on the second syllable by the Aborigines, and pronounced Ot-tàw-wah. This mighty river is nearly one thousand miles in length, and drains eighty thousand superficial miles of territory, one half of which is yet unexplored, and only occupied by wandering families of Indians and their wild game. But for the *voyageurs* to Hudson Bay, the foot-print of the white man would seldom be seen in this great wilderness. Here we have a country spread out before us, eight times as large as the State of Vermont, and capable of sustaining several millions of inhabitants, with a noble river coursing through it, resembling the Rhine in its length, and the Danube in its volume. In the spring, or the first of summer, the water passing in this river is equal to that flowing over Niagara Falls, and twice the common volume of the much celebrated Ganges.

Many of its tributaries, which scarcely have a place in a map, if they ran in other sections of our globe, would be celebrated in story and in song, and thousands of pilgrims would be wending their way to visit them. It is a curious fact, that three of the great rivers of Canada,—the Ottawa, St. Maurice, and Saguenay, take their rise not far apart in the unbroken forest of the North, and roll on to the glorious St. Lawrence, which bears them to the Atlantic Ocean. The time is not far distant when thousands upon thousands will ascend the Ottawa, for the purpose of viewing its beautiful lakes and picturesque islands, its grand rapids and sublime cascades, as they now descend the noble St. Lawrence to behold its glorious scenery.

The cut which we introduce to our readers is a correct picture of the Georgian Springs, whose mineral waters are beginning to attract the attention of the public. It is a beautiful cozy little spot, but a few rods from the banks of the Ottawa. In front of a bluff of blue limestone, at the base of which the waters bubble up, is a beautiful lakelet, nearly a mile long, and about half a mile wide, which, in a still moonlit night, looks like a large mirror set in a frame of wooded hills. A creek, navigable for small boats and canoes, issues from the centre of this beautiful sheet of water, opposite the Springs, and runs into the Ottawa. Flocks of deer once resorted to these Springs to slake their thirst in its saline waters, and crop the green herbs that grew upon the shores of this lakelet. Pontiac, that brave Indian warrior and high-minded man, who still lives in the memory of thousands, no doubt has followed the trail of many a deer to those Springs, and made them minister to his physical wants. He was a noble Indian, and the waters of the Ottawa have borne him and his canoe thousands of miles. What a thrilling spectacle to see him in his fragile birch descend the foaming rapids, and shoot into the still waters below! And yet his practiced arm and steady eye, assured him of safety. We love the red man, and would teach our children to respect his race, which once owned all the Ottawa, and its great watershed.

Before we close this brief article upon the Ottawa and its beautiful scenes, we would say a few words of the lumbermen. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, and long retained in memory, that these hardy and industrious men cheerfully engage in their laborious work, on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. This is creditable to both employer and employée. Once, large quantities of intoxicating beverages were used in the logging camps upon the Ottawa and its tributaries;—but now the cask or the jug is seldom seen in the timber-forests. They have become a Maine Law unto themselves, and the liquid-poison no longer fires their brains, weakens their arms, or renders the blow of the axe uncertain and unprofitable. Such an example among this hardy and laborious race of men, is worthy of all praise, and ought to be followed by those in the less toilsome and more fashionable walks of life.

TO THE MOTHER OF LITTLE ALICE.

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

Floating o'er the evening landscape
Come Æolian tones of love;
Grandly swelling, sweetly blending,
Softly now the strain is ending,
Dying in the vault above.

Hark! again the chorus rises;
Richest melody I hear;
Wafted in harmonious concert,
Circling vast, the wondrous descant
Falls upon the ravish'd ear.

Fitfully the music echoes;
Spirit voices hover near,
Singing notes in joyful measure,
Speaking oft of choicest treasure;
Safely kept from every fear.

Soar aloft on faith's light pinions,
Weeping mother—stricken one,
Thy beloved hath not perished,
Though to thee most dear and cherish'd,
Jesus gently called her home.

List! oh mother, voices heavenly
Mingle with seraphic joy.
Babes of earth in purest vesture,
Cleansed from all of sinful nature,
Chant His love without alloy.

There the infant spirits revel
O'er the fields of sacred light,
And with harp and crown of glory,
Rapt they listen to the story,
Glowing with the Saviour's might.

Lovingly the tender Shepherd
Guards and keeps His scattered fold,
Taking oft from earthly pastures
Lambs of fairest form and features,
To enjoy His bliss untold.

Hear the voice of Jesus saying,
"Suffer her to come to me,
Suffer me to call my chosen,
Look upon my glorious token
Stamping her among the free."

Rising gladly, her sweet spirit
Felt the throes of pain no more;
Lightly did her swift feet follow,
Soaring high o'er surge and billow,
Till they reach'd the eternal shore.

Through the mist of tears and sadness,
Mother lift thy sorrowing eye—
Now thy heart is torn with anguish,
And thy dearest hopes all languish,
Wither'd like this tender tie.

But, around the tomb there cluster
Hopes and joys of heavenly birth,—
Flow'rets bloom, and springs are gushing,
Soothing tones our griefs are hushing,
While we linger yet on earth.

Here the master bids us labor
Waiting our appointed hour,
Till he send a loving message,
Warning us with truest presage,
We must bend to Death's stern power.

Then ascending, shall our footsteps,
Trace the path our lov'd have trod,
Till with them in blissful mansions—
Freed from all our mortal passions—
We shall praise the incarnate God.

Montreal, July 2, 1853 E. H. L.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

NURSE TELLS LADY MARY ABOUT A LITTLE BOY THAT WAS EATEN BY A BEAR IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK—OF A BABY THAT WAS CARRIED AWAY, BUT TAKEN ALIVE—A WALK IN THE GARDEN—HUMMING BIRDS—CANADIAN BALSAMS.

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "did you ever hear of any one being eaten by a wolf or a bear?"

"I have heard of such things happening, my dear, in this country; but only in lonely, unsettled parts of the country, near swamps and deep woods."

"Did you ever know of any little boy or girl that was carried off by a wolf or a bear?" asked the child.

"No, my lady, not in Canada, though such accidents may have happened; but, when I was a young girl, I went to New Brunswick; that you know, my lady, is one of the British Provinces on the other side of the St. Lawrence. It lies to the east of this, and is a cold and rather barren country. There are many minerals,—such as coal, limestone, and marble,—and vast forests of pine, with many small lakes and rivers. It resembles Lower Canada in many respects; but is not so pleasant as the Province of Upper Canada, neither is it so productive. Thirty years ago it was not so well cleared or cultivated as it is now, and the woods were full of wild beasts that dwelt among the swamps and wild rocky valleys. Bears, wolves, and catamounts abounded, with foxes of several kinds, and many of the fine furred and smaller species of animals, which were much sought for on account of their skins. Well, my dear, near the little village where my aunt and uncle were living, there were great tracts of unbroken swamps and forests, and, of course, many of the wild animals hidden in them. A sad accident happened a few days before we arrived, which caused much sorrow and no little fright in the place.

"An old man went out into the woods one morning with his little grandson to look for the oxen, which had strayed from the clearing. They had not gone many yards from the enclosure, when they heard a crackling and rustling of the underwood and dry timbers that strewed the ground. The old man, thinking it was the cattle that they were looking for, bade the little boy go forward and drive them on the track; but in a few minutes he heard a fearful cry from the child, and hurrying forward through the tangled brushwood, he saw the poor little boy in the deadly grasp of a huge black bear, who was making off at a heavy trot with his prey.

"The old man was unarmed, and too feeble to pursue the dreadful beast. He could only wring his hands and rend his grey hair in grief and terror; but his lamentations would not restore the child to life. A band of hunters and lumberers, armed with rifles and knives, turned out to beat the woods, and were not long in tracking the savage to his retreat in a neighboring cedar swamp. A few fragments of the child's dress were all that were found of him; but the villagers had the satisfaction of

killing the great she-bear with two half-grown cubs. The magistrates of the district gave them a large sum for killing these creatures, and the skins were sold and the money given to the parents of the little boy; but no money could console them for the loss of their beloved child.

"The flesh of the bear is eaten both by Indians and hunters; it is like coarse beef. The hams are cured and dried, and by many thought to be a great dainty."

"Mrs. Frazer, I would not eat a bit of the ham made from a wicked, cruel bear that eats little children," said lady Mary. "I wonder the hunters were not afraid of going into the swamps where those wild beasts lived. Are there as many bears and wolves now in those places?"

"No, my lady; great changes have taken place since that time. As the country becomes more thickly settled, the woods disappear. The axe and the fire destroy the places that gave these wild beasts shelter, and they retreat further back, where the deer and other creatures on which they principally feed also abound."

"Nurse, that was a very sad story about the poor little boy," said lady Mary.

"I also heard of a little child, not more than two years old, that was with its mother in the harvest field; she had spread a shawl on the ground near a tall tree, and laid the child upon it to sleep or play, when a bear came out of the wood and carried it off, leaping the fence with the little child in its arms; but the mother ran screaming towards the beast, and the reapers pursued so closely with their pitchforks and reaping-hooks, that Bruin, who was only a half-grown bear, being hard pressed, made for a tree; and as it was not easy to climb it with a babe in his arms, he quietly laid the little one down at the foot of the tree, and soon was among the thick branches out of the reach of the enemy. I dare say baby must have wondered what rough nurse had taken him up; but he was unhurt, and is very likely alive now, and a strong fellow, able to hunt and kill bears or wolves himself."

"I am so glad, Nurse, the dear baby was not hugged to death by that horrid black bear, and I hope he was killed."

"I dare say, my lady, he was shot by some of the men; for

they seldom worked near the forest without having a gun with them in case of seeing deer, or pigeons, or partridges."

"I should not like to live in that country, Mrs. Frazer; for a bear, or a wolf, or a catamount might eat me."

"I never heard of a Governor's daughter being eaten by a bear," said Mrs. Frazer, laughing as she noticed the earnest expression on the face of her little charge.

Unwilling to dwell long on any gloomy subject, which Mrs. Frazer knew was not good for young minds, she put on lady Mary's large straw hat and took her into the garden to look at the flower-beds, and watch the birds and butterflies; and soon the child was gaily running from flower to flower, or watching with childish interest the insects and birds that were flitting to and fro. At last she stopped, and holding up her finger to warn Mrs. Frazer not to come too near, stood in wonder and admiration gazing on some fluttering object that was hovering over the full-blown honeysuckles on a trelice near the green-house. Mrs. Frazer now approached with caution. "Nurse," whispered the child, "look at that curious moth with a long bill like a bird; see its beautiful shining colors. It has a red necklace like mamma's rubies. O what a curious creature! It must be a moth or a butterfly. What is it?"

"It is neither a moth nor a butterfly, my dear. It is a humming bird."

"O, Nurse, a humming bird! a real humming bird! Pretty creature!—but it is gone. O! Nurse, it darts through the air as swift as an arrow. What was it doing? Looking at the honeysuckles? I dare say it thought them very pretty; or was it smelling them? They are very sweet."

"My dear child, it might be doing so; I don't know. Perhaps the good God has given to these creatures the same senses for enjoying sweet scents and bright colors as we have; but it was for the honey that this little bird came to visit the open flowers. The long bill, so fine and slender, is the instrument that it inserts within the long tubes of the flowers for extracting the honey. Look at its ruby throat and green and gold feathers."

"What is the whirring noise made with, Nurse; just like the humming of a top?" asked the child.

"The little bird beats the air with its wings, and perhaps strikes its sides at the same time. This rapid motion is necessary to sustain its position in the air while sucking the flowers."

"I remember, lady Mary, when I was about your age walking in the garden. It was a bright September morning, and the rail-fences and every dry twig of the brush-wood was filled with the webs of the field-spider. Some, like thick white muslin, lay upon the grass, and others suspended like great wheels of the forest lace work, on the threads of which the dew-drops were threaded like strings of shining pearls. There were some flowers blooming near, and hovering round them were several ruby-throated humming birds. The whirring of their wings as they beat the air sounded like the humming of a big spinning-wheel, and I thought as I gazed upon them, and then upon the beautiful lace webs that hung among the bushes, that they must have been the work of these curious creatures, and that they had hung them up to catch flies, and had strung the bright dew-drops there to entice them, so little did I know of the nature of these birds; but my father told me a great deal about them, and read me some very pretty things about humming birds; and one day, lady Mary, I will shew you a stuffed one that a friend gave me, with its tiny nest and little eggs not bigger than peas."

Lady Mary was much delighted at the idea of seeing the little nest and eggs, and Mrs. Frazer said, "There is a wild flower* that is known to the Canadians by the name of the humming-flower, on account of the fondness which those birds evince for it.

"This plant grows on the moist banks of creeks. It is very beautiful, of a bright orange scarlet color. The stalks and stem of the plant are almost transparent; some call it 'speckled jewels,' for the bright blossoms are spotted with dark purple and some 'Touch-me-not.'"

"That is a droll name, Nurse," said lady Mary. Does it prick one's fingers like a thistle?"

"No, my lady, but when the seed-pods are nearly ripe, if you touch them, they spring open, and curl into little rings, and the seed drops out."

"Nurse, when you see any of these curious flowers, will you shew them to me?"

* Noli mi tongere—Canadian balsam.

Mrs. Frazer said they would soon be in bloom, and she would bring her some, and afterwards shew her the singular way in which the pods burst. "But, my dear," said she, "the gardener will shew you the same thing in the green-house. As soon as the seed-pods of the balsams in the pots begin to harden, if touched, they will spring and curl, and drop the seeds like the wild plant, for they belong to the same family."

When lady Mary returned to the school-room, her governess read to her some interesting accounts of the habits of the humming-bird.

Possibly my young readers may not have heard or read much about the humming-bird, and as all must at times have seen this curious little creature, I think they will not be sorry to learn what lady Mary's governess read to her respecting the humming-bird.

"This lively little feathered gem—for in its hues it unites the brightness of the emerald, the richness of the ruby, and the lustre of the topaz—numbers more than one hundred species. It is the smallest, and at the same time the most brilliant of all the American birds. Its head-quarters may be said to be among the glowing flowers and luxurious fruits of the torrid zone and the tropics. But one species, the ruby-throated, is widely diffused, and is a summer visitor all over North America, even within the frozen circle, where, for a brief space of time, it revels in the ardent heat of the short-lived summer of the North. Like the cuckoo, she follows the summer wherever she flies.

The ruby-throated humming-bird, Trochilus rubus, is the only species that is known in Canada. With us it builds and breeds, and then returns to sunnier skies and warmer airs. The length of the humming-bird is only three inches and a half, and four and a quarter in extent, from one tip of the wing to the other. When on the wing, the bird has the form of a cross, the wings forming no curve, though the tail is depressed during the time that it is poised in the act of sucking the honey of the flower. The tongue is long and slender; the bill long and straight; the legs are very short, so that the feet are hardly visible when on the wing. They are seldom seen walking, but rest on the slender sprigs when tired. The flight is so rapid that it seems without effort. The humming-sound produced is by the wing

in the act of keeping itself balanced while feeding in this position. They resemble the hawkmoth, which also keeps up a constant vibratory motion with its wing. This little creature is of a temper as fierce and fiery as its plumes, often attacking birds of treble its size; but it seems very little disturbed by the near approach of the human species, often entering open windows, hovering around the flowers in the flower-stand, and even has been bold enough to approach the vase on the table, and insert its bill among the flowers, quite fearless of those persons who sat in the room. Sometimes these beautiful creatures have suffered themselves to be captured by the hand. When caged, they soon become reconciled to confinement, taking honey and syrup from flowers, or a cup, when held in the hand.

"The nest of the ruby-throated humming-bird is usually built on a mossy branch. At first sight, it looks like a tuft of grey lichens, but, when closely examined, shews both care and skill in its construction, the outer wall being of fine bluish lichens cemented together, and the interior lined with the silken threads of the milk-weed, the velvety down of the tall mullien, or the brown hair-like filaments of the fern. These, or similar soft downy materials, form the bed of the tiny young ones. The eggs are white, two in number, and about the size of a pea, only oblong in shape. The parents hatch their eggs in about ten days, and, in a week, the little ones are able to fly, though the old birds continue to supply them with honey for some time longer.

"The Mexican Indians give the name of the *Sunbeam* to the humming-bird, either in reference to its bright plumage, or its love of sunshine.

"The young of the humming-bird does not attain its gay plumage till the second year. The male is the finest color—the ruby necklace being confined to the old male bird. The green and coppery lustre of the feathers are also finer in the male bird."

Lady Mary was much pleased with all she heard about the humming-bird, and, as she only saw these birds on bright cloudless days, she said the Indians were right to give them the name of the "Sunbeam."

(*To be Continued.*)

THE MAGISTRATE SMUGGLER—A LESSON FOR WIVES.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a tour of pleasure in Belgium. After having travelled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man, blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some imprudence, or a dread of some approaching danger. When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning toward her husband, she whispered to him:—

"I have lace in my portmanteau—take and conceal it, that it may not be seized."

"What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now quite near the custom-house; hasten and conceal it."

"It is impossible; I cannot do it," said the gentleman.

"On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat."

"But do you recollect," rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupy?"

"But recollect," said the wife, "that there is not an instant to be lost, and this lace has cost me 1,500 francs."

During the conversation, the train rapidly approached the dreaded station. Imagine the consternation of the worthy magistrate, who had been always in the habit of considering things with calm and slow deliberation, thus unexpectedly placed in a position so embarrassing and so critical. Overcome and perplexed by his difficulties, and losing all presence of mind, he allowed his wife to put the lace in his hat, and, having placed it on his head, he forced it down almost to his ears, and resigned himself to his fate.

At the station the travellers were invited to come out of the carriage, and to walk into the room where the custom-house agents were assembled. The gentleman concealed his uneasiness as best he could, and handed his passport with an air of assumed indifference.

When his position as a judge became known, the officials of the custom-house immediately hastened to tender their respects, and declared they considered it quite unnecessary to examine the luggage labeled with the name of one who occupied such a high and important situation in the state.

Never had the magistrate more sincerely valued the respect attached to his position; and if a secret remorse for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery.

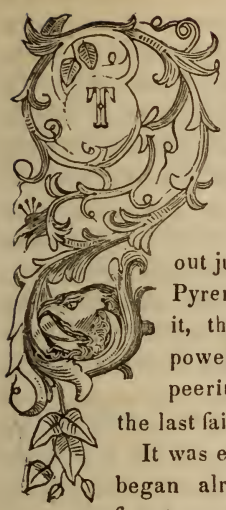
With this comfortable assurance, and while a severe examination was passing on the property of the other passengers, the head of the custom-house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects. Nothing could be more gracious than their manner. To their profound salutation the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he do less? But, alas! in this polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head, when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage-veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of his wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom-house officers, at this scene? The offence was too public to be overlooked.

With many expressions of regret on the part of the authorities, the magistrate was detained till the matter should be investigated. After a short delay, he was allowed to resume his journey to Paris; and we can easily believe that the adventure formed a subject for much gossip and amusement in that gay capital.

A city miss, newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who, in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plough for a short time. "I am sure you would be accommodated," was the reply, "if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know, though, where he keeps his plough; but," she added, evidently zealous to serve, "there is the cart in the yard—could'nt you plough with that till Mr. Stone gets back?"

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.



THE mists of a dark evening settled over the village of Xarinos, and the mournful sound of the rising wind swayed the forest, and whistled through the crevices of the old Church belfry, mingling its shrill blast with the last tones of the vesper bell.

It was an antique little village spread out just at the foot of one of the passes of the Pyrenees. Stretching far above and beyond it, those lofty way-marks of the Creator's power stood, like so many stern warriors grimly peering into the thickening gloom, and soon the last faint rays of twilight subsided into darkness.

It was early in the autumn of 1497, but the blasts began already to make wild work in the dense forests, and hurry up the leaves, and light boughs into whirls, and gallopades down the steep precipices, for which those mountains are remarkable. Often, too, at this season of the year, sudden storms swept over the mountains, and spent a portion of their fury upon the little hamlets which hugged the warm sunny slopes at their base. At such time the rumbling hoarseness of the storm, or the rapid reverberations of the electric discharges announced its progress, and man and beast sought shelter and safety. Skilled to understand the variations of temperature, the simple inhabitants were natural barometers; the old, especially, seldom failed to predict the approach of a storm with certainty.

On this particular evening the villagers hastened to make all safe, while Baptiste, the inn-keeper, stood in the door of his house observing the weather previous to shutting up. He was about to fasten the door, when a person clad in a pilgrim's garb requested entertainment for the night. The landlord welcomed him with much cordiality, for there was something about the stranger, weather-beaten though he appeared, that was wonderfully interesting.

A pair of expressive eyes, irradiated a remarkably handsome countenance, and it was easy to perceive that the stranger, though

young, was accustomed to travelling, for after giving his orders in an easy decided tone, he settled himself before the cheerful fire which blazed merrily upon the hearth.

Every now and then, shadows of intense thought and ill-repressed anxiety overcast his countenance, and an observer might have remarked a mixture of tenderness struggling to find utterance, and giving a softness to his voice whenever he spoke to the landlord, who was busy directing the arrangements for the comfort of the new comer.

Suddenly the threatened storm came down upon the village, bending the trees, and rocking many a frail cottage in its fury.

The contention of the elements did not in the least move the stranger, who only drew his seat nearer his host, and commenced some inquiries into the state of the village and the number of its inhabitants.

Casting a glance of wonder upon his guest as if endeavouring to recall some thought from the dim past or striving to account for some impression that affected his mind, Baptiste hastened to answer, with the ready garrulity of one who had grown old in the important position of chief news-retailer to the whole village.

He had fully embarked in his favorite topic, and warming with his subject, was speaking of the beautiful situation of Xarinos, its pleasant streets shaded with trees, and its church one of the oldest in that part of the country, when Dame Catharina, his wife, entered, and taking out her netting, prepared to engage in the conversation. Her heart always warmed towards strangers, and she liked well to glean from them accounts of other countries.

The traveller rose, and involuntarily moved forward a step or two, while gracefully bowing, to give her a seat; but she did not observe the sudden flush that spread over his cheek, nor the moisture that suffused his dark eyes, when she thanked him, in a voice peculiarly pleasant, and politely accepted his offer.

"The wind rises high to-night; this is a fearful storm; it will uproot some trees I fancy," said Baptiste, going to the window.

"As I live there is the sound of wheels! who can be out in such a tempest? Quick, Catharina! light the lantern, while I put on my coat, I am sure a carriage approaches."

The loud bark of the trusty mastiff announced the approach of some one, and in a moment after the outer court was assailed by a succession of impatient knocks, and Baptiste summoning his servant, hurried out to assist the benighted travellers.

Some moments elapsed ere the landlord appeared at the door. He was considerably agitated, and called out to his wife to have the fire replenished, and some hot water made ready at once, "for the Senora Irene is out here," said he, "apparently dead, and I know not how we are to get her safely into the house."

At these words the stranger started up, and rushed without cap or mantle out into the darkness. Following Baptiste, he pushed into the group around the carriage, which had been placed under cover, and seeing a lady supported by an old gentleman, who was nearly frantic with grief, said, "why is this? the lady will die for want of care," and carefully and skilfully covering her with shawls, he lifted her, and gently bore her into the house. Placing her on a couch in the sitting room, he applied himself to restore her to consciousness, chafing her hands, while other means were in preparation. He watched her with an expression of the strongest interest, and parting back her splendid hair, which was unbound and fell upon her shoulders like the veil of night around the pale beauty of the moon, he bent over her to listen for her breath, and seemed to whisper something in her ear.

Leaving the agitated group in the sitting room of the inn, we will introduce the reader to the inhabitants of the village, and make him acquainted with some incidents that have a bearing upon our little narrative.

The poor but honest inhabitants of that region toiled daily in the spots of fertile soil found on the slopes of the mountain. In the lower aclivities the grape with its luscious clusters, and many other fruits and grains, rewarded their care; but among the higher mountain passes the soil was less fertile, and the peasantry who happily had few wants, were often pressed with care and overburdened with sorrow. Still, with native cheerfulness and love of music and dancing, they managed to while away the evening hours. The gay castanet, or the more soul-enchanting guitar, was touched by skilful hands, and drinking in the witchery of their national melodies, the Spanish villager felt too happy to borrow trouble for the morrow.

The inhabitants of Xarinos, like other people of their class and times, did not aspire to anything out of the ordinary course of things. Their fathers had tenanted the same little cots before them, worshipped in the same little chapel, and one after another had been laid asleep under the shade of the church-yard, to which spot the villagers often resorted to water the flowers, and train the vines they had planted around the humble abodes of their beloved dead.

These simple people had indeed heard the matter of the earth's revolution upon her axis, and her constant globular shape hinted, by a learned gentleman, who came to visit Father Miguel, the parish priest; but they laughed among themselves at such absurd notions as they called them. Circumstances, however, soon gave them a few new ideas.

About five years previous to this time, the son of the inn-keeper, Baptiste, became so infected with the enthusiastic notion of the western route to the Indies, whispers of which had reached this little hamlet, that he fairly turned his back upon his native hills, and hurried on to the capital to learn more of this project and see something of the world.

In vain did his sorrowful mother entreat him to be contented at home, and promise him her interest with the fair Margueretta: he only answered—"Let me go, I shall return rich and learned, and then you will be proud of your Henri, and rejoice in his prosperity."

Henri Baptiste was quite young to speak so sagely; but he was a thinker, and one of "Nature's noblemen." His frame was powerful, his manner expressive of the feelings of his heart, and his countenance was of that intellectual cast that carries with it a conviction of superiority. He was beloved and respected for his good qualities, and possessed many warm friends. More than one maiden had felt honored as his partner in the dance, or experienced a thrill of delight when his rich voice, blending with the guitar, sung the songs of the crusaders, or melted into the pathos of the sweet serenade.

More than one cheek grew pale, when it became known that he was about to leave; but most of all, nursed the lovely Irene in the recesses of her own heart, a pain and a sorrow that threatened from that very fact to tear her soul asunder.

She was the daughter of Senor Honorus, the proprietor of the lands surrounding the village, and was looked upon by the villagers as the impersonation of goodness, she was so gentle and beautiful, and withal so kind and friendly. The children knew her voice, and waited for her smile, as she went to and from the chapel, or assisted at the fêtes and rejoicings of her father's tenantry. The sick and the aged blessed her thoughtful attentions, and remembered her in their prayers.

Her father had reared her with the utmost tenderness, and given her all the advantages that her station demanded; but a taste for knowledge led her to inquire with attention into many questions then considered too abstruse for women; and in listening to her father's conversation with friends or strangers, who occasionally stopped at the Chateau of Alcira, as the family mansion was called, she had gleaned much information on many of the leading topics then agitating the great world.

Often while listening to the glowing accounts of the wonders of the capital, she longed to leave her retirement and see for herself; but love to her widowed parent, who depended on her for company and comfort, effectually silenced all repinings, and hushed her emotions.

The quiet of her life was however varied by a journey to one of the seaport towns not far distant. Pressing business requiring her father's presence, he urged her to hasten her preparations and accompany him. It was during this visit that she became acquainted with Columbus, the Italian, who was just then endeavoring to obtain volunteers to man his small fleet which was destined to discover the New World.

Montreal, July 26, 1853.

(*To be continued.*)

[For the "Maple Leaf."

MEMORY.

[ORIGINAL.]

How oft as mem'ry's page I turn,
And trace her tints so fair,
O'er bygone joys I fondly yearn;
While bitter thoughts within me burn,
And life seems full of care.

With magic speed, before my eye,
Stands youth, in fair array;
The pulse with joy seems bounding high,
Till, like a shadow passing by,
It vanishes away.

Then comes a time of deeper thought,
Twilight is hov'ring near,
The soul its sadder tint has caught,
A thousand fancies quickly wrought,
Mingle with hope and fear.

Hope, like the sun, with fitful gleam,
Breaks through the clouds of fear;
Now, like the murm'ring of a dream,
And now a rushing mighty stream,
The voice of love I hear,

Its tones are soft, and yet with dread,
They fall upon my ear,
For ah! how quickly are they sped,
How sadly mingle with the dead,
The hopes to life most dear.

Youth, like the morn, glides swiftly past,
And twilight's deeper hue,
Blends with the night, gloomy and vast,
With trailing shadows broad o'ercast,
Obscuring all the view.

But hark! a matin song I hear,
A star beams forth on high,
A gentle voice, my heart to cheer,
Whispers, "poor soul dispel thy fear,
A better day is nigh!

A day of pure unclouded light,
Whose sun will never wane,
Where with new rapture and delight,
Sing angels in their spotless white,
Through Love's unending reign."

Now, mem'ry's page I cease to trace,
And with new hopes begin,
To run a higher—nobler race,
Strong in my glorious leader's grace,
Immortal joys to win.

EDLA.

Montreal, July 25th, 1853.

LOSING ONE'S TEMPER.

I was sitting in my room one morning, feeling all "out of sorts" about something or other, when an orphan child, whom I had living with me, came in with a broken tumbler in her hand, and said, while her young face was pale, and her little lip quivered—

"See, Mrs. Graham! I went to take this tumbler from the dresser to get Anna a drink of water, and I let it fall."

I was in a fretful humour before the child came in, and her appearance, with the broken tumbler in her hand, did not tend to help me to a better state of mind. She was suffering a good deal of pain in consequence of the accident, and needed a kind word to quiet the disturbed beatings of her heart. But she had come to me in an unfortunate moment.

"You are a careless little girl!" said I, severely, taking the fragments of glass from her trembling hands. "A very careless little girl, and I am displeased with you."

I said no more; but my countenance expressed even stronger rebuke than my words. The child lingered near me for a few moments, and then shrunk away from the room. I was sorry in a moment, that I had permitted myself to speak unkindly to the little girl; for there was no need of my doing so; and, moreover, she had taken my words, as I could see, deeply to heart. I had made her unhappy without a cause. The breaking of the tumbler was an accident likely to happen to any one, and the child evidently felt bad enough about what occurred, without having any displeasure added thereto.

If I was unhappy before Jane entered the room, I was still more unhappy after she retired. I blamed myself, and pitied the child; but this did not in the least mend the matter.

In about half an hour Jane came up very quietly, with Willie, my dear little, curly-haired, angel-faced boy in her arms. He had fallen asleep, and she had, with her utmost strength, carried him up stairs. She did not lift her eyes to mine as she entered, but went, with her burden, to the low bed that was in the room, where she laid him tenderly, and then sat down with her face turned partly away from me, and with a fan kept off the flies and cooled his moist skin.

Enough of Jane's countenance was visible to enable me to perceive that its expression was sad. And it was an unkind word from my lips that had brought this cloud over her young face!

"So much for permitting myself to fall into a fretful mood," said I, mentally. "In future I must be more watchful over my state of mind. I have no right to make others suffer from my own unhappy temper."

Jane continued to sit by Willie and fan him; and every now and then I could hear a very low sigh come up, as if involuntarily, from her bosom. Faint as the sound was, it smote upon my ear, and added to my uncomfortable frame of mind.

A friend called, and I went down into the parlour, and sat conversing there for an hour. But all the while there was a weight upon my feelings. I tried, but in vain, to be cheerful. I was too distinctly aware of the fact, that an individual—and that a motherless little girl—was unhappy through my unkindness; and the consciousness was like a heavy hand upon my bosom.

"This is all a weakness," I said to myself, after my friend had left, making an effort to throw off the uncomfortable feeling. But it was of no avail. Even if the new train of thought, awakened by conversation with my friend, had lifted me above the state of mind in which I was when she came, the sight of Jane's sober face, as she passed me on the stairs, would have depressed my feelings again.

In order both to relieve my own and the child's feelings, I thought I would refer to the broken tumbler, and tell her not to grieve herself about it, as its loss was of no consequence whatever. But this would have been to make an acknowledgment to her that I had been in the wrong, and an instinctive feeling of pride remonstrated against that.

"Ah, me!" I sighed. "Why did I permit myself to speak so unguardedly? How small are the causes that sometimes destroy our peace! How much of good or evil is there in a single word!"

Some who read this may think that I was very weak to let a hastily uttered censure against a careless child trouble me. What are a child's feelings?

I have been a child ; and, as a child, have been blamed severely by those whom I desired to please, and felt that unkind words fell heavier and more painfully sometimes than blows. I could, therefore, understand the nature of Jane's feelings, and sympathise with her to a certain extent.

All through the day, Jane moved about more quietly than usual. When I spoke to her about anything,—which I did in a kinder voice than I ordinarily used,—she would look into my face with an earnestness that rebuked me.

Towards evening I sent her down stairs for a pitcher of cool water. She went quickly, and soon returned with the pitcher of water, and a tumbler, on a waiter. She was coming towards me, evidently using more than ordinary caution, when her foot tripped against something, and she stumbled forward. It was in vain that she tried to save the pitcher. Its balance was lost, and it fell over and was broken to pieces at my feet, the water dashing upon the skirt of my dress.

The poor child became instantly as pale as ashes, and the frightened look she gave me I shall not soon forget. She tried to speak, and say that it was an accident, but her tongue was paralyzed for the moment, and she found no utterance.

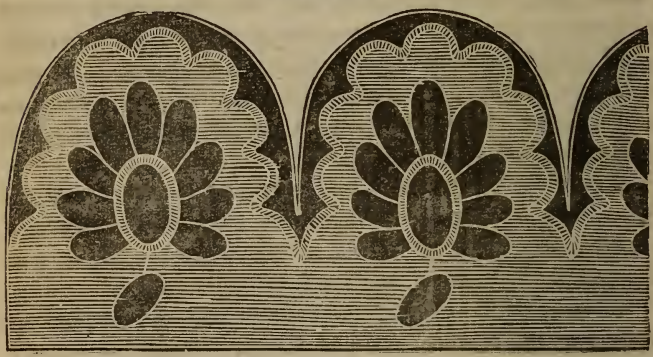
The lesson I had received in the morning, served me for purposes of self-control now, and I said, instantly, in a mild voice—

"Never mind, Jane ; I know you could'nt help it. I must tack down that loose edge of the carpet. I came near tripping there myself to-day. Go and get a floor-cloth and wipe up the water as quickly as you can, while I gather up the broken pieces."

The colour came back instantly to Jane's face. She gave me a grateful look, and then ran quickly away, to do as I had directed her. When she came back, she blamed herself for not having been more careful, expressed sorrow for the accident, and promised over and over again that she would be more guarded in future.

The contrast between both our feelings now and what they were in the morning, was very great. I felt happier for having acted justly and with due self-control ; and my little girl, though troubled on account of the accident, had not the extra burden of my displeasure to bear.

"Better, far better," said I to myself, as I sat and reflected upon the incidents just related—"better, far better is it, in all our relations in life, to maintain a calm exterior, and on no account to speak harshly to those who are below us. Angry words make double wounds. They hurt those to whom they are addressed, while they leave a sting behind them. Above all, should we guard against a moody temper. Whenever we permit anything to fret our minds, we are not in a state to exercise due self-control, and if temptation comes, then we are sure to fall."—*Selected.*



SCALLOP BORDER IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.

Materials.—Thick French muslin, and W. Evans & Co.'s embroidery cotton, No. 30.

This edging is very well adapted for trimming articles of dress for ladies and children. It has the further merit,—to amateurs,—of being very easily done. The full size being given, any length of pattern may be drawn from it. Tack it on a strip of *toile ciré*, and work the edge first, in close button-hole stitch; then the flower, beginning with the *centre* which must be cut out, and the row edges sewed over in overcast, before the other pieces are cut away.

All the black portions of the engraving are to be cut out.

When we have practiced good actions a while, they become easy; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them; when they please us, we do them frequently, and by frequency of acts they grow into a habit.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

SELECTED.

True Piety is the touchstone of the heart. There is a magic in it that opens the sealed fountains of the soul,—that wakens scintillations in every ray of its holy light, and that calls forth life, and beauty, and harmony from even the marble heart that is shrunk in a miser's breast. Let him "who scoffs at piety and heaven," who ridicules the holy name of Jesus, and bows to the dark idol that his own imagination has created,—let such an one enter the tabernacle of the Almighty, where His worship is set up in the heart, and kindled by the rays of His everlasting love; where forms are forgotten, and fashion has no sway; where the souls of the worshippers become transparent, and he will feel a cord in his own soul thrilled by the magic touch; a chord that may have lain senseless, but not dead—that needs but a constant breath to yield undying melody.

Oh, if heaven be much fairer than the earth, how glorious indeed must it be! If we love better there than here, how tenderly indeed must we love! If its joys greatly surpass in richness the joys of earth, who on earth can estimate the happiness prepared for us there! It is blessed, indeed, to know that not only will every evil of the present life be excluded; but that every joy and beauty will be a thousand-fold more exquisite, and a thousand-fold augmented in heaven.

There is nothing purer than honesty,—nothing sweeter than charity,—nothing warmer than love,—nothing richer than wisdom,—nothing brighter than virtue,—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

The Great Salt Lake of Utah is situated in a fine open country. Recent surveys made by the United States Government have resulted in bringing many interesting features to light in regard to that region. The lake is an object of great curiosity. The water is about one-third salt, yielding that amount on boiling. Its density is considerably greater than that of the Dead Sea. One can hardly get his whole body below the surface. In a sitting position, the head and shoulders will remain above the water, such is the strength of the brine, and in coming to the shore, the body is covered with an incrustation of salt in fine crystals. The most surprising thing about it, is the fact, that during the summer season the lake throws on shore abundance of salt, while in the winter season it throws up glauber salt in large quantities. The scientific must judge of the reason for this as well as tell what becomes of the enormous quantities of fresh water which are poured into it by three or four rivers, Jordan, Bear, and Wiber, as there is no risible outlet.

A domestic newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, of which the leg of one was much longer than the other. "How comes it, Patrick, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most, is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix!"

RECIPES.

Iced Fruit.—Take five bunches of currants on the stalk, dip them in well beaten whites of eggs, lay them or a sieve, and sift white sugar over them, and set them in a warm place to dry.

Currant Iced Water.—Press the juice from ripe currants, strain it, and put a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put it into bottles, cork and seal it, and keep it in a cool place. When wanted, mix it with ice water for a drink

Superior Ginger Beer.—Ten pounds of sugar. Nine ounces of lemon juice. Half pound of honey. Eleven ounces bruised ginger root. Nine gallons of water. Three pints of yeast. Boil the ginger half an hour in a gallon and a half of water, then add the rest of the water, and the other ingredients, and strain it when cold, add the white of one egg beaten, and half an ounce of essence of lemon. Let it stand four days, then bottle it, and it will keep good for many months.

EDITORIAL.

We have been looking into our Editor's drawer for sundry items that ought to have been deposited there in due order; and that reminds us to ask our kind contributors to send us some conundrums, or questions to puzzle the younger portion of our readers.

We like to keep our *drawer* pretty well supplied with original contributions, so that our poor editorial brain may not be too much tasked this warm weather.

We should be much pleased to hear from our valued correspondent R. A. P. of Cobourg, and also J C. G. of Toronto, and trust that the pages of the *Maple Leaf* will show that the agreeable acquaintance already commenced still progresses. "The Governor's Daughter" increases in interest; we wonder how Mrs. Traill manages to weave so much useful information into her descriptions. We are assured that the young readers of our magazine are greatly delighted with her fascinating pictures of Canadian natural history.

We thank our unknown contributor for the sketch of the Ottawa, inserted in this number. We like it very much, and hope it may be the beginning of a series of articles upon Canadian scenery from the same source.

Our city is quite lively, notwithstanding the heat. Great numbers are constantly arriving from the States: the hotels are so full that many cannot be accommodated, and are obliged to proceed directly to Quebec. The merchants too are kept very busy, for the strangers like to take back curiosities in that line from here. We are very willing to give the city up to them, while we steal away a few days to the country, to breathe an atmosphere less impregnated with dust, and hear other music than the rumbling sounds of carriage wheels!

Errata—In July number, in lines headed "Twilight Musings," fourth line from bottom, for "toil *for* wrong," read "toil *or* wrong."

Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(*Continued.*)

Every thing they saw excited equally their astonishment and admiration. The public works were remarkable for their strength and skill of design. The magnificent gardens, which stretched for miles round the base of the hill, exhibiting every variety of plant and shrub, fruit and flower, in such perfection, as the highest natural advantages, joined to the greatest industry and taste, could produce. An extensive collection of animals and birds, were added to the floral interest of these beautiful pleasure grounds, where nothing seemed wanting to constitute an earthly paradise. The markets were filled with wares of all descriptions of native manufacture, besides the rich and abundant produce of the fertile valley. The object, however, that excited the greatest attention, was the great temple of Teocalli, a pyramidal structure, nearly 100 feet high, and measuring 300 feet square at the base. Within this building were two figures—one the war-god of the Aztecs, before whose shrine the Spaniards saw "three human hearts smoking and almost palpitating as if recently torn from their victims;" the other deity, in like manner, was gratified by the offering of five human hearts. Such a sight was well calculated to arouse the religious zeal of Cortés, who believed himself commissioned to extirpate this abominable idolatry, and place the cross upon the walls of Mexico. A mind like his could not long brook inaction; already he resolved a daring but hazardous project, to further his views of conquest, when an event occurred that facilitated his plans. Cortés had left a small garrison at Vera Cruz, under Escalante; two of the Spanish soldiers, belonging to this detachment, had been treacherously murdered by one of the neighboring chiefs in command under Montezuma. Cortés made use of this—charging Montezuma as having instigated the crime. The accusation was indignantly denied; and in proof of his innocence, Montezuma instantly summoned the offenders to his presence. Cortés pretended to discredit his assertions, and urged as the only means of satisfaction, his removal from his own palace to the Spanish quarters. The proposal was received with astonishment and indignation; but finding remonstrance in vain, and wanting courage and confidence enough to have recourse at once to arms, Montezuma, in an evil hour, gave an unwilling

consent. Every mark of honor and respect was still paid to him. The shadow of power remained, but the substance was gone. Every step of the Spanish guard, as the patrol paced before the gates, told him too surely he was a prisoner; without a blow he had relinquished his freedom, conquered not by the strong arms of force, but by the coward terrors of a weak, superstitious mind. Montezuma had yet a greater indignity to endure before his spirit was finally subdued. On the arrival of the party implicated in the death of the Spanish soldiers, the decision of the case being left to Cortés, he sentenced the chief and his accomplices to be burnt alive; and on the ground that they had accused Montezuma as the author of the crime, he caused him to be put in fetters; remaining in the apartment till his orders were obeyed. It was not, however, his intention that this punishment should be of long continuance. Accordingly, after the execution of the criminals, Cortés entered the chamber of Montezuma, and kneeling down, unclasped the fetters, pretending deeply to regret the painful necessity imposed on him.

Cortés seemed now to have advanced successfully in his scheme. Montezuma nominally, Cortés virtually, governed the vast region of Mexico; but his mind was ill at ease. Could he expect a whole nation calmly to submit to the usurped dominion of a handful of strangers? They had been taken by surprise; would they not awake from their lethargy, and one day call him to a severe account for his proceedings? His fears were not groundless. A most formidable conspiracy was organized, which nearly proved fatal to his enterprise; but a Providence, they did not always acknowledge, watched over the Spaniards. Timely warning was given, and Cortés, by an exercise of that active policy for which he was so remarkable, got the ringleaders into his power, and thus broke up a most dangerous confederation, and secured his present authority. One of Cortés' first efforts was to establish the Christian worship; and to this purpose was devoted one of the idol temples which was cleansed and purified for the occasion. The Spaniards rejoiced in this as a token of the favor of heaven, and considered it as the first fruits of many such victories of the cross. They could not foresee the long and fearful contests that were to take place before the idols were dethroned and the Aztec worship abolished.

Meanwhile the rising fortunes of Cortés were threatened by new dangers; and he found the Aztecs were not the only enemies he must prepare himself to meet. It must not be forgotten, that Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba, the originator of the expedition, had long viewed Cortés with no friendly eye; and when the tidings of his success and marvellous discoveries reached him, his jealousy was raised to the highest pitch, and he immediately fitted out an armament, consisting of 900 men, well supplied with ammunition, and stores of all kinds. The command was given to Narvaez, who accordingly set sail for the coast of Mexico, where he landed in April, 1520, with the intention of compelling Cortés to relinquish his unauthorized pre-eminence and submit to his dictation. It was not long before tidings of the arrival of Narvaez were communicated to Cortés. He prepared immediately, with his usual energy, to meet his rival, and bring the question to a speedy decision. Cortés could ill afford to divide his little force; but to withdraw his whole detachment from Mexico, was at once to lose all he had gained, and forego the hope of future conquest. He therefore left 140 men under Alvarado, in Mexico, and attended by 70 soldiers, set out to encounter his new opponent. They met in the plain of the Tiera Caliente; and while a short distance still intervened, night came; Cortés at once resolved to attack the enemy under cover of the darkness, trusting to its friendly shade to conceal the real weakness of his force. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations;—Narvaez was wounded and taken prisoner at an early stage of the engagement; and Cortés found no difficulty in engaging the Spanish soldiers, who had commenced the campaign under a leader who neither secured their respect nor affection, to transfer their services to himself, and embark with him in an adventure he failed not to depict in rich and glowing colors. The reinforcements thus received were a most seasonable aid, for Cortés soon found his most strenuous efforts necessary to meet a new emergency. Alvarado wrote from Mexico, giving no flattering intelligence; he said the Aztecs were beginning to manifest much dissatisfaction; they had made several hostile attempts against the Spaniards; in short, the presence of Cortés in Mexico was absolutely necessary. When he arrived, it was only to find every thing in the utmost confusion, and the Spanish quarters in a state of siege. The Spaniards had certainly given some provocation, and the

Mexicans were not slow to retaliate. For some time a stupid sullenness pervaded all their communications, they brought no provisions to the camp, shut up the markets, and sought every means of petty annoyance. But by and by matters assumed a more threatening appearance; passion gave way to active hostilities, and mustering hosts prepared to pour down upon the Spaniards with all the fury of long pent-up resentment, and with one mighty effort sweep the invaders from the earth, and revenge at once the insults offered to their temporal and spiritual dominion. For several days a fierce contest continued. The Spainiards were defended by the building which they had contrived to fortify, and behind which was posted their artillery, which, though insignificant in itself, served to spread terror and devastation through the crowded columns of the enemy; but as fast as the murderous fire scattered and destroyed one advancing line, another rushed on to take its place; and though thousands daily perished in the struggle, the numbers of the assailants seemed in no degree diminished. At this juncture, Cortés entreated the interposition of Montezuma with the Mexicans, in behalf of the Spaniards, and after some persuasion induced him to comply. The Indian Monarch, attended by a guard of Spaniards, ascended the central turret, and appeared before his astonished people, not as in former times, to lead them on to battle, or to urge them to deeds of daring; but with a spirit, subdued by suffering, and quelled by superstitious terrors, weakly to entreat them to lay down their arms, assuring them the Spaniards were his friends and guests, and promising if only peace were restored, and the city more tranquil, the strangers would depart, and all would be well. At the sound of the voice of their Emperor,—once so fondly loved, so reverentially regarded,—the tumultuous multitude paused, as if by one consent; a death-like stillness reigned, many prostrated themselves before him, others bent the knee; but no sooner was the import of his words understood, than all the gentler emotions gave way to those of redoubled rage and excitement; a cloud of stones and arrows were aimed at the unfortunate Emperor, who fell wounded and senseless to the ground. Montezuma was borne to his quarters—every assistance tendered him; but he refused to avail himself of medical aid, and did not long survive this dreadful day, in which he had irretrievably lost the confidence and affections of his people. From the time of Montezuma's appeal

to the people to that of his death, the city continued one scene of fierce internal war. The Aztecs manifested a courage and resolution which surprised the Spaniards, who had counted too securely upon their tame submission; they were utterly reckless of life, and fought with the desperation of men who had no choice but in victory or death. Meantime the situation of the Spaniards was becoming daily more and more critical; destitute of provisions, worn out by continual contest, only varied by an equally anxious watch, dispirited by the loss of companions they could not well spare, and in danger of being cut off from all hope of escape, Cortés saw he must at once quit the capital, if he hoped to save the remnant of his broken troops. He therefore communicated his resolution to his adherents, and prepared to put it into execution. It was with a heavy heart, the leaders of the expedition—who had entered Mexico in all the triumph of recent victory, and the pride of conscious strength, flushed with the hope of a rich easy conquest, which would speedily terminate their dangers and their toils—silently gave the necessary orders for a secret and sudden flight, scarcely daring to hope they might escape safe and unharmed from the hosts of enemies that encompassed them. Manifold, indeed, were the dangers that awaited them, when in the dead of night, they stole noiselessly from the ancient palaces where so many a melancholy scene had been witnessed. The very treasure they had accumulated,—the rich munificent gifts of Montezuma—the plunder of the temples and treasure houses of Mexico, furnished only a new cause of anxiety. The officers and soldiers endeavored to secure what they could on their persons, winding gold chains round their waists and arms, wearing collars and ornaments, &c., of the same precious metal, little thinking how near their race was run, and this costly array would deck a captive or a corpse. The city of Mexico was traversed by various canals, which were usually crossed by bridges; but during the recent warfare these bridges had all been removed. The Spaniards aware of this, had prepared a moveable bridge, which they succeeded in placing over the first gap, and thus crossed it in safety; but while the troops were filing over, the alarm was given, the Indians rose in arms, and completely hemmed in the struggling Spaniards, who found, to their dismay, the bridge upon which their safety seemed to depend, stuck fast in the mud, and could, by no means, be dislodged.

Two wide ditches must yet be crossed, before the way of escape could be reached. The Mexicans poured in on all sides; bodies of arrows and other missiles, unhorsed and dragged down many an unfortunate soldier, who, if he escaped the stroke of the axe, it was but to be reserved for a still more dreadful doom. It was a fearful scene; discipline was at an end; it was to each a death struggle, and but for the severe apprenticeship the Spaniards had already undergone, they could not have survived it.

It was a feeble remnant of his gallant troops that Cortés viewed with weeping eyes, when, as the day dawned, he halted at a little village, scarcely daring to realise the dreadful truth. Not above one-third of the number who had issued from the Spanish quarters, were now alive; the treasure baggage, ammunition—all were gone. If it is the evidence of a great mind to design and achieve great actions, it is no less so, when misfortune is borne with courage, and disappointment met with fortitude: to follow out a purpose through every discouragement, to prosecute it through every difficulty, to adhere to it calmly and unwaveringly through every fluctuation, shows a fertility of resource, a wisdom and strength that may truly be called great. Such did this emergency prove Cortés to be.

(*To be Continued.*)

A FRAGMENT.

[ORIGINAL.]

Love! what love I?
Love I not all things fair?—
The deep blue sky;
The flower gemm'd earth;
The fragrant summer air;
The voice of sinless mirth;—
Love I not these?

Love! what love I?
Love I not all things bright?—
The flashing eye;
The sparkling star's pure ray;
The gorgeous noon-day light;
The moon on her high way;—
Love I not these?

Love! what love I ?
Love I not all things true ?—
The heartfelt sigh ;
The gentle glance of friend ;
The love for ever new ;
The trust that knows no end ;—
Love I not these ?

Love ! what love I ?
Love I not all that's holy ?—
The earnest cry,
For strength to soar away
From earthly part, and lowly,
To realms of endless day ;—
Love I not this ?

Love ! what love I ?
The fair, the bright, the true,—
All these love I ;
All that is holy love,
And so I long to view
Their native home above,
" The land of Peace."

Montreal, July 1853. EDLA.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER ; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAP. IX.

AURORA BOREALIS; OR, NORTHERN LIGHTS—MOST FREQUENTLY SEEN IN NORTHERN CLIMATES—CALLED MERRY DANCERS.—ROSE TINTS —TINT-LIKE APPEARANCE.—LADY MARY FRIGHTENED.

One evening just as Mrs. Frazer was preparing to undress lady Mary, Miss Campbell, her governess, came into the nursery, and taking the little girl by the hand, led her to an open balcony and bade her look out on the sky towards the North, where a low dark arch, surmounted by an irregular border, like a silver fringe, was visible. For some moments lady Mary stood looking on this singular appearance ; at length, she said, " Is it a rainbow, Miss Campbell ?—but where is the sun that you told me shone into the drops of rain to make the pretty colors ?"

" It is not a rainbow, my dear—the sun has long been set."

" Can the moon make rainbows at night ?" asked the little girl.

"The moon is not shining. The moon does sometimes, but very rarely, make what is called a *lunar* rainbow. Luna was the ancient name for the moon; but the arch you now see, is neither caused by the light of the sun or of the moon. It is by something that is called electricity. It is a very rare and subtle fluid that exists in nature. Some bodies have more, some less. I cannot explain it to you now so that you could understand it—you are too young yet; but, when you are older, you will be able to comprehend many things that are strange to you, and that you will have noticed during childhood.

"This beautiful appearance that you now see is known by the name of Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. The word Aurora means *dawn*, and Borealis northern. You know, my dear, what is meant by the word *dawn*. It is the light that is seen in the sky before the sun rises."

Lady Mary nodded, and said,

"Miss Campbell, I did once see the sun rise,—it was when I was ill and could not sleep, and nurse lifted me in her arms out of bed and took me to the window. The sky was all a bright golden color, with streaks of rosy red, and nurse said, 'It is dawn; the sun will soon rise.' And I saw the beautiful sun rise from behind the trees and hills. He came up so gloriously —larger than when we see him in the middle of the sky, and I could look at him without hurting my eyes."

"Sunrise is indeed a glorious sight, my dear; but He who made the sun is more glorious still. Do you remember what we read yesterday in the psalms?—

'The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.'

'One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another.'

'There is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard.'

'In man hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.'

"The Northern Lights, lady Mary, are frequently visible in Canada, but are most brilliant in those cold regions which are nearer the North Pole, where they serve to give light, during the dark season, to those dismal countries from which the sun is so many months absent. The light of the Aurora Borealis is soft

and beautiful, so that any object can be distinctly seen ; though in these cold countries there are few human beings to be benefited by this beautiful provision of nature."

"The wild beasts and herds must be glad of the pretty lights," said the child thoughtfully ; for lady Mary's young heart was always rejoiced when she thought that God's gifts could be shared by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, as well as by mankind.

"Look now, my dear," said Miss Campbell—directing the attention of her pupil to the horizon—"what a change has taken place whilst we have been speaking. See the arch is sending up long shafts of light. Now they divide and shift from side to side, gliding along among the darker portions of vapour, like moving pillars."

"Ah! There, there they go!" cried the little girl, clapping her hands with delight. "See, nurse, how the pretty lights chase each other and dance about. Up they go! higher and higher! How pretty they look. But now they are gone. They are fading away. I am so sorry," said the child despondingly, for a sudden cessation had taken place in the motion of the heavens.

"We will go in for a few minutes, my dear," said her governess, "and then look out again. Great changes take place sometimes in the course of a few minutes.

"In the North of England and Ireland, I have heard that these lights are commonly called the Merry Dancers."

"That is a nice name for them," said lady Mary.

"Foolish people, my dear, who do not know the natural cause for the appearance of these lights, fancy that they are only seen when war and troubles are about to break out. But this idea is a very ignorant one. Were it the case, some of the cold countries of the world, where the sky is illumined night after night by the Aurora Borealis, would be one continual scene of misery.

"I have seen, in this country, a succession of these lights for four or five nights at a time. In England, where this sight is not so frequent, the common people are frightened by it, instead of regarding it as something beautiful and worthy of admiration. This same *electricity*, for I cannot find any simpler name for it,

is a very wonderful agent in nature, and exists in various bodies, perhaps in all created things. It is this that shoots across the sky in the form of lightning, and that causes the thunder to be heard,—it is in the air we breathe it causes whirlwinds, and waterspouts, and earthquakes, and volcanoes,—it makes one substance attract another.

"There is a bit of amber; if I rub it on the table, it will become warm to the touch. Now, I will take a bit of thread, and hold near it. See the thread moves towards the amber—now it clings to it. Sealing wax, and many other substances, when heated, have this property. Some bodies give out flashes and sparks by being rubbed. If you stroke a black cat briskly in the dark, you will see faint flashes of light come from her fur; and on very cold nights in the winter season, flannels that are worn next the skin, crackle and give out sparks when taken off and shaken."

These things astonished lady Mary. She tried the experiment with the amber and thread, and was much amused by seeing the thread attracted; and wanted to see the sparks from the cat's back, only there happened unfortunately to be no black cat or kitten in Government House. Mrs. Frazer, however, promised to procure a beautiful black kitten for her, that she might enjoy the singular sight of the electric sparks from its coat. And lady Mary then wished that winter were come, that she might see the sparks from the flannel petticoat, and hear the sounds.

"Let us now go and look out again at the sky," said Miss Campbell, and Lady Mary skipped joyfully through the French window to the balcony; but ran back and flinging her arms about her nurse, cried out in accents of alarm, "Nurse, nurse, the sky is all angry, together! Oh, Miss Campbell, what shall we do?"

"There is no cause for fear, my dear child, do not be frightened. There is nothing to harm us."

During the short time that they had been absent, a great and remarkable change had taken place in the appearance of the sky. The electric fluid had diffused itself over the face of the whole heavens; the pale colour of the streamers had changed to bright rose, pale violet, and greenish yellow. At the zenith, or

that part more immediately over head, a vast ring of deep indigo was presented to the eye; from this, swept down, as it were, a flowing curtain of rosy light, which wavered and moved incessantly as if agitated by a gentle breeze, though a perfect stillness reigned throughout the air. The child's young heart was awed by this sublime spectacle; it seemed to her as if it were indeed the great throne of the Great Creator of the world that she gazed upon; and she veiled her face in her nurse's arms, and trembled exceedingly, even as the children of Israel when the fire of Mount Sinai was revealed, and they feared to behold the glory of the most High God.

After a while, lady Mary, encouraged by the cheerful voice of her governess and nurse, ventured to look up and to watch the silver stars shining dimly as from beneath a veil, and she whispered to herself the words that her governess had before repeated to her, "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

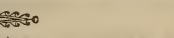
After a little while, Mrs. Frazer thought it better to put lady Mary to bed, as she had been up much longer than usual, and Miss Campbell was afraid lest the excitement should make her ill; but the child did not soon fall asleep, for her thoughts were full of the strange and glorious things that she had seen that night.

Note.—A singular splendid exhibition of Aurora Borealis was visible in the month of August, 1839, in August, 1851, and again on the 21st of February, 1852. The colours were rosy red, varied with other prismatic colours.

But the most singular feature was the ring-like circle from which the broad streams of light seemed to flow down in a curtain that seemed to reach from heaven to earth. In looking upwards the sky had the appearance of a tent narrowed to a small circle at the top, which seemed to be the centre of illimitable space.

Though we listened with great attention, none of the crackling sounds that some northern travellers have declared to accompany the Aurora Borealis could be heard; neither did any one experience any of the disagreeable bodily sensations that are often felt during thunder storms. The atmosphere was unusually calm, and in two of the three instances warm and agreeable.

The authoress was induced to make this phenomenon the subject of the present chapter, as the appearance of the Northern lights is so frequently seen in this country; and therefore she felt the little work would be incomplete without its being noticed. More scientific matters might have been introduced, but it is difficult to simplify subjects which have puzzled wise men to the comprehension of young children.



The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other is always enjoying it.—*Addison.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR A CHILD,

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Our brother is sleeping;
But why should we mourn
That dust unto dust
His cold ashes return?
Our sorrows are mortal;
His sorrows are o'er;
The pangs of disease
Can afflict him no more.

He early was called
From this valley of tears;
A Christian in knowledge,
An infant in years.
His sun has gone down
In the dew of his morn,
And the hearts of his kindred
With anguish are torn.

Their thoughts dwell in darkness—
The worm and the shroud;
But his spirit has burst
Like a beam from the cloud.
His exit was gladness,
His parting was sweet;
He went forth rejoicing,
His Saviour to meet.

He has pass'd the dark valley
Our blessed Lord trod,
Conducted by saints
To the presence of God!
Then let us rejoice,
Though as mortals we mourn,
That dust unto dust
His cold ashes return.

CONSCIENCE MUST BE KEPT IN EXERCISE.—He who would keep his conscience awake, must be careful to keep it stirring; for long disuse of anything made for action, will, in time, take away the very use of it: as I have read of one who, for a disguise, kept one of his eyes for a long time covered, when he took off the covering he found his eye indeed where it was, but his sight was gone.—*Dr. South.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)

THERE is a tinge of enthusiasm and restless ambition coloring the annals of Europe during the period immediately preceding and following the year 1492.—Mind sent out its long tendrils in every direction as if to clasp some unknown but lofty support. Events tended to encourage a spirit of investigation. Old theories were crumbling before the force of strong reasoning, and men no longer endeavored to reconcile ancient absurdities with truths that were daily becoming more established. Philosophers pondered on the wonders of nature, the secret causes of the harmony which they saw everywhere prevailing in the Creator's works, and tried to understand the motions of the heavenly bodies. Everything pointed forward. The northmen, lords of the sea, sailed far and wide, and rumor said they had penetrated to lands far beyond Iceland.

Christopher Columbus lived in this semi-scientific and chivalrous age. Warm Italian blood coursed through his veins. Imagination lent her charms to elevate a devotion and a purity of character imbibed from the grandeur of his religious conceptions, and the excellence of his education. Enthusiasm spread a glow of attraction over all his undertakings. His mind was capable of designing and accomplishing great things. His whole soul was enlisted in investigation. The noble generosity and courage of the sailor were united, in his character, with perseverance and decision. His voice was peculiarly pleasing, and his eloquence contagious. No wonder that his Spanish auditors, true to their love of the wonderful and mysterious, responded to his ardor, as he depicted his belief in the existence of lands beyond the western seas. He was a welcome guest at the Castle, where the Lady Irene and her father visited; and many a pleasant tale did he relate of the countries which he had visited, and the adventures he

had encountered. His hopes were raised as news of a victorious onset by the army, then besieging Granada, proclaimed the hour of victory near—the hour when, he felt sure, his royal mistress would fully attend to his cause.

Hours flew quickly to Irene, varied by conversation and amusement, and enlivened by accounts of the bravery of the army, and the wonders collected within the famed Alhambra. Seated in her boudoir one evening, at the close of a grand entertainment given in honor of her father's visit, she leaned her head upon her hand and sighed, almost unconsciously, as she thought of the many happy scenes she had witnessed, and felt how soon she should be far away.

"And Henri—will he ever return?" she murmured; "will he really remember his promise? Ah! he little knows how gladly I would give my fortune to assist him,—but that may not be;" and her cheek grew pale, and large tears gathered in her eyes.

It was a lovely winter's night, in that mild climate. The moonlight flooded hill and vale, and silvered castle and tower and humble cottage, in and around the ancient city of Valencia, and resting upon the sea, danced upon every rolling wave, and quivered 'mid the restless surf on the beach.

A beauteous picture was that fair young girl, attired in the graceful costume of her times, and looking so meek and lovely as she raised her eyes devoutly to heaven, as if imploring help to overcome the anxieties that were wearing fearfully upon her heart, and then knelt humbly to her evening prayer. Scarcely had she finished, ere, stealing upon the air, came a sweet strain of music. Nearer and more distinct grew the sound, till just opposite the window of her room the musician appeared to hesitate; then, trembling at first, as if choking back some grief, a rich, manly voice sung the following lines, to a masterly instrumental accompaniment:—

"Star of my life arise!
The moon amid the skies
Along her pathway flies.

The evening wanes apace,
Deign now to show thy face,
Oh lady, full of grace.

Thronging in dreamy train,
I see, beyond the main,
Realms wave in golden grain.

With an advent'rous band,
I leave my native land,
To seek a foreign strand.

I strike these notes to thee,
Ere far upon the sea
The waves my music be.

My lute this farewell breathes,
Beneath the rustling trees,
While mournful sighs the breeze.

Oh lady, life and joy
Seem but an idle toy;
Earth's hopes but base alloy.

To thee I fondly turn,
One glance of love to earn
The noblest arts I'd learn.

Yet far upon my way,
Lighting a joyous ray,
Thy truth shall be my stay.

Mid scenes of strife or war,
My hand shall never mar
My lady's colors fair.

A long, a last farewell,
My thoughts with sorrow swell,
As sad this tale I tell."

Every word of the song struck upon that young listener's heart; its mournfully pleasing notes all died upon her ear before she awoke to consciousness; then hurrying to her lattice, she tried to catch a glimpse of the singer. She felt sure no one could sing so sweetly but Henri Baptiste, who left Xarinos some months previous to her own departure.

"Oh, why did he not stay longer," she said, "that I might know where he is going, and into what danger he is running. If my father only knew his worth as I do, he surely would not doom me to sorrow."

Thus soliloquised the young girl, and her innocent heart betrayed its interest in the wanderer. Henri had indeed become a wan-

derer, but a strong purpose bent his steps. He loved the Senora Irene; but he knew that a great distance in rank and education separated them, and he had formed the resolution to win both, ere he urged his love before her father. Choosing his time, he declared his affection to Irene with manly ardor, and then said:

"I dare not ask you to return it now. I would not have you displease your honored father. But if I am spared to return, you shall see me more worthy of you. Only say that you wish me success—that you will think of me sometimes with kindness."

These were part of the words he poured forth in the intensity of his feelings; and his beaming, hopeful looks, spoke far more than his words. Their effect upon Irene was wonderful. She grew pale as statue—another moment and she would have fainted, but Henri bore her to a seat, and remained respectfully standing at a little distance. At length the color returned to her cheek and lips, and tears fell upon her clasped hands. In alarm at her distress, Henri exclaimed, "Do not mind what I have said, dear lady. I shall soon be far away, and you will forget my temerity."

"Oh, Henri," and her tears fell faster, and her voice trembled, "where are you going? What would you do?—my heart will surely break with this new sorrow." And it did seem as if her frail frame would be prostrated with this outburst of anguish. She felt the hopelessness of her future most keenly; and it was not until she had summoned her utmost strength that she could govern her heart, and listen to Henri's words of respectful tenderness, while he gradually unfolded his plans.

"I go, dear lady, to earn a name, to travel in foreign lands, to apply myself to study; and something tells me I shall be successful. I am young, and have a heart to toil; for your sake I will study early and late—I will brave the dangers of the deep, and gain wealth as well as fame. Give me a token of regard, something you have looked upon, and I will bear it with me to my latest breath."

Unclasping a small and exquisitely wrought cross from a chain which she wore, she placed it in his hand, saying,

"Let this remind you of the faith of the cross, and may it prove an incentive to the noble path you have marked out for yourself. You shall have my earnest prayers, for I can never forget you—never." More she essayed to say, but her emotion

overcame her ; and Henri, fearing to trust himself longer, lest he should speak more than he ought, cast one lingering look upon his beloved, raised her hand to his lips, then bounded quickly away.

Thus matters stood between these two, when Henri left his native village. Too generous and delicately alive to honorable principle, he would not take any measures to secure Irene without her father's approbation. He felt sure he could become her equal ; but until that was effected, he was too scrupulous to do more than declare his feelings, leaving her free to act her pleasure.

Nothing more had Irene heard from Henri since the interview just related, which took place early the preceding summer. What was her surprise when she recognized his voice, and understood the deep emotion that breathed in every line of his thrilling serenade. She did not know that she had been often near him—that he had looked upon her, surrounded, as she had been, by many admirers, and had marked her dignity and loveliness. He had, it seems, bent his steps to this city at once, and invested a share of his little fortune in securing the services of a private tutor, who, it turned out, was a particular friend of Columbus ; and his improvement was so rapid, his mind so eagerly drank in knowledge, that Columbus early fixed upon him as one who would form a great addition to his force in his intended expedition, and had engaged to confer upon him an honorable post, if he would join the fleet he hoped to persuade government to fit out for him ; and as a further inducement, promised to assist him in his studies, particularly in nautical and scientific subjects, in which that great man excelled.

Time sped, and still the Senor Honorus and his daughter lingered in Valencia, amid the festivities of that festive-loving city. A fresh impulse had been given to amusement, and rejoicing in honor of the grand victory of Granada ; old and young felt the solemnity and glory of the event which had rescued that beautiful city from the dominion of the Moor. Irene cared not for amusement, but she was patriotic, and imbued with fervent piety ; so that with full heart she joined in the thanksgivings that everywhere filled the churches with devout worshippers. Returning one day from church, the crowd pressed so closely around her, that she was carried beyond her faithful attendant.

Greatly alarmed, she endeavoured to return to the place where they separated, but her efforts were vain; the crowd increased, and she was forced far up the street in a contrary direction. Her position was trying. She looked around in distress, and drawing her mantilla more closely, she lifted her veil to recognise, if possible, her locality; but she had turned into a narrow street, and quite lost her way. To add to her dismay, she saw a pair of horses, which had broken loose from some carriage, rushing down the narrow street; and the wild creatures would certainly have dashed her in pieces, had not a strong arm drawn her instantly upon some steps which were near. Rising quickly, while a flush of maidenly timidity overspread her countenance, she turned to thank her unknown preserver, who, bowing low, lifted his plumed cap with graceful dignity, displaying the handsome features of her devoted Henri. Here was a surprise; but in another moment Irene felt the blood recede from her heart, a deep pallor blanched her cheek, and she would have fallen, had not Henri, with the most respectful tenderness, supported her down the steps and along the street, until she had in a measure overcome her agitation. "Dear lady," said Henri, "refuse not my attendance until I see you in safety; forbid me not the unspeakable happiness of hearing you speak once more."

Thus urged, Irene, with womanly politeness, accepted his proffered arm, and explained the reason of her wandering so far from her abode; while Henri could ill conceal the joy that filled his heart at the fortunate occurrence which had given him this pleasure.

"Oh, Senora," said he, "light of my life, I have so longed to see and speak to you once more, ere I bid you farewell, perhaps forever! I do not wish to make you miserable, but oh! promise me to wait a few years, until I may claim you; if I return not in three years, then forget me, and bestow this hand upon another."

Thus talking, Henri speedily conducted Irene back to her father, who, nearly frantic at her long stay, received her in safety, with many thanks to her preserver, and kind invitation to rest awhile from his fatigue. Henri remained a short time, and so interesting was his conversation, and so happy was the good Senor Honorus to see a familiar face, that he would not allow Henri to depart until he had promised to call again.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The flush of victory had not faded from the noble brows of the King and Queen of Spain,—the laurels of their brave soldiers, gathered with so much toil and perseverance beneath the walls of Granada, were still fresh and glistening in the glorious light of the Moorish victories,—the stately grandeur that invested the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella outvied itself to lend a finishing touch to the magnificence of their triumphal entry into the last Spanish stronghold of the conquered followers of Mahomet. Filled with emotions of proud loyalty to their sovereigns, and exalted reverence to the banner of the Cross, mounted on richly caprisoned steeds, or defiling in measured order, the splendid Spanish army, in solemn array, swelling high the glorious anthem, the *Te Deum*, entered the gates of Granada.

Montreal, 1853.

(*To be Continued.*)

EXTRACT FROM FINCH'S BOUNDARIES OF EMPIRES.

The Queen of England is now sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. She waves her hand, and five hundred thousand warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and one hundred and twenty millions of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come, all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of England, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so extensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of country than Attila, that scourge of Gaul, ever ruled! We have subdued more empires and dethroned more kings than Alexander of Macedon! We have conquered more nations than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power ever subdued! We have acquired a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane the Tartar ever spurred his horse's hoof across. This is indeed a proud boast, and should stimulate us to good actions.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"There come the children from school," said Aunt Mary, looking from the window. "Just see that Clarence! he'll have Henry in the gutter. I never saw just such another boy; why can't he come quietly along like other children? There, now, he must stop to throw stones at the pigs. That boy will give you the heart-ache yet, Anna."

Mrs. Hartley made no reply, but laid aside her work quietly, and left the room to see that their dinner was ready. In a few minutes the street-door was thrown open, and the children came bounding in full of life, and noisy as they could be.

"Where is your coat, Clarence?" she asked in a pleasant tone, looking her oldest boy in the face.

"O, I forgot!" he replied cheerfully; and turning quickly, he ran down stairs, and lifting his coat from where, in his thoughtlessness, he had thrown it upon the floor, hung it up in its proper place, and then sprang up the stairs.

"Isn't dinner ready yet?" he said with fretful impatience his whole manner changing suddenly. "I'm hungry."

"It will be ready in a few minutes, Clarence."

"I want it now. I'm hungry."

"Did you ever hear of the man," said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that showed no disturbance of mind, "who wanted the sun to rise an hour before its time?"

"No, mother. Tell me about it, won't you?"

All impatience had vanished from the boy's face.

"There was a man who had to go upon a journey; the stage coach was to call for him at sunrise. More than an hour before it was time for the sun to be up, the man was all ready to go, and for the whole of that hour he walked the floor impatiently, grumbling at the sun because he did not rise. 'I'm all ready, and I want to be going,' he said. 'It's time the sun was up long ago.' Don't you think he was a very foolish man?"

Clarence laughed, and said he thought the man was very foolish indeed.

"Do you think he was more foolish than you were just now for grumbling because dinner wasn't ready?"

Clarence laughed again, and said he did not know. Just then Hannah, the cook, brought in the waiter with the children's dinner upon it. Clarence sprang for a chair, and drew it hastily and noisily to the table.

"Try and see if you can't do that more orderly, my dear," his mother said in a quiet voice, looking at him, as she spoke, with a steady eye.

The boy removed his chair, and then replaced it gently.

"That is much better my son."

And thus she corrected his disorderly habits, quieted his impatient temper, and checked his rudeness, without showing any disturbance. This she had to do daily. At almost every meal she found it necessary to repress his rude impatience. It was line upon line, and precept upon precept. But she never tired, and rarely permitted herself to show that she was disturbed, no matter how deeply grieved she was at times over the wild and reckless spirit of her boy.

On the next day she was not very well; her head ached badly all the morning. Hearing the children in the passage when they came in from school at noon, she was rising from the bed where she had lain down, to attend to them, and give them their dinners, when Aunt Mary said—"Don't get up, Anna; I will see to the children."

It was rarely that Mrs. Hartley let any one do for them what she could do herself, for no one else could manage the unhappy temper of Clarence; but so violent was the pain in her head, that she let Aunt Mary go, and sank back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. A good deal of noise and confusion continued to reach her ears, from the moment the children came in. At length a loud cry and passionate words from Clarence caused her to rise up quickly, and go over to the dining room. All was confusion there, and Aunt Mary out of humour, and scolding prodigiously. Clarence was standing up at the table, looking defiance at her, on account of some interference with his strong self-will. The moment he saw his mother, his countenance changed, and a look of confusion took the place of anger.

"Come over to my room, Clarence," she said in a low voice; there was sadness in its tones, that made him feel sorry that he had given vent so freely to his ill-temper.

"What was the matter, my son?" Mrs. Hartley asked as soon as they were alone, taking Clarence by the hand, and looking steadily at him.

"Aunt Mary wouldn't help me when I asked her."

"Why not?"

"She would help Henry first."

"No doubt she had a reason for it. Do you know her reason?"

"She said he was youngest." Clarence pouted out his lips, and spoke in a very disagreeable tone.

"Don't you think that was a very good reason?"

"I've as good a right to be helped first as he has."

"Let us see if that is so. You and Marien and Henry came in from school, all hungry, and anxious for your dinners. Marien is oldest—she, one would suppose, from the fact that she is oldest, would be better able to feel for her brothers, and be willing to see their wants supplied before her own. You are older than Henry, and should feel for him in the same way. No doubt this was Aunt Mary's reason for helping Henry first. Had she helped Marien?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did Marien complain?"

"No, ma'am."

"No one complained but my unhappy Clarence. Do you know why you complained? I can tell you, as I have often told you before; it is because you indulge in very selfish feelings. All who do so, make themselves miserable. If, instead of wanting Aunt Mary to help you first, you had, from a love of your little brother, been willing to see him first attended to, you would have enjoyed a real pleasure. If you had said—'Aunt Mary, help Harry first,' I am sure Henry would have said instantly—'No, Aunt Mary, help brother Clarence first.' How pleasant this would have been! how happy would all of us have felt at thus seeing two little brothers generously preferring one another!"

There was an unusual degree of tenderness, even sadness, in the voice of his mother, that affected Clarence; but he struggled with his feelings. When, however, she resumed, and said

—"I have felt quite sick all the morning ; my head has ached badly—so badly, that I have had to lie down. I always give you your dinners when you come home, and try to make you comfortable. To-day I let Aunt Mary do it, because I felt so sick ; but I am sorry that I did not get up, sick as I was, and do it myself ; then I might have prevented this unhappy outbreak of my boy's unruly temper, that has made not only my head ache ten times as badly as it did, but my heart ache also."

Clarence burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, wept bitterly.

"I will try and be good, dear mother," he said. "I do try sometimes, but it seems that I can't."

"You must always try, my dear son. Now dry up your tears, and go out and get your dinner. Or, if you would rather I should go with you, I will do so."

"No, dear mother," replied the boy, affectionately ; "you are sick ; you must not go. I will be good."

Clarence kissed his mother again, and then returned quietly to the dining-room.

"Naughty boy !" said Aunt Mary as he entered, looking sternly at him.

A bitter retort came instantly to the tongue of Clarence, but he checked himself with a strong effort, and took his place at the table. Instead of soothing the quick-tempered boy, Aunt Mary chafed him by her words and manner during the whole meal ; and it was only the image of his mother's tearful face, and the remembrance that she was sick, that restrained an outbreak of his passionate temper.

When Clarence left the table, he returned to his mother's room, and laid his head upon the pillow where hers was resting.

"I love you, mother," he said, affectionately ; "you are good. But I hate Aunt Mary."

"O no, Clarence ; you must not say that you hate Aunt Mary, for Aunt Mary is very kind to you. You mustn't hate anybody."

"She isn't kind to me, mother. She calls me a bad boy, and says everything to make me angry when I want to be good."

"Think, my son, if there is not some reason for Aunt Mary calling you a bad boy. You know yourself that you act very naughtily sometimes, and provoke Aunt Mary a great deal."

"But she said I was a naughty boy when I went out just now, and I was sorry for what I had done, and wanted to be good."

"Aunt Mary didn't know that you were sorry I am sure. When she called you 'naughty boy,' what did you say?"

"I was going to say 'You're a fool!' but I didn't. I tried hard not to let my tongue say the bad words, though it wanted to do it."

"Why did you try not to say them?"

"Because it would have been wrong, and would have made you feel sorry; and I love you." Again the repentant boy kissed her. His eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his mother.

While talking over this incident with her husband, Mrs. Hartley said—"Were not all these impressions so light, I should feel encouraged. The boy has warm and tender feelings, but I fear that his passionate temper and selfishness will, like evil weeds, completely check their growth."

"The case is bad enough, Anna, but not so bad, I hope, as you fear. These good affections are never active in vain. They impress the mind with an indelible impression. In after years the remembrance of them will give strength to good desires and intentions. Amid all his irregularities and wanderings from good, in after-life, the thoughts of his mother will restore the feelings he had to-day, and draw him back from evil with cords of love that cannot be broken. In most instances where men abandon themselves finally to evil courses, it will be found that the impressions made in childhood were not of the right kind; that the mother's influence was not what it should have been. For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy, I was too much like Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh

nor indulgent towards me: I cherish his memory with respect and love; but I have different feelings when I think of my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head* caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him had he done more; for him it was a natural expression of affection; but no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now; and the older I grow, the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood.—*Selected.*

THE SEASONS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Hay and corn, and buds and flowers,
Snow and ice, and fruit and wine—
Suns and Seasons, sleets and showers,
Bring in turn these fruits divine.
Spring blows, Summer glows,
Autumn reaps, Winter keeps.
Spring prepares, Summer provides,
Autumn hoards, and Winter hides.
Come, then, friends, their praises sound,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.
As they run their yearly round,
Each in turn with gladness sing.
Time drops blessings as he flies—
Time makes ripe, and Time makes wise.

"Heard a little incident to-day, which struck us as a very graphic illustration of the hurry with which surgical operations are sometimes resorted to. A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball, in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to cut and probe in that region of his anatomy. After a while the 'subject' said:—'*Don't* cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?' 'We are looking after the ball,' replied the senior operator.

'Why didn't you *say* so, then, before?' asked the indignant patient. 'I've got the ball in my pocket!' said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. 'I took it out myself,' he added; didn't I *mention* it to you? I *meant* to!"

[For the Maple Leaf.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM.

On the night before Sir Edward set sail with the fatal expedition to New Orleans, during the American war, he was present at a farewell dinner party given on the occasion by his friend, and late tutor at College, the Archdeacon of ———, one regarded by him not only with sincere friendship, but in whose opinion he placed implicit confidence. Cork, at that time, was the great depot both of the army and navy, and it was from that beautiful harbor, the Cove, Sir Edward was to set sail for the shores of America. The elegant and spacious suite of rooms were filled with officers of both services. The conversation was carried on with great spirit, and swiftly passed the hours as the guests emulated each other in the happy interchange of ideas, or listened to the flowing and easy language of their intellectual host. But it did not escape the latter, that under the mask of gayety, the handsome features of Sir Edward wore, at times, a shade of gloom—anon, that would disperse, and his lively sallies carried with them irresistible merriment. The eye, however, which for years had watched his course, and exulted in his increasing career of fame, detected with a feeling of almost paternal solicitude, that the heart usually so light and joyous had some secret care weighing upon it. The guests were departing, but Sir Edward still lingered at the head of the great staircase, as though loth to quit so congenial a scene; advancing towards his reverend tutor, he extended his hand in silence; his friend, with suppressed emotion, clasped it in his own. "Farewell, Sir Edward; I trust you will soon return with an additional crown of laurels from your expedition." "No, my friend," said Sir Edward, placing his hand upon his breast, "I shall never return from the shores of America;" and all felt impressed, from the tenor of his words, that there was a strange dash of prophecy contained in them. Too soon was this self-prophecy fulfilled. The first intelligence conveyed to many and loving hearts, who anxiously awaited news of the expedition, was the most painful one, that Sir Edward had met his death in attacking a fortification at New Orleans, mortally wounded by a ball from a Kentucky rifleman. His death caused a fearful blank to a large circle of admiring friends, and among others, to the late lamented Duke of Wellington, his brother-in-law. He was one

of the very few he ever admitted on terms of intimacy, and he entertained towards him the regard and affection of a brother. He died performing his duty as a brave man and a soldier.

General Jackson had ordered a breastwork to be thrown up for the protection of his sharp-shooters, formed of all the cotton bales that could be collected in New Orleans, and under cover of which the Kentucky riflemen were enabled to commit fearful havoc among the English troops,—springing from their place of retreat, and again disappearing after taking deadly aim at their exposed foe. Sir Edward, the officer commanding the expedition, fearlessly advanced, sword in hand, leading on his gallant regiment to the storming of the breastwork. A rifle ball, aimed by the hand of a Kentucky rifleman, penetrated his breast, and the wound proved to be mortal.

His last words were, "The day is lost, and my prophecy is fulfilled." The spot where he fell is now marked by two trees on the field of battle.

Another and equally interesting anecdote recurs to me, relating to the same distinguished officer. Possessing a warm and generous temperament, he was as a young man impatient of control, high-spirited and passionate. Some misunderstanding having arisen between him and his commanding officer, when in the — Regiment, he addressed a letter to him on the subject of dispute. Before he dispatched it, however, he sought an interview with the same friend and tutor, the Archdeacon of ———. When that excellent and faithful friend entered the library, he found Sir Edward pacing up and down the apartment with hurried steps, and evidently in a state of mental agitation. Producing the letter, he handed it to his friend. "Look at that, Sir. Read it." He did so; then taking his pen and quietly dipping it in the ink, he proceeded deliberately to score out several passages which he considered obnoxious. Sir Edward, with ill suppressed rage, watched his proceedings, and when he handed him the letter with the remark, "Corrected, Edward," nearly suffocated with passion, he rushed from the apartment, and abruptly quitting the house, did not again make his appearance for several days. At the expiration of that time he called again, and his fine countenance lighted up with joyous emotion, he cordially and frankly expressed his gratitude for the well-

timed corrections made in that letter by his friend. Had the original been forwarded to his commanding officer, he must have left the army, and England have been deprived of the services of a gallant and noble soldier.

C. HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, August, 1853.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

[SELECTED.]

Oh! who can say that religion is the heavy chain that fetters us to gloom and everlasting sadness; that in chastening the pleasures of earth, it offers no substantial good in return? True piety, opening the heart by its sweet, refreshing influence, causes us to enjoy every earthly blessing with a zest, the heart in which the love of God is not an inmate, will seek in vain to know. It is piety that strengthens, purifies affection. Piety that looks on happiness vouchsafed us here, as harbingers of a state where felicity will be eternal. Piety that, in lifting up the grateful soul to God, heightens our joys, and renders that pure and lasting which would otherwise be evanescent and fleeting. Piety, whose soft and mildly-burning torch continues to enlighten life long, long after the lustre of worldly pleasures has passed away.

One of the greatest errors in education at the present time, is the desire and ambition, at single lessons, to teach complex truths, whole systems, doctrines, theorems, which years of analysis are scarcely sufficient to unfold; instead of commencing with *simple elements*, and then rising by gradations to combined results.

These minds consist of various powers and faculties, by which they are adapted to the various necessities, relations, and duties of life. Some of them were given for self-preservation. The object of these is, ourselves, our own existence, our own sustenance, our own exemption from pain, and protection against danger and loss. Other powers are social in their nature; such as the celestial zone of affection, that binds brothers and sisters into one. We have also moral and religious sentiments, which may be exalted into a solemn feeling of duty towards man and towards God. It is the responsible part of the teacher's duty to superintend the growth of these manifold powers—to repress some, to cherish others, and to fashion the whole into beauty and loveliness as they grow. A child should be saved from being so selfish as to disregard the rights of others, or, on the other hand, from being a spendthrift of his own. He should be saved from being so proud as to disdain the world, or so vain as to go through the world beseeching everybody to praise him. He should be guarded alike against being so devoted to his own family as to be deaf and dead to all social claims, and against being so social as to run to the ends of the earth to bestow the boun-

ty for which his own family and neighborhood are suffering. So educate the child that when he becomes a man all his faculties shall have a relative and proportionate activity, instead of being nervously excitable on one side of his nature, and palsy-stricken on the other.

Speed of the Magnetic Current.—A long experience in the Coast Survey, with some different lines of telegraph, establishes the fact, that the velocity of the galvanic current is about *fifteen thousand four hundred miles per second.* The time of transit between Boston and Bangor was recently measured, and the result was, that the time occupied in the transmission was *one hundred and sixtieth of a second*, and that the velocity of the galvanic current was at the rate of sixteen thousand miles per second, which is about six hundred miles per second more than the average of other experiments.

The best water for plants is rain ; not a quart of it should ever be wasted. Hard water is injurious—mineral waters are often so ; river water is next to rain in value, if it be soft ; but even that ought not to be used cooler than the air of the house. Pond water is next to river water, if there be nothing noxious flowing into it. The best plan for those who keep plants is, to conduct rain water into a tank or tub inside of the house, and thus always keep a supply on hand.

Ætna, the far-famed burning mountain of Sicily, is divided, in relation to temperature, into three distinct districts or regions. They have distinct climates corresponding with the gradations of ascent, and divided into the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid. The mountain has, however, been divided according to other differences, and thus we have described to us the fertile region, the woody region, and the barren region. The fertile region extends fifteen miles from the city of Catana, whence the traveller usually commences his journey, and from which part the ascent commences. The surface of this region is reckoned at upwards of 220 square leagues. It abounds in pastures, orchards, and fruit trees ; and there the vine flourishes. The next advance is the woody region. It is estimated at from 71 to 80 miles in circumference, with a surface of about 40 or 50 square leagues, forming a girdle round the mountain of vivid green, composed of oaks, birches, and other trees, in a soil of vegetable earth. The climate here is most agreeably mild, and every breeze is filled with delicious odors.

"Do you believe in forerunners ?" asked a nervous lady of Deacon J. "Yes ma'am," replied the Deacon, "I've *seen* them !" "Bless me !" exclaimed the lady, "do tell." "Yes," continued the Deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room, "*I see one now !*" "Mercy ! mercy on me !" shrieked the lady ; "where !" "There ! there !" said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, ma'am, may be called a forerunner, for she runs on all fours !"

Witty Reply.—Walter Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school which some have stated. Once a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie," what part of speech *with* was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can

you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Sampson with *withs*.'"

RECIPES.

GREEN CORN can be preserved by simply turning back the husk, all but the last thin layer, and then hanging it in the sun or in a very warm room. When it is to be used, boil it till soft, and then cut it off the cob and mix it with butter. The summer sweet corn is the proper kind.

Another mode is to parboil sweet corn, cut it from the cobs, and dry it in the sun. Then store it in a dry, cool place, in a bag.

GREEN CORN PATTIES.—Twelve ears of sweet corn grated. One teaspoonful of salt, and one of pepper. One egg beaten into two tablespoonsful of flour. Mix, make into small cakes, and fry brown in butter or sweet lard.

CHARADE.

Where the banners wave on the well-fought field,
And the warrior sleeps on his dinted shield;
Where helmet and lance in disorder lie,
'Midst the proudest of earth's brave chivalry,
My "First" dims the glory of victory.

Where the banner of peace is wide unfurled,
O'er man's purest life, the domestic world;
In the humblest cot, in the princely hall,
When the board is spread—awaits your call,
My "Second"—a beverage pleasant to all.

These two together, with shrewdness composed,
Will give you my "Whole," completely disclosed.
In woman's fair face beauty fades away,
And I am the cause of its early decay.
Then maidens, dear maidens, beware the *re-lay!*

OSCAR.

Montreal, August, 1853.

EDITORIAL.

We have had some intensely warm weather during the month. Strangers from the States continue to visit the city in large numbers, and distribute themselves, by railroad or steamboat, throughout the country. The mountains and islands, the rivers and lakes of Canada, find warm admirers in foreigners;—people from the vicinity of Catskill, or Trenton Falls, or the White Mountains, acknowledge that this country rivals the States in the variety and loveliness of its scenery.

The distressing epidemic prevailing in New Orleans, has sent a large number of its inhabitants north, to escape the ravages of the disease. The yellow fever equals the cholera in horror. When it prevails in its aggravated form, it terminates life in a few hours. Owing to the marshy state of the ground, the dead are not interred there as they are with us. The graves are on the top of the ground, surrounded by railings. In the old French burying ground, particularly, the number of splendid monuments and tombs is surprising. The surface of the ground around the graves is like a beautiful flower garden. Around the sides of the burying ground, and in the cemetery, a high wall of brick is built. It is strong and deep, consisting of compartments six or eight feet deep and about the same in height, arranged regularly one above the other, from the surface of the ground to the top of the wall, which is, as near as we can remember, about a story and a half high. These divisions are open on the inside of the cemetery, and when a coffin has been slipped into the aperture, it is closed up by masons; if the relatives of the deceased are able to afford it, a fine marble slab, bearing the name of the deceased, is placed at the mouth of this oven-shaped tomb. Hundreds thus lie in solemn order, one above another, in this city of the dead, giving, in their silent abode, an imposing lesson on the fleeting nature of earthly life. What a desolate scene will New Orleans present to those who have fled from its distress and calamity, when they return in October, and look around for familiar faces, or seek to put the languid wheels of business in motion! Much sympathy has been felt for the sufferers from this fever. Aid has been promptly contributed by New York and other cities, who owe so much to New Orleans enterprise and wealth.

We must apologise to our readers for sending this number to them without the usual illustrations. The travelling mania seems to have infected our engraver, whose absence from the city prevented us from supplying any cuts. The publisher promises to procure some fine ones for next month, and thus compensate somewhat for the deficiency.

This number contains a large proportion of original articles. We are sure the "Sketch of the Aztec Empire," from the pen of our accomplished friend, Mrs. E. T. Renaud, will be read with interest. Mrs. Traill continues to instruct "Lady Mary," and through her the readers of the "Maple Leaf," in the wonders of our northern latitude.

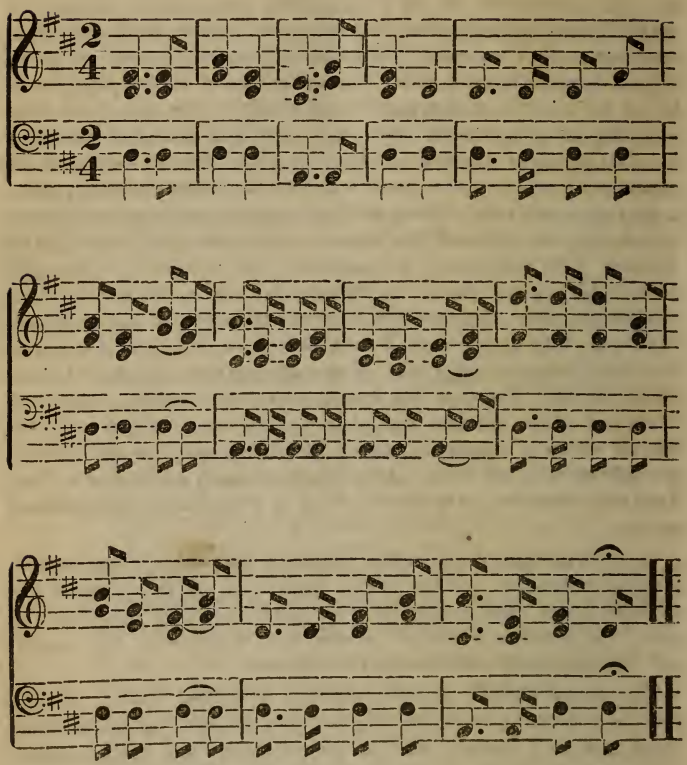
"Oscar's" communication was welcomed with pleasure. We hope he will be induced to send us some more charades. Our young readers will guess his charade, we think.

We thank our friend of the "Ottawa Citizen," and other friends of the press, for their kind notices of the "Maple Leaf."

"The Casket" is a beautiful magazine for children, published in Buffalo. The editor enquired "how many dollars" five shillings sterling is. We answer, the value at par is one dollar twenty-one cents and two-thirds of a cent. He refers to the subscription price of the "Maple Leaf," which is five shillings Halifax Currency, equal to $1.

WHO CAN TELL ME?—A SONG.

WORDS BY PETER PARLEY.—MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE.



I.

Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Whence the morning dawn comes peeping,
Whence the shadowy eve comes creeping,
Whence the gentle dew comes weeping?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

II.

Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Whence the lightning's ruddy flash,
Whence the thunder with its crash,
Whence the shower with its flash?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

III.

Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Where the passing zephyr goes,
Where the breath of dying rose,
Where the river, as it flows?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

IV.

Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Where the sunbeam makes its bed,
Where the echo lays its head,
Where the shadow's couch is spread?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(Concluded.)

YIELDING to the present necessity of the case, he prepared to lead his discomfited followers across the great plain, hoping to find a shelter within the friendly walls of Tlascala; but, before they reached Tlascala, another encounter was before them. They were within a short distance of their place of refuge, when, on reaching the valley of Otompan, they beheld an immense army stretched out across the plain, evidently determined to dispute their passage. It seemed impossible that the little band of Cortés could stand for an hour against the vast array. Every soldier must have felt his last hour was come. The Spaniards fought with the energy of despair; and the victory of Otompan was to the few, and not to the many. By a dexterous manœuvre, Cortés killed the young chief at an early period in the action. A panic seized the whole Indian army, who fled in wild disorder, overthrowing and trampling in their haste numbers of their own adherents.

Within a few days, Cortés entered Tlascala, where he was kindly received, and his jaded followers found that rest and refreshment they so greatly needed. For some time after their arrival in Tlascala, Cortés was laid on a bed of sickness, the consequence of extraordinary fatigue and long sustained anxiety of mind. During this season of repose, he matured his plans for again taking the field, determined nothing should induce him to abandon his grand enterprise. It required much persuasion, and an appeal to all a soldier's feelings of honor and ambition, to induce his companions heartily to co-operate in his schemes. Many were for returning to Vera Cruz, and from thence to the islands. Cortés gave free permission to as many as wished it, to return, saying, "he felt stronger in the

service of a few brave spirits, than if surrounded by a host of the false or faint-hearted." Such was the effect of his harangue, that not one forsook him, but all pledged themselves to stand by him to the last. Cortés now established his head-quarters at Tepeaca, a town at no great distance from Tlascala, situated in a fruitful country, favorable for the support of an army. From thence he undertook various expeditions against the neighboring States, who favored the Mexican Government, in which he was invariably successful, and once more restored the renown of the Spanish army. By the directions of Cortés, eight brigantines were built at Tlascala, in such a manner that they could be taken to pieces, carried on the shoulders of the Indians across the plain, and launched on the Lake of Tezcuco. This conception, bold as it appeared, was actually accomplished, the fleet constructed and borne across mountain and forest before it reached the waters of Tezcuco. Fortunately, at this period, Cortés' diminished band was reinforced by several companies of adventurers. It mattered not with what intention they arrived on the shores of Mexico, the authorities of Vera Cruz seized ships and crew, pressed them into the service of their general, and dispatched them to head-quarters ; and such was the generous behavior, and the affable demeanor of Cortés, that many who entered his service unwillingly, became his warmest partizans. Cortés was well aware, in his second visit to the capital, he had a very different monarch to encounter than the generous, but weak and superstitious Montezuma. The brother and successor of this Emperor, Cuitalma, died, after a reign of four months. He was succeeded by his nephew, Guatemozin. He is described as "valiant, and so terrible, that his followers trembled in his presence." Against such a leader, Cortés prepared to measure his strength, and to lead his little band of Spaniards, which amounted, including all the reinforcements, to scarcely 600 men, against the united power of the Aztec Empire. True, the allies of Cortés were numerous, amounting to many thousands, and from them he received essential aid.

It was the latter end of May, 1521, Cortés and his allied forces, after a long and somewhat perilous march, appeared before the gates of Mexico. A close siege of nearly three months followed, during which the sufferings of the besiegers

fell little short of those of the besieged. A daily, and often nightly combat was sustained with equal obstinacy and desperation by Spaniards and Aztecs. The former resolved never to quit their post until Mexico acknowledged allegiance to Spain, and was completely humbled in the dust. The Aztecs fought for freedom, honor, and their sacred rights—for all that makes life dear. Guatemozin made the most active preparations for the defence of the capital;—every house was a fortress—every inhabitant a warrior. The city was well garrisoned with provisions—the lake teemed with barks and canoes, which, though they could not stand before the Spanish brigantines, were of great service in bringing in succors from the neighboring Province. Guatemozin exhibited great ability in the direction of his forces. Possessed of undoubted courage and presence of mind, he was ever on the alert to take advantage of any accident favorable to his cause. The chief of the Aztecs certainly claims much of our admiration and sympathy, as with a calm heroism, not excelled in any age, he summoned all his powers to repel the invaders, or perish in the attempt. He would listen to no terms of capitulation, however favorable; would enter into no treaty with the enemies of his country; and when his people were perishing by thousands around him, in all the horrors of famine, he still maintained the same undaunted bearing. At the commencement of the siege, Cortés divided his force into three detachments, commanded by Alvarado, Sandoval, and himself. To these officers he assigned a particular locality in the suburbs of the city, at some little distance from each other, directing them step by step to make their way into the heart of the city, where, eventually, he intended the whole force to meet.

To force an entrance was matter of great difficulty. Every inch of ground was fiercely disputed, and not unfrequently would they lose in the night the labor of the day. Cortés, finding little progress was made, resolved to level all before him, and not to advance one step farther than he had completely cleared the ground, filled up ditches and canals, and left a wide and open space suitable for the effective manœuvres of the army. During the siege, the Spaniards met with some severe checks. At one time Cortés himself was in the most imminent peril. In one of the many assaults, the Aztecs appeared to give way, and of-

fered a feeble resistance, flying in all directions. They were vigorously pursued by the Spaniards, who followed them far into the heart of the city, when suddenly the Aztecs turned and commenced a fierce attack upon the troops, who saw too clearly their error. They were hemmed in on all sides; their position was most critical. Cortés was suddenly seized by six warriors, who endeavored to draw him on board their boat. Being wounded, he could make but a feeble resistance; a moment more, and he would have been beyond the reach of aid; but his work was not yet accomplished. Timely succor was sent. Christoval de Oba, seeing his General's danger, threw himself upon the Aztecs. He was immediately supported by other two, and by their means Cortés was extricated from his perilous situation. Not long after this crisis, Cortés was alarmed by the defection of an immense number of his allies. Guatemozin found means to act upon their superstitious fear, by spreading through the camp a report of a direct revelation from heaven, in which it was declared that the great war-god, affected by the late sacrifices, was about to descend, and in less than eight days deliver their enemies into their hands; but as the appointed time passed on, and the successes of the Spaniards were only more apparent, the allies recovered their panic and returned to the camp. By the 13th of August the troops had gained the market place. The citizens were suffering the last extremity of want; the houses were filled with the dead and dying; the streets lined with unburied corpses. Renewed efforts were made by Guatemozin; but without effect. At length a surmise gained ground that he had taken refuge in one of the Mexican vessels on the lake. A strict watch was kept, and shortly after, this valiant but unfortunate Prince was taken prisoner and led before the conqueror. No sooner did the tidings spread that their Prince was taken, than all resistance ceased, and Cortés remained undisputed master of Mexico. The day after the surrender, the great body of the people, by the permission of Cortés, left the city and wandered forth in search of a new home. The first care of Cortés was devoted to clearing the city from the various impurities which threatened to produce a pestilence. The heaps of dead which lay mouldering in the streets were consigned to the earth, and numerous fires kept burning night and day. It is supposed between one and two hundred thousand persons must have perished in the siege.

The Spanish commander ordered a day to be set apart for solemn thanksgiving and public rejoicing, in honor of the great victory achieved under the banner of the Cross. Thus fell the mighty Empire of the Aztecs. In the short space of two centuries it had risen from an insignificant territory, with a cluster of wretched huts, to take its place as mistress of the Western World. In the days of its prosperity it had held the language of another city:—"I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow;" and well might the lamentation poured over the mystic Babylon apply to the prostrate Mexico:—"Alas! alas! that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come. The merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls, and of silver and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of ivory and of most precious woods, and the fruits that thy soul lusted after, are departed from thee. Alas! alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to nought. What city was like this great city?"

[For the Maple Leaf.

ORIGINAL.

Away to the glad, green fields, away
From the city dusty and dim,
With its walls of brick, and skies of gray,
And its ceasless, deafening din.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
And drink in the sweet-scented air;
And joying to see the hills so gay—
Throw away to the winds each care.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
And ramble o'er hill and in vale;
And cull the brightest roses to-day,
For the cheeks so haggard and pale.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
For the sun seem'd never so bright—
Nor the sky so blue, as in the ray
Of this beautiful morning light.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
Let your heart swell with new delight—
And revel 'mid flow'rets while you may,
For 'twill only too soon be night.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
Let the rocks echo back your song—
And forget, in the joy you feel to-day,
That you e'er knew sorrow or wrong.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
Who would choose to live pent-up here—
If they might only be free to stray
By the woodland rivulets clear?

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
For my spirit weary has grown
Of fickle fashion's trammeling sway,
And the noise of the bustling town.

I long for a home in some still glade,
With a few choice friends at my side—
Where sunlight glances bright through the shade,
And moonbeams dance on waters wide;—

Where darkness and grief might never come,
And age might not steal upon youth—
And the crowning joy of that sweet home
Should be holy, unwavering truth.

But such happiness for me is not—
On earth, it may never be giv'n;
To toil and hope while here is my lot,
Rest and joy may be mine in heav'n.

EDLA.

Montreal, September, 1853.

THE MOTHER AND BOY.

"Tom, let that alone!" exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy seven years old, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window-blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction.

The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel.

"Let that alone, I tell you! Must I speak a hundred times? Why don't you mind at once?"

The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the venetian blind.

"There! there! Do for gracious sake let those blinds alone. Go away from the window this moment, and try and keep your hands off things. I declare you are the most trying child I ever saw."

Tom left the window, and threw himself at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made everything crack again.

"Get out of that cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed!" And the mother caught him by the arm, and jerked him from the cradle.

Tom said nothing, but, with the most imperturbable air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then pushing a chair up before the dressing bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustre, and pouring the palm of his little hand full of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head. Twice had this operation been performed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair-brush, when the odour of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the boy's mother, who was sitting with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she saw what was going on.

"You!" fell angry from her lips, as she dropped the baby in the cradle. "Isn't it too much!" she continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau dressing-glass.

"There, sir!" and the child's ear rang with the box he received. "There, sir!" and the box was repeated. "Haven't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair-oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet! Look at your hands!"

Tom looked at his hands, and seeing them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket, and tried to rub them clean.

"There! Stop! stop! Now see your new jacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Isn't it too bad! I am in despair!" And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body drop into a chair.

"It's no use to try," she continued; "I'll give up. Just see that jacket! It's totally ruined; and that carpet too. Was there ever such a trying boy! Go down stairs this instant, and tell Jane to come up here,"

Tom had reason to know that his mother was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fuller's earth, and put upon the carpet where oil had been spilt.

Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom being once in the kitchen, felt no inclination to return. His

first work there, after delivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee-mill.

"Tommy," said the cook, mildly, yet firmly, "you know I've told you that it was wrong to touch the coffee-mill. See here, on the floor, where you have scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let you come down here."

The boy stood and looked at the cook seriously, while she got the broom and swept up the dirt he had made.

"It's all clean again now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And you won't do so any more, will you?"

"No, I won't touch the coffee-mill." And as Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand.

"O no, no, no, Tommy! that won't do either," said the cook. "The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child, as he left the dresser. "I want something to play with."

The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet, and brought out a little basket filled with clothes-pins. As she held them in her hand, she said—"Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them around the room, I will put them up again."

"O no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket of pins.

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas?" asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his fort.

"I left him down in the kitchen," replied Jane.

"Go down and tell him to come up here instantly."

Down went Jane.

"Come along up stairs to your mother," said she.

"No I won't," replied the boy.

"Very well, mister! You can do as you like; but your mother sent for you."

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I'm not in any mischief. Am I, Margaret?"

"No, Tommy; but your mother has sent for you, and you had better go."

"I don't want to go."

"Just as you like," said Jane, indifferently, as she left the kitchen, and went up stairs.

"Where's Thomas?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come, ma'am."

"Go and tell him that if he doesn't come up to me instantly, I will put on his night clothes, and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once; it made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few minutes afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway.

"Tom! come up here this instant!"

"I'm not troubling anything, mother."

"Come up, I say!"

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes-pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"Tom! if you don't come to me this instant, I'll almost skin you. Margaret, take the clothes-pins away. Pretty play-things, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke.

"Tommy, you must go up to your mother."

She now took the clothes-pins, and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you? Say!"

The mother seized her little boy by the arm the moment he came in reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way:

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! clothes-pins

indeed! Pretty playthings to give a child! Everything goes to wreck and ruin! There!"

And as the last words were uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now take off your clothes, sir."

"What for, mother? I haven't done anything! I didn't hurt the clothes-pins. Margaret said I might play with them."

"D'ye hear? Take off your clothes, I say!"

"I didn't do anything, mother."

"A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month. Take off them clothes, I say! I'll teach you to come when I send for you! I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not!"

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trousers were removed, and his night-clothes put on in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting tearfully that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush?" was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations.

"Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed; he's got to lie there all the afternoon."

It was then four, and the sun did not set until near eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then his mother found some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

"Where's Tommy?" asked a friend, who dropped in about six o'clock.

"In bed," said the mother, with a sigh.

"What's the matter? Is he sick?"

"O no. I almost wish he were."

"What a strange wish! Why do you wish so?"

"O, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. I had to send him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him; but, you know, obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children."

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents as children, they will not obey the laws as men."

"That is precisely the view I take; and I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent; but I find it hard work."

"It is hard, doubtless. Still we must persevere, and in patience possess our souls."

"To be patient with a boy like mine is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I should go wild," said the mother.

"But under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what we say makes little or no impression. A calmly-uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children; scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable, and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself, or in other ways divert him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I made unhappy."

"But how can you interest him?"

"In various ways. Sometimes I read to him; sometimes I set him to doing things, by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can, and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind; and, therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him, when he comes with a request. If I cannot grant it, I try not to say 'no,' for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-minded boy."

"But how can you help saying 'no,' if the request is one you cannot grant?"

"Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well; and sometimes I endeavour to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her

of wrong to her little boy, went up to the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was, in reality, her own fault, and not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him since she drove him away with angry words. In fact, she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading to have heard any noise that was not of an extraordinary character.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed—not even a chair was out of place. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom ; she felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her child. She laid her hand upon his red cheek, but drew it back instantly ; it was hot with fever. She caught up his hand ; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took the place of grief, for having wronged her boy. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever.

When the father came home, and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by her sick child, unable, from fear and self-reproaches, to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a gleam of trusting affection, his fever was gone, and his pulse was calm. The mother laid her cheek thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to Heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her feet aright ; and as she did so, in the silence of her overflowing heart, the boy threw his arms around her neck, and kissing her, said—"Mother, I do love you !"

That tears came gushing over the mother's face is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned, half wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child.

Let us hope that, in her future conduct towards her ardent, restless boy, she may be able to control herself; for then she will not find it hard to bring him under subjection to what is right.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

LINES.

[ORIGINAL.]

The earth is bright and beautiful,
Yet shadows o'er it come,
Which whisper to the toiling soul,
"This world is not thy home;
Seek thou some strong, enduring stay,
Time passeth rapidly away."

Though life may boast its frequent joys,
Yet griefs are never dearth,
There's ever something which alloys
The happiness of earth;
Pleasures entice us but to gain
Fresh powers wherewith to cause us pain.

One, and one only, joy we find
Which sadness cannot quell—
Which soothes the woes of human kind—
Lights up the captive's cell;
Dispels the clouds with sorrows rife,
Meet foretaste of eternal life.

It sheds a ray of hallowed light
Upon the wanderer's way—
Illumes the darkness, quenches night
In the full blaze of day:
'Tis the meek hope, since Adam fell,
In Him, "who doeth all things well."

Learn then upon his word to lean
In confidence and trust;
His faithful promises remain
The bulwark of the just;
Death and the grave but vainly seek
To injure those He deigns to keep.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, Sept. 8, 1853

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF IN GERMANY.

On our way back we stopped at the Institution for the Deaf; for by the new method of teaching they are no longer *dumb*. It is a handsome building in the gardens skirting the city. We

applied, and on learning that we were strangers, they gave us permission to enter. On finding we were Americans, the instructress spoke of Dr. Howe, who had visited the institution a year or two before, and was much pleased to find that we were acquainted with him. She took us into a room where about fifteen small children were assembled, and addressing one of the girls, said in a distinct tone, "These gentlemen are from America; the deaf children there speak with their fingers. Canst thou speak so?" To which the child answered distinctly, but with some effort, "No, we speak with our mouths." She then spoke to several others with the same success. One of the boys in particular, articulated with astonishing success. It was interesting to watch their countenances, which were alive with eager attention, and see the apparent efforts they made to articulate the words. They spoke in a monotonous tone, slowly and deliberately; but their voices had a strange sepulchral sound at first unpleasant to the ear. I put one or two questions to a little boy, which he answered readily, and, as I was a foreigner, this was the best test that could be given of the method. We conversed afterwards with the director, who received us kindly, and appointed a day for us to come and witness the system more fully. He spoke of Dr. Howe and Horace Mann, and seemed to take a great interest in the introduction of his system into America. We went again at the time appointed, and as their drawing teacher was there, we had an opportunity of looking over the sketches, which were excellent. The director showed us the manner of teaching them with a looking-glass, in which they were shown the different positions of the organs of the mouth, and afterwards made to feel the vibrations of the throat and breast produced by the sound. He took one of the youngest scholars, covered her eyes, and placing her hand upon his throat, articulated the sound of A. She followed him, making the sound louder or softer as he did. All the consonants were made distinctly by placing her hand before his mouth. Their exercises in reading, speaking with one another, and writing from dictation, succeeded perfectly. He treated them all like his own children, and sought, by jesting and playing, to make the exercises appear as sport. They call him father, and appear to be much attached to him. This institution is in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—*Bayard Taylor's "Views A-foot" in Europe.*

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER X.

STRAWBERRIES—CANADIAN WILD FRUITS—WILD RASPBERRIES—THE HUNTER AND THE LOST CHILD—CRANBERRIES—CRANBERRY MARSHES—NUTS.

ONE day lady Mary's nurse brought her a small Indian basket, filled with ripe red strawberries.

"Nurse, where did you get these nice strawberries?" said the little girl peeping beneath the fresh leaves with which they were covered.

"I bought them from a little Indian squaw in the street; she had brought them from a wooded meadow, some miles off, my dear. They are very fine; see they are as large as those that the gardener sent in yesterday from the forcing house, and these are wild ones that have grown without any pains having been bestowed upon them."

"I did not think, nurse, that wild strawberries could have been so fine as these; may I taste them?" Mrs. Frazer said she might. "These are not so large, so red, or so sweet as some that I have gathered when I lived at home with my father," said the nurse; "I have seen acres and acres of strawberries as large as the early scarlet, that are sold so high in the market, on the Rice Lake Plains. When the farmers have ploughed a fallow on the Rice Lake Plains, the following summer it will be covered with a crop of the finest strawberries. I have gathered pails full day after day; these, however, have been partly cultivated by the plough breaking up the sod; but they seem as if sown by the hand of nature. These fruits, and many sorts of flowers, appear on the new soil that were never seen there before. After a fallow has been chopped, and logged, and burnt, if it be left for a few years, trees, and shrubs, and plants will cover it, unlike those that grew there before."

"That is curious," said the child. "Does God sow the seeds in the new ground?"

"My lady, no doubt it is from Him that they come; for He openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness. My father, who thought a great deal on these subjects, said, that

the seeds of many plants may fall upon the earth, and yet none of them take root till the soil be favorable for their growth. It may be, that these seeds had lain for years, preserved in the earth, till the time came that the forest was cleared away, and the sun, and air, and rains, caused them to spring up. Or the earth may still bring forth the herb of the field, after its kind, as in the day of the creation; but whether it be so or not, we must bless the Lord for his goodness, and for the blessings that he giveth us at all times."

"Are there many sorts of wild fruits fit to eat, nurse, in this country? Please will you tell me all you know?"

"There are so many, lady Mary, that I am afraid I shall weary you before I have told all of them."

"Nurse, I shall not be tired, for I like to hear about fruits and flowers very much, and my dear mamma likes you to tell me all that you know about the plants and trees, and the birds and beasts of Canada."

"Besides the different sorts of strawberries, there are wild currants, both black and red, and many kinds of wild gooseberries," said Mrs. Frazer; "some grow on wastes by the road side, in dry soil, others in swamps. A great many of the gooseberries are covered with thorns, not on the wood, but on the berries themselves."

"I would not eat those disagreeable thorny gooseberries, they would prick my tongue," said the little girl.

"They cannot be eaten without first being scalded. The settlers' wives contrive to make good pies and preserves with them, by scalding the fruit, and then rubbing it between coarse linen cloths; I have heard them called thornberry pies, and I think it was a very good name for them.

"When emigrants first come to Canada, and clear in the backwoods, they have little time to make nice fruit gardens for themselves, and they are glad to gather the wild berries that grow in the woods and swamps to make tarts and preserves of; so they do not even despise the thorny gooseberries, or the wild black currants. Some swamp gooseberries, however, are quite smooth, of a dark red color, but small, and they are very nice when ripe. The blossoms of the wild currants are very beautiful, of a pale yellowish green, and hang down in long, graceful branches; the fruit is harsh, but makes wholesome preserves. But there are

thorny currants, as well as thorny gooseberries; these have long, weak, trailing branches, the berries are small, covered with stiff bristles, and of a pale red color. They are not wholesome; I have seen people made very ill by eating them, and I have heard even of their dying in consequence of doing so."

"I am sure, nurse, I will not eat those wild currants," said lady Mary; "I am glad you have told me about their being poisonous."

"This sort is not often met with, my dear; and these berries, though they are not good for man, doubtless give nourishment to some of the wild creatures that seek their food from God, and we have enough dainties, and to spare, without them.

"One of the most common, and also the most useful to us, among the wild fruits, is the red raspberry. It grows up in abundance all over the country, by the roadside, in the half-opened woods, on upturned roots, in old neglected clearings; there is no place so wild but it will grow, wherever its roots can find a crevice. With maple-sugar, the farmers' wives need never lack a tart, or a dish of fruit and cream. The poor Irish emigrants' children go out and gather tin pails full, and carry to the towns and villages to sell. The birds too live upon the fruits, and flying away with it to distant places, help to sow the seed. A great many small animals eat the ripe raspberry, and even the raccoon and the great black bears come in for their share."

"The black bears! O, Nurse! O, Mrs. Frazer!" exclaimed lady Mary in great astonishment. "What! do big bears eat raspberries?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady, they do. Bears are fond of all ripe fruits. The bear resembles the hog in his tastes very closely; both will eat flesh in their wild state, and grain, and fruit, and roots. There is a small red berry in the woods that is known by the name of the bear-berry,* which they say the young bears are particularly fond of."

"I should be afraid of going to gather raspberries, nurse, for fear of the bears coming to eat them too."

"The hunters know that the bears are partial to this fruit, and often seek them in large thickets, where they grow. A young gentleman, lady Mary, once went out shooting

* Arbutus, uvawrsi, bear-berry, kinnikinnick, Dec. Mon.

game ; it was somewhere in the Province of New Brunswick, I believe. It was in the month of July, the weather was very warm, and there were plenty of wild berries ripe. He had been out for many hours, and at last found himself on the banks of a creek. The bridge that he had been used to cross was gone; it had been swept away by the heavy rains in the spring. Passing on a little higher up, he saw an old clearance full of bushes, and knowing that wild animals were often to be met with in such spots, he determined to cross over and try his luck for a bear, or a raccoon, or a young fawn. Not far from the spot, he saw a large fallen, swamp elm tree, which made a capital bridge. Just as he was preparing to cross, he heard the sound of footsteps on the dry crackling sticks, and saw a movement among the raspberry bushes ; his finger was on the lock of his rifle in an instant, for he thought it must have been a bear or a deer, but just as he was about to fire he saw a small, thin, brown hand, all red and stained from the juice of the ripe berries, put up to reach down a branch of the fruit ; his very heart leaped within him with fright, for in another moment he would have shot the poor little child, that with pale, sunburned face, was looking at him from between the raspberry bushes. It was a little girl, about as old as you are, lady Mary. She was without hat or shoes, and her clothes were all in tatters ; her hands and neck were quite brown and sunburned. She seemed frightened at first, and would have hid herself had not the stranger called out gently to her to stay, and not to be afraid ; and then he hurried over the log-bridge to her, and asked her who she was, and where she lived. And she said, "she did not live anywhere, for she was lost." She could not tell how many days, but she thought she had been seven nights out in the woods. She had been sent to take some dinner to her father who was at work in the forest, and had missed the path and gone on a cattle track, and did not find out her mistake till it was too late ; and then she became frightened and tried to get back, but only lost herself deeper in the woods. The first night she wrapped her gown about her head, and lay down beneath the shelter of a great upturned root. She had eaten but little of the food in the basket that day, and made it last her nearly two days ; after that was gone, she chewed some leaves ; and when she found herself in the raspberry clearing, she got berries of several kinds, and plenty of water

to drink from the creek. One night she said she was awakened by a heavy tramping near her, and looking up into the moonlight, she saw two great black beasts, which she thought were her father's oxen, and so she sat up and called "Buck," "Bright," for that was was what the oxen's names were—"Buck," "Bright;" but they had no bells, and so she thought they must have been two black dogs, for they stood quite upright and looked at her, but went away.

These animals must have been bears, but the child did not know that, and she felt no fear—for she said, she said her prayers every night before she lay down to sleep, and she knew that God would take care of her both sleeping and waking.*

"And did the hunter take her home?" asked lady Mary, who was much interested in the story.

"Yes, my dear, he did. Finding that the poor little girl was very weak, the young man took her on his back, and so loaded, he managed with some difficulty to make his way back,—fortunately, he happened to have a little wine in a flask, and a bit of dry biscuit in his knapsack, and this greatly revived the little creature, sometimes she ran by his side holding by his coat and talking to him, and seemed quite happy and cheerful, bidding her friend not to be afraid if they had to pass another night in the wood; but just as the sun was setting, they came out of the dark forest into an open clearing.

"It was not the child's home, but a farm belonging to a miller who knew her father, and had been out in search of her for several days, and he and his wife were very glad when they saw the lost child, and gladly shewed her preserver the way; and they were rejoiced indeed, when the poor little girl was restored quite safe and well to her sorrowing parents."

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "I am so glad the good hunter found the little girl. I must tell my own dear mamma that nice story. How sorry my mamma and papa would be to lose me in the woods."

The nurse smiled, and said, "My dear child, there is no fear of such an accident happening to you. You are not exposed to the same dangers and trials as the children of poor emigrants;

* The facts of this story I met with many years ago in a Provincial paper. They afterwards appeared in a Canadian Sketch in Chambers' Journal, with other interesting particulars written by me in 1838.

therefore, you must be the more grateful to God, and do all that you can to serve and please Him, and when you are able be kind and good to those who are not as well off as you are."

"Are there any other wild fruits, nurse," asked the child, "besides raspberries, and strawberries, and currants, and gooseberries?"

"Yes, my dear, a great many more. There are wild plums,—these we can preserve, and when the trees are planted in gardens and taken care of, the fruit is very good to eat. The wild cherries are not very nice; but the bark of the black cherry is good for agues and low fevers. The choke-cherry is very beautiful to look at, but hurts the throat, closing it up, if many are eaten, and making it quite sore. The huckleberry is a sweet dark blue berry, that grows on a very delicate low shrub, the blossoms are very pretty, pale pink or greenish white bells, the fruit is very wholesome, it grows on light dry ground, on those parts of the country that are called plains in Canada. The settlers' children go out in parties, and gather great quantities either to eat or to dry for winter use. These berries are a great blessing to every one, besides forming an abundant food for the broods of young quails and partridges; the squirrels of every kind eat them. There are blackberries too, lady Mary, some people call them thimble berries."

"Nurse, I have heard mamma talk about blackberries that grow in the English hedges."

"The Canadian blackberries are not so sweet, I have heard my father say, as those that grow at home; but they are very rich and nice tasted, neither do they grow so high. Then, there are high bush cranberries, and low bush cranberries. The first grow on a tall bush, and the fruit has a very fine appearance, hanging in large branches of bright scarlet among the dark green leaves; but they are very, very sour, and it takes a great deal of sugar to sweeten them. The low cranberries grow on a slender trailing plant, the blossom is very pretty, and the fruit is about the size of a common gooseberry; it is of a dark purplish red, very smooth and shining; the seeds are very small, and lie in the white pulp within the skin; it is not nice till it is cooked with sugar.

"There is a large cranberry marsh somewhere to the back of Kingston, where vast quantities of these berries grow. I heard a young gentleman say that he passed over this marsh when he

was hunting, it was while the snow was on the ground, and the red juice dyed the snow crimson, as he trod upon them. The Indians go every year to a small lake called Buckhorn Lake, many miles up the river Otonabee in the upper province, and gather cranberries; these they sell to the settlers in the towns and villages, or trade them away for pork and flour and clothes. The cranberries when spread out upon a dry floor, will keep fresh and good for a long time. I have been told that great quantities of cranberries are brought to England from Russia, Norway, and Lapland, in barrels or large earthen jars, filled with water. It is a plant that lives in a cold climate. I will boil some cranberries with sugar, that you may taste them; they are thought to be very wholesome."

Lady Mary said she would like to have some of the seed in her own garden.

"The cranberry requires a particular kind of soil that would not be easy to find in our garden, my dear; and as the cranberry marshes are often covered with water in the spring, I suppose they need a damp cool soil, near lakes or rivers, perhaps sand too may be good for them; but we can plant some berries, and water them well; in a light soil they may grow and bear fruit, but I am not sure that they will do so.

"Besides these fruits there are many others that are little used by men, but are of great service as food to the birds and small animals. There are many kinds of nuts too,—filberts with rough prickly husks, and walnuts, butternuts, and hickory nuts; these last are large trees, the nuts of which are very nice to eat, and the wood very fine for cabinet work and for firewood, and the bark is used for dying.

"Now, my dear, I think you must be quite tired with hearing so much about Canadian fruits."

Lady Mary said she was glad to hear that there were so many good things in Canada; for she heard a lady say to her mamma that it was an ugly country, and that there was nothing good or pretty in it.

"There is something good and pretty to be found everywhere, my dear child, if people will but open their eyes to see it, and their hearts to enjoy the good things that God has so mercifully spread abroad for us, and for all his creatures to enjoy."

(To be continued.)

[For the Maple Leaf.

A HYMN.

Heart, overcome with sadness,
Turn not thy gaze within;
No beam of light and gladness
Darts through the gloom of sin.

The waves of sorrow, rushing
From secret founts of woe,
Flow o'er thy spirit, gushing,
And lay thy fond hopes low.

The surges and the billows,
God's messengers of wrath,
Roll on in crested furrows,
And overwhelm thy path.

The voice of justice, ringing
From Sinai's awful bounds,
Speaks not to man, the sinning,
Of hope's reviving sounds.

Look thou beyond the present;
See looming from afar,
Dimming night's silver crescent,
A beauteous vesper star.

O'er hill and vale its glory
A soft'ned radiance sheds,
Gilding a wondrous story,
While God in *manhood* treads.

Behold the "Man of Sorrows;"
List to his dying groan;—
Faith rises now, and borrows
New life from every moan.

O soul! amid thy sadness,
Depress'd with sin's dark reign,
When joy, and peace, and gladness
Seem like some distant train;

When human pow'r seems fruitless
To check the plague within,—
Look thou to Him, who, stainless,
Bore all the weight of sin.

In humble love adoring,
Bend meekly at His feet;
Thy guilt and woe imploring
The "Great High Priest" to meet.

Then joyfully thy spirit
An anthem shall prolong,
Praising His matchless merit
In ever rapt'rous song.

Mighty shall be His power;
The banner of the Cross
Shall wave on ev'ry tower—
In every mountain pass;—

In vale, o'er lake and river,
And shadowing ev'ry land,
Till swells the shout for ever,
Of earth's redeemed band.

Montreal, Sept., 1853. E. H. L.

[For the Maple Leaf.

EARTH'S VISIBLE RECORDS.

WHAT are they? By whose hand were they written? How readest thou? Let us pause for the response to these questionings, so varied, and full of interest. This broad and beautiful earth beareth on its face, as upon a limitless tablet, traces of the past; when, with a mighty impress, records were made which Time himself with all his subtle arts has not been able to erase. These records were made long ages since, when the world was yet young and impressible. When the mighty work of creation was ended, the "six day's" work concluded; then, when

> "Its first pure praises rang,
> And morning stars together sang,"

then began the writing. On every mountain and hill top, in every secluded glen and valley, on the broad plain, in the mighty forest, by the laughing brook, on the peaceful lake, in the spray of the ceaseless cataract, on the mighty river, and most of all, on the restless waves of the glorious old ocean, and in the deep blue sky above us, were the records made. Do we still ask their import? The voice of the wintry tempest as it rages through the desolate forest, the surgings of the mighty ocean as its waves break upon the lonely shore, and the eternal thun-

derings of Niagara as it rushes on and on, in its ceaseless whirl ; all these give us the interpretation of many of these mysterious characters. We cannot fail to read. Power—vast, incomprehensible, and changeless ! Yet, the records are not here alone. If we but patiently look our eyes shall be gladdened and our hearts made to rejoice as we read. On the sunny slope of yonder green hill-side, where the grass waves in beauty, and the flowret lifts up its head in modest loveliness, if we will bend down and gaze carefully, we shall find traces of this writing. True, the characters are not so startling in their boldness as those already noticed ; if we carry our heads loftily, we shall doubtless overlook them ; yet, when seen, they amply reward for the labor of searching them out. Do we need to be told their signification ? Is not Love as plainly seen here as Power in the former instances ? Yes, go where we may, journeying over this world of ours, we read everywhere the same lesson, engraved indelibly on the flinty rock, and traced in gentler characters on the flowery plain ; yet, everywhere the same. The commingling of the two elements, Power and Love ; —the Power lovely in its condescension,—the Love powerful in its out-goings ; and both sublimely beautiful, bearing the impress of a mighty hand.

Hast thou not beheld them ? Have thine eyes till now been "holden," that thou hast not read these records ? Art thou saying in thy heart, "I look upward to the sky, and downward into old ocean's depths, and abroad over the face of the green earth ; but I see nought of what thou affirmest. I have gazed upon the fair face of nature in all her various moods, yet, I have seen nought but the green grass and the gay flower, the lofty trees and the blue waters." Dost thou still inquire, "show me these records ?" Is there then indeed a "veil" over thine eyes, that thou seest not ? I may not hope to remove it. It is for thyself alone to lift the veil—to send out thy spirit-messengers through the length and breadth of this fair domain—to search for that which may be to thee hidden ; but which, when found, will reward thy search as never sight of gold rewarded the toiling miner.

Earth's records ! Again may we ask, "where are they ?" Nay, rather let us ask, "where are they not ?" Is there a

spot so desolate within the bounds of space that no traces of Power and Love are there seen? Believe it not. Everywhere are the visible tokens of the presence of an invisible but mighty Power, and as truly of an ever-present, all-pervading Love. Question it who may, believe it we must. What our eyes have seen, our ears heard, and most of all, what our hearts have felt, *that* we know, that we believe; and no reasoning can obscure our knowledge, or darken our belief.

Yet, though these records are everywhere visible, by how few are they read? Vain man is too intent on his mad pursuit of empty fame to stop and heed the writing, though it bears the impress of his Maker's hand. He must read the glowing characters written in the light of the flaming volcano, or in the opening abyss of the earthquake; but for the common and more familiar sentences which are everywhere scattered around his pathway, he has no eyes. The book of nature is, to very many, a sealed volume, as truly as the book of Revelation. And it seems to me, that no one who rightly reads the one, can disregard or fail to understand the other. Both were written by the same hand, both teach us the same glorious lesson,—that Power and Love are indissolubly connected in the great and glorious Being whom we call God!

SARAH E. HAIGHT.

Springfield, Ohio, August, 1853.

RAPIDES DES CHATS.

The *Rapides des Chats* are situated at the Eastern extremity of a magnificent lake, of the same name, which is in fact an extension of the river Ottawa. The shores of the lake Des Chats are woody and generally flat to the northward, with a pebbly or rocky beach; to the southward they are higher, sometimes attaining an elevation of 80 or 100 feet. In extreme length it is fifteen miles, and in mean breath about one; but its northern shore is deeply indented by several sweeping bays, by which extensive points are formed, sometimes contracting the lake to a width of scarcely a mile, while in others it is three. The surface of the waters is prettily studded with occasional islands, richly wooded, and so situated as to diversify most agreeably the natural beauties of the soft, sweet scenery of the lake.

RAPIDES DES CHATS.

The calms of the Ottawa are peculiarly glassy and beautiful, and its waters are much esteemed for their softness. Between Government Island and the north shore dash, in swift and violent eddies, the *Rapides des Chats.* These rapids are three miles long, and pass amidst a labyrinth of varied islands, until the waters are suddenly precipitated over the falls of the Chats, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in height. There are fifteen or sixteen falls on a curved line across the river, regularly divided by woody islands, over one of which is effected a portage, in passing from the top to the bottom of the falls.—*Selected.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)

LONG had the Moor looked out from the minarets and towers of Granada, upon a country beautiful in hill, and valley, and fertile plain. Towering towards the skies the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada formed a barrier on the eastern side, from whence cool breezes swept over the city, and dispelled the languor arising from the excessive heats of summer. In front, walls of immense strength and solid masonry protected it, and beyond these spread out in gentle undulations for many miles, lay the luxuriant tract of country called the vega, blooming in all the beauty which high cultivation, rich soil, and blandness of climate could produce. Within the city rose magnificent mosques, stately towers, citadels, and arcades; fountains sparkled in gardens, whose perfumes regaled the senses; the golden orange, the deep red of the pomegranate, the varied colorings of the grape and the olive, added beauty to the enchanting villas, whose fanciful and graceful forms of architecture seemed to point only to enjoyment here, and a paradise of bloom and beauty hereafter.

For eight centuries had Saracen power held her own in the beauteous vales and among the bold mountains of Southern Spain. Opulence, high civilization, chivalric generosity and valor, characterised the Spanish Arabs. Many were the brave exploits of both Christian and Moslem, celebrated in song and narrative in the noble halls of their palaces, or among the cots of their mountaineers.

The genius of Mohammedanism displayed her happiest features in Spain. But, long continued prosperity, under the influence of institutions whose fundamental principles were based upon the idea of outward grandeur and splendor in style of living, and which elevated before the multitude as the highest consideration, a heaven of voluptuous ease, could not do otherwise than deteriorate the national stamina, and produce as it did, at length, a race of men unfit to cope with the iron veterans in the Christian camp.

Viewing from afar the land of their ancestors,—a land of fertility and beauty,— with a long line of sea coast, and flourishing cities, still overshadowed by the crescent, and resounding with the monotonous tones of devotion to the "false prophet;" the Spanish sovereigns, inspired with zeal, projected a crusade against the usurpers of their country, to subdue the fair cities of the Moslems to the Christian rule.

The Spaniard of those times was a brave soldier, inured to toil and danger, on the battle field, or in single combat, or on the arena of the magnificent tilt and tourney,—he shrank not from fatigue, and disdained to complain of pain. In the service of his sovereign, and devoted to the lady of his choice, he courted adventure and braved peril. But there was a higher sentiment,—a shading of character,—an infusion of devotion which vivified the Spanish imagination, and seemed to infuse magic endurance into his frame, and burning zeal into his spirit. It was the drapery of religion floating over his head, or glittering aloft in the form of a cross, or falling on his ravished ears in the sublime chants and anthems of his faith, that filled his mind with an ambition of a higher order than that of mere chivalry, making him willing to spill his heart's blood to share in the glory of restoring Christianity to its ancient seat in Granada.

Counting upon the intense loyalty of their subjects, the Spanish

sovereigns proclaimed their determination to plant there the symbol of Christianity. Party jealousy was forgotten, old feuds were buried, while responsive emotions of loyalty and devotion to the crusade, swelled every breast throughout the land, and an immense army was kept in the field which proceeded from one conquest to another, until the gates of Granada gave way, and Spain was reclaimed from the Moslem sway. The land, purged from the lifeless forms of Mohammedan belief, received the tokens of a better worship; and the pious heart of Spain's devoted Queen beat with new fervor and joy as she beheld the ensigns of her beloved faith raised where false religion had so long held sway.

The crusade thus happily terminated, the sovereigns turned their attention to political economy, and disbanding their army, held court from place to place, redressing wrongs, and issuing new forms of polity in accordance with their enlightened views of propriety.

Columbus, no longer able to repress his ardor, now appeared at court to urge his project before his royal mistress. His enthusiasm touched Isabella, though failing to meet an answering response from Ferdinand, whose cooler temperament could not at once appreciate a plan which seemed so chimerical. She immediately, and with great exertion, raised funds for the expedition from her private resources; for jewels and crowns faded in her view, in comparison with the grandeur of this enterprise,—an enenterprise which, unknown to her, was to perpetuate her name, enwreathed with golden laurels to the latest ages.

At last all was nearly ready for the expedition, and Columbus, with overwhelming emotions, received authority to set out on his perilous but long wished voyage of discovery.

Montreal, Sept., 1853.

(*To be continued.*)

CHARADE.

Dost ever think, love, of that shady retreat,
Its dear tufts of pansies for true lovers meet,
Dost think of the time, when the pale queen's light,
Had burnished with silver the deep shades of night;
All nature was hushed, save the musical air,
Which ardently played with thy tresses so fair.

There was love in thy eyes; and where may we seek
For hues that could rival the blush on thy cheek?
We parted, and promised to meet soon again;
You said that my presence would free you from pain:
We spoke not of love;—yet your language was mixed
With my "*first*," and the little word "*do*" prefixed.

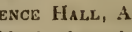
Dost think of the time, love,—'twas late in the eve,—
You asked me to supper, before I would leave;
Accepted, of course,—and the table was spread,
I conducted you forth—set you down at the head:
There were dishes of ———, but a cuisine I'm not,
And therefore, as excellent throw in the lot;
Yet, one dish I'll mention, or rather a cup,
Of which we both frequently took little sups;
To the taste most delicious, of flavor mild,
'Tis drunk by the oldest,—'tis sipped by the child,
In color it varies;—you said you were loth
My "second" to want. Herb of celestial growth.

Seek for my "Whole" 'mid the realms of air:
Ye need search not the earth,—not there! not there!
But away—away—and far upon high,
'Mid the glittering hosts of the deep blue sky,—
Where Hesperus leadeth her starry train;
Where the Pleiads shine,—where Charles' Wain
And Orion beams—in the deep profound
Of unbounded space, I'm surely found.
I sweep through realms that rejoice in the light,
Of our own bright Sun; and anon, my flight
Is through chaos deep, where the light of day,
Had hitherto shed not a single ray;
Then guess if you can; I'm a wonderful ranger,
And "T. McG." calls me "*Illustrious Stranger.*"

OSCAR.

Montreal, Sept. 21st, 1853.

Solution to Charade in the September number, "Corset"—(*Corse*)-*t*-(*tea*).



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, Aug. 27th, 1853.

DEAR EDITOR,—A modest, quiet individual, of another clime, ventures in an idle hour, to address the Editor of the *Maple Leaf;* for the reading of a single number found on my table, has won, for its unpretending self, a true and lasting friend. If, then, any stray thoughts here penned, in way of acknowledgment of its merits, with a word or two of your delightful city meets approval, I shall be well paid for my scribbling; if otherwise, in kindness forgive the liberty.

Judging from specimens of Canadian literature scattered about the neighboring States, I acknowledge my surprise, after perusing the last number of

the *Maple Leaf*, and turning to the first page, to find it published in Montreal. I had always supposed there were few female writers in Canada. We hear of Mrs. Moodie, who now and then cheers us, and occasionally see an original piece from the pen of some lady,—like a rainbow of promise it tells of bright times coming; but yet, I would ask, where are your musing, reflecting, literary Canadian ladies? Your city claims very many intelligent looking young ladies. Do you not receive contributions from them for your paper? I venture to guess talent worth having lies buried under their modest retiring exterior. Can't you call it out by a challenge, or other means? and by thus encouraging them, claim many literary gems, with beauty of person and beauty of mind. Your beautiful scenery affords themes for poetry and song, to charm and delight the multitude. The rapids inspired Tom Moore; why not now the young and gifted of your land to think and write, as beautifully and truthfully as he did? Talk of "sunny Italy" if you will, I doubt if there nature has done more, or if a more charming view meets the eye, than the one just behind your mountain, where the Ottawa is seen in the distance, and a country, the beauties of which *must be seen*, to be appreciated. The drive too on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as far as Lachine, strikes one dumb with admiration. Oh! for the pen of a ready writer that I might paint scenes like these; grand enough, methinks, to inspire the dullest heart with music, poetry and love. With a heart full to overflowing, I viewed and admired; but my pen fails to tell you how much I enjoyed it. For the first time in my life, I have ventured thus near the *North Pole*. Always dreading everything of a cold nature, I have denied myself a far greater treat, than I ever dreamed was in store for me. I decided this year, to shake off the chilling feeling I had for Canada, and realise the beauties of a sail among the "thousand Islands," a dance on the foaming rapids, as well as a peep at the strange and curious in and about Montreal—somewhat dreading, it is true, the "shady side" of a first meeting with the icicles and more icy hearts, said to belong to countries like this. Ere the ordeal of an introduction was over, I began to know something of the "sunny side" of friendship and love. My first impressions of Canada are fast giving way to the hearty welcome offered me, and I fully believe if we were only a little better acquainted, the feeling cherished by one nation for the other, would be laid aside, and mutual friendship succeed mutual dislike.

We Yankees, as you call everybody from the American cities (though not properly do all answer the *title*), seem to throng your streets, in the summer months, not only in parties, but regiments of pleasure-seekers, filling your public houses to the rafters, and well nigh hanging out of the windows. This exposure might place the white beavers worn by the gentlemen in the way of getting a shower bath to *smooth the nap*, if rain falls often in such torrents as yesterday; but we have learned to appreciate good fare, if it is to be had, if otherwise, to be contented with anything offering; know too, something of the use of elbows, and the motto "each one for himself." I find your citizens are not any more particular in regard to etiquette in a crowd than their more verdant neighbors, and are quite as wide awake to money

making, securing comforts, and even luxuries for themselves. I doubt, though, if your business men spend as freely or enjoy life half as well. I notice your quiet way of living without much excitement or bustle, and wonder to myself, if I could move on thus quietly from day to day. I am told, though, that this is a dull season, and I am not right, in supposing you always so quiet.

The country so charming,—a city so delightful, ought to boast of more places of amusement, more musical talent, that concert givers might feel encouraged to visit you.

But I am spinning my yarn to an unpardonable length, and leave you in your stillness, with every good wish for your *Maple Leaf*. If I could write anything to interest its readers, one acceptable article, or coax up a few new ideas for its benefit, I should be glad, and as presumptuous may be, as poor Oliver Twist, and "ask for more."

The new bridge will bring you so near to us, I hope, as to enable me to repeat my visit in winter. Then I may know something of your amusements, so exhilarating and conducive to health. I shall enjoy day dreams of this, and in imagination be often with you. I must send this "with all its imperfections on its head," since I have written with several chattering magpies enjoying themselves about my table, and you would wonder that I have not copied some of their conversation. J.

EDITORIAL.

This number contains a letter from a stranger, who expresses his lively ideas in that kind of "free and easy" style, peculiar to the southerner. We were much amused at the curious fancy he seems to have in regard to our climate, and hope he will not suffer from a visit here in summer, though Montreal may be some ten or fifteen degrees nearer the "North Pole" than his home. We thank him for his friendship for the *Maple Leaf*, and inform him that it already numbers several contributors among the ladies; writers whose names are known among us, as having for years contributed by means of their pens to the instruction and amusement of the Canadian public. We wish, if possible, to disabuse his mind of the idea, that our Montreal ladies are not "reflecting" and "musing" too. The last they are certainly, as many a tide of richest vermillion sweeping over their fair cheeks and brows betoken, which he might have observed, unless his mind was wandering to some attraction in his native land. We like his hint, however, and take the opportunity of asking our lady readers if they will not respond to it through the columns of the *Maple Leaf*.

Our number of Correspondents increases. We have been obliged to leave out some interesting matter for want of space.

"Lines" from "Persolus" were read with much pleasure. We trust he will favor us with some more of his thoughts for the next number.

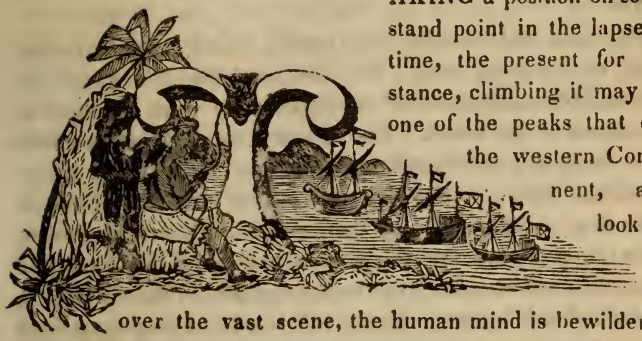
"E. S. O." will appear in the October number. We shall be happy to hear from him again.

The Charade for this number, by Oscar, is beautiful and ingenious. We advise him to dip his pen again for the readers of our magazine, and promise, on their behalf, an effort to find an answer to this one.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)



AKING a position on some stand point in the lapse of time, the present for instance, climbing it may be one of the peaks that dot the western Continent, and looking over the vast scene, the human mind is bewildered at the sight, and lost in wonder at the thought, of the youthful fame and splendor that already cluster around America. In 1492 all was yet in the future. Then no trace of ocean highway was visible, by the dim light that twinkled across the waste of waters, and investigation folding her wings essayed not to pierce the uncertain West. Around the limitless expanse which stretched beyond Spain, popular description had gathered vague forms. Superstition peopled the caverns of the deep with genii, and wandering gnomes, who held wild dances among the coral rocks, or rose on the waves in magic circles, hovering phantom-like in the wake of vessels that dared to venture near their domains. To enter these unknown seas with frail barks, to brave the spirits of the deep, and the revel of the winds and waves, uncertain of the distance to be accomplished, argued great courage and hope of success. Few embarked with Columbus comprehending the greatness of the scheme; they went, because life had few charms for them; or because they were pressed into service. Conjecture exhausted itself in trying to account for the foolish plan, as people deemed the project, and Columbus needed all his faith to bear up under the ridicule and incredulity which assailed him. Henri Baptiste stood by him in all his emergencies, and it was with peculiar interest that he looked upon this noble minded youth, and his offer to share the perils of the voyage.

The humble port of Palos, on the Atlantic coast, was the one from which they were to sail. Preparations hastened to a close, at last all were ready, and the little band repaired to the Church, that they might leave fortified by sympathy and prayer.

The three little vessels rode quietly in the harbor, rocked gently on the rising swell; little dreamed the idle gazers on their humble equipments of the figure they were to make in the annals of the world. The moment came when anchors were weighed, sails unfurled, and the barks sped away. Columbus, whose heart was too full of prophetic hope to allow him to falter, directed their course with a steady voice, while the mariners now fairly embarked upon this uncertain enterprise, and overawed by the strangeness of their situation, yielded to his influence. Every sail was set, a propitious wind hurried them on; and ere the evening star lighted the ocean, the adventurers bade adieu to Spain. What thoughts were theirs!—how sublime was their mission!

How desolate must the ocean have appeared—how narrowed their hold upon the world, as with solemn hearts and voices, those lonely sailors sang their evening song, and from vessel to vessel resounded the answering watch-word; while sinking over the billows fell the veil of night.

Columbus paced the deck of the foremost barque,—the moment was too intensely fraught with emotions of sublimity to admit of sleep. He had launched upon the unknown ocean, and was steering away from land. No human power could aid him,—no human heart could assume the responsibility that rested on him,—how could he sleep with the gushings of that enthusiastic spirit heaving his whole frame? Now he looked out on the silvered furrow ploughed by his vessel, and saw in her wake the lights of the sister vessels, glimmering and dancing, ignis fatuus-like—apt illustration of the uncertainty of his success. Again he cast his eye upon the glorious host of the stars; they shone upon the water, as upon the land; sentinels they seemed, beacons scattered in the grand concave, to remind of that Power who never slumbered or slept; and then to calm his mind he stood by the binnacle light, and watching the needle, called out the passing bells as the night wore on.

Among the adventurers was one, who, gathering up the thread of pleasant associations, ventured to weave a few golden colors into his web of life, and vary their bright hues with shades of purple and violet; for in those times, as now, "telegraphic communications" were kept up between hearts, and no insulator had been discovered to retain the subtle fluid which cupid delighted to spread far and wide. No sleep pressed Henri's eyelids during that first momentous night. He would scarcely leave the deck of the little Caravel a moment, but watched the wind, while the sailors tacked and steered, aiming at the distant light in the foremost vessel, where they knew wakeful eyes were guiding their course.

If a spot can be conceived where the idea of vastness and human nothingness in the midst of such overwhelming extent, fully takes hold of the mind, it must be amid the sands of the pathless desert, or when tossing in a small vessel on the mountain billows of the ocean. A watch on the quarter-deck of a noble merchant vessel is another thing; yet, even there, at midnight, the sturdy sailor gladly cheats the monotonous hour of its weariness, by spinning the yarn of wonderful incident, or picturing loved scenes and memories to his mind. Thoughts of the danger of the enterprise occupied Henri's mind for a long time, the uncertainty that hung over it fired him with resolution, and left ample space for pictures of a sanguine character. Gradually, however, as the vessels glided prosperously onward, Henri's feelings lost their anxious tone, and turned with fervor to the distant mountains and sunny vallies of his native Navarre, to the home of his childhood, and the villagers, in whose merry vintage songs he had often joined. New thoughts had struggled up into light, within his yearning bosom, since those careless days. He felt that he could never sing those songs as he once did; he had caught glimpses of the higher, inner life; he had learned that immortal mind cannot be satisfied with the circumscribed routine of mere physical enjoyment. Imagination bathed that home landscape in golden splendor, and filled that native air with sweetest harmony; and as the home of his beloved rose vividly before him, the currents round his heart thickened, then quickly receded like the ebbing tide, leaving bare and stranded, for a moment, the hopes of his life. It was only for an instant that he suffered

himself to doubt, ere rushing into every avenue of his heart, wave after wave of love encircled and buoyed up his spirit.

* * * * * * *

The little fleet proceeded directly from Palos to the Canary Islands, from whence Columbus intended to sail westward. There they remained while one of their vessels was repairing; luxuriating in all the delightful accompaniments of that soft climate, and lingering with peculiar tenderness at those out-posts of life and society, on the borders of an unknown wilderness of waters. The repairs were soon completed, and laying in a supply of fruits and fresh water, they steered away. As the Peak of Teneriffe and the lofty heights of Ferro faded from their view, they were overwhelmed with their desolate situation, and gave themselves up to mournful forebodings, from which Columbus, with all his tact and versatility in devising expedients, could scarcely rouse them.

Days succeeded nights, and nights followed days, for weeks, and still the vessels held on their westward route, wafted by the propitious Trade winds, which blow in a direct line from the Canaries. The sailors were kept in constant excitement by the novelties they encountered. The curious variation of the magnetic needle filled them with astonishment. Columbus looked with wonder upon this phenomenon, and passed many an hour in meditating upon the probable reason.

The mild breeze that gently urged them on, alarmed the sailors from its unvarying sameness; they fancied that they could never return in the face of a breeze that blew ever towards the west. Flocks of birds alighted on the ships, sure indications, as they thought, of land, and then every eye was strained to catch the first indications of the wished-for shore. Now a floating piece of carved wood reassured them, or distant piles of vapor, mirage-like, deceived them into the hope that a magnificent city was near. In the latitude of the tropics, the air is so clear, that objects can be discerned at a great distance, and this beautiful serenity and freshness of the atmosphere kept them in happy expectation. These expectations were destined to be fully met. The grand repose of primeval forests was about to be invaded; the voice of civilization was soon to disturb the fainter sounds of savage life. The curtain was about to be rolled back and disclose

the beauteous western world, with all its wonderful variety of scenery and climate. Land did indeed lie before them. "Land! land!" was the joyful chorus on every tongue.

Brightly beamed the morning sun upon the wooded shores and flowery summits of that lovely island, which reposed in the solitude of the ocean, like a gem of variegated colors dropped from the hand of Omnipotence. The little ships anchored before it, while the joyful adventurers stepped gratefully on shore. Those ships transported, it may be, leaves from the Tree of Life, germs of future glory, which the All-Wise would spread over the western world, until, in ages to come, light and knowledge and truth should meet and embrace on the Pacific shore, and the east and west, the north and south, be illuminated with celestial light.

* * * * * * *

It was a gala day in the Spanish capital. The church bells rung forth a merry peal, the streets were thronged with cheerful multitudes in their holiday garb, while the inspiriting notes of martial music lent a bewitching loveliness to their steps. From balcony and tower and lordly castle, floated gay-colored flags and banners. The fair and beautiful crowded the windows and porticos, and eagerly tried to catch a glimpse of the splendid procession which was passing through the principal streets. Conspicuous in front rode Ferdinand, whose nodding plumes were lifted with profound gallantry to the ladies; by his side rode the Queen of Castile, the idolised Isabella, her serene beauty partly concealed by a superb veil, which was fastened upon a jewelled tiara, and fell back in graceful folds round her royal person. As the cavalcade came in view, the crowd perceived the majestic form of Columbus, with a select retinue, near the king and queen, and bursting forth into ecstasy they raised the rejoicing shout, "Ferdinand and Isabella forever!"

It was a happy day to Isabella; she regarded herself as a steward of Heaven's bounty, and felt that she ought to honor God with the most magnificent exhibitions of joy. It was a proud day to her, for she commemorated the discovery of a new world! That morning the court celebrated high thanksgivings for the prosperity of the little armament that sailed away from Palos amid so many trials, and now the king and queen, with the nobility and principal inhabitants, were on their way to honor the event in feast and tournament. Many feats were performed by

bold Cavaliers, anxious to gain a glance of approbation from the fair beholders; many a lance had been broken, and many a rider unhorsed in the broad arena where they fought mimic battles. On a raised platform, the queen reclined, beneath a gorgeous canopy, surrounded by her ladies. A young man, of interesting appearance, advanced and knelt reverently at her feet, while a noble and beautiful lady threw over his shoulders an embroidered scarf, and presented to him a sealed packet. Henri, for it was he, gracefully kissed her hand, while he poured forth his thanks for the gift bestowed.

Columbus had represented Henri's constancy and services during the voyage, his resolute adherence to the squadron when one of the vessels deserted, and his subsequent bravery when another was wrecked. Isabella was so pleased with this history, that she resolved to signalise the day by conferring upon him the honor of knighthood, and presenting him with a small estate, which had just reverted to the crown, by the death of the last heir. He had realised a large share in the golden favors of the savage chieftain on the Island of Hispaniola, a sufficiency to enable him to improve this estate, which was situated in the fertile province of Valencia, not far from the sea. He was not destined, however, to attain the summit of happiness at once, or even to revisit at this time his Irene. His country had claims upon his devotion and energy, in prosecuting the series of discoveries that promised to open to Spain the wealth of the Indies, and an empire whose greatness should overshadow all other European powers. So, repressing his ardor, he despatched a letter to the lady Irene, detailing his fortunes, and remained with the courtly circles of Barcelona, while the monarchs matured their negociations with Portugal, and arranged the outfit for a second voyage of discovery. Longingly as he turned his eyes toward his home, he felt that it did not become the patriot to falter in the service of such sovereigns, or the Christian to seek his own ease, when such men as Columbus called upon him to aid in spreading the light of the gospel among the heathen; for the great aim, the great motive that sustained Columbus, was the hope of being the means of illuminating the pagan multitudes that he should find peopling the vast regions of the Western World. Still there were times, when the irrepressible longings of the heart, the desire for companionship, would assert their sway, when the beauty and

splendor of the court contrasted painfully with his isolation of spirit, and he felt alone, though surrounded by all that could improve his mind and charm his senses.

The spirit is free in the midst of a crowd,
Sweet voices, lov'd voices, oft murmur aloud,
They tell of the absent, the cherish'd, the few,
Of joys in the future, of hopes bright and true.

Montreal, October, 1853.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE PARENTS OF CAROLINE W.

Weep not for your little darling,
Though her tender spirit's fled,
Though the cold damp earth's the pillow
That supports her infant head;
Soft she slumbers,
Far from pain, and grief, and dread.

True it is, that she hath tasted,
"'Tis a bitter thing to die;"
How her little form was wasted!
Touching was her mournful cry;
But her spirit
Soar'd to dwell with God on high.

When with agonized feeling,
Round her dying form ye drew;
Had heav'n's light, your eyes unsealing,
Then presented to your view,
Guardian Angels—
As from heav'n they downward flew.

Had ye seen them bear her spirit,
To the portals of the skies;
There made welcome to inherit
Joy that never, never dies;
Would ye murmur?
No! but gaze with glad surprise.

Let not grief o'erspread your faces,
Say "Our Father though thou hast
Borne her from our fond embraces,
May we meet in heaven at last;
And together,
Sing our woes and suff'rings past."

E. S. O.

St. Andrews, C.E.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

TO NOVEMBER.

BY PERSOLUS.

Chill and surly as thou art, yet I love thee, November; thou season of the "sere and yellow leaf." The young but seldom wish for thy coming; for thou wearest not an aspect promotive of pleasurable recreations, and thy gloomy and lowering skies accord not with the sunny hopes and towering aspirations of the springtide of life; and yet, though young, I love thee. I love thee for thy ever shifting clouds, which now are piled together in solid grandeur, and anon dispersed, in drifting flakes, sweep through the ærial vault. I love thee for thy fitful gales that rise like the fretful sleeper's dreams—there is the rush of the tempest, 'tis but for a moment, and all is quietness and peace. Oh, I love those chilling blasts, which in mournful cadence make musical the solitary forest. And I have heard, Oh joy, the low wild moanings of thy viewless winds which flit across the dreary heath. The beaming month of May comes to us rejoicing in its sprouting buds and opening blossoms, and her gentle violets peep from the verges of their chill beds of snow—the last and fading relicts of departed winter's power. We hear the hummings of the busy bee; the grove is vocal with the early songster's warblings; and the summer months succeeding shed around us the rich fragrance of maturing fruits and flowers, and all the earth appears to revel in the calm and cloudless skies of June. And yet, November, I love thee far the best; thy season lulleth not to forgetfulness; for in thy whirling vapors I mark the evidences of wild excitement and of powerful emotion; and I love thee because that I, so unlike the noblest or the meanest sons of time, have found in thee a sympathising friend—a loved companion; thou art my natal month, and dear as a mother thou art indeed to me. Thou imagest my life, nay, more, thy frequent and fitful changes, thy decaying leaves which nestle in my path, teach me that life is fleeting; from the midst of thy general gloom and despondency thou leadest me to drink, yea, to bathe my weary limbs in that river of life, whose waters are pure as crystal, and whose streams make glad the city of our God; and when troubled with the ills of life, to seek for shelter where it only may be found, even with Him who is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Montreal, 1853.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

GARTER-SNAKES—RATTLE-SNAKES—ANECDOTE OF A LITTLE BOY—FISHERMAN AND SNAKE—SNAKE CHARMERS—SPIDERS.

URSE, I have been so much frightened; I was walking in the meadow, and a big snake,—so big I am sure," and lady Mary held out her arms as wide as she could,—"came from under a tuft of grass. His tongue was like a scarlet thread, and had two sharp points; and do you know that he raised his wicked head and hissed at me, and I ran away, I was so much afraid of him. I think, Mrs. Frazer, it must have been a rattle-snake. Only feel how hard my heart beats;" and the little girl took her Nurse's hand and laid it on her heart.

"What color was the snake, my dear?" asked her Nurse.

"It was green and black; all checkered over; and it was very large, and spread its mouth very wide, and showed its red tongue. It would have killed me, if it had bitten me; would it not, Nurse?"

"It would not have harmed you, my lady, or, even if it had bitten you, it would not have killed you. The checkered green snake of Canada is not poisonous. It was as much afraid of you as you of it, I make no doubt."

"Do you think it was a rattle-snake, Nurse?"

"No, my dear; there are none of that sort of snake in Lower Canada, and very few below Toronto. The winters are too cold for them. There are plenty in the western part of the Province, where the summers are warmer and the winters milder. The rattle-snake is a dangerous creature, and its bite causes death, unless the wound be burned or cut out. The Indians apply different sorts of herbs to the wound. They have several plants, known by the names of rattle-snake root, rattle-

snake weed, and snake-root. It is a good thing that the rattle-snake gives warning of its approach before it strikes the traveller with its deadly fangs. Some people think that the rattle is a mark of fear, and that it would not wound people, if it were not afraid that they were coming near to hurt it.

"I will tell you a story, lady Mary, about a brave little boy. He went out nutting one day with another boy about his own age, and while they were in the grove gathering nuts, a large black snake that was in a low tree dropped down and suddenly coiled itself round the throat of his companion. The child's screams were dreadful; his eyes were starting from his head with pain and terror. The other, regardless of the danger, opened a clasp-knife that he had in his pocket, and, seizing the snake near the head, cut it apart, and so saved his friend's life, who was well nigh strangled by the tight folds of the reptile, which was one of a very venomous species, the bite of which generally proved fatal."

"That was a very brave little fellow," said lady Mary. "You do not think it was cruel, Nurse, to kill the snake?" she added, looking up in Mrs. Frazer's face.

"No, lady Mary; it was to save a fellow creature from a painful death, and we are taught by God's word that the soul of man is precious in the sight of his Creator. We should be cruel were we wantonly to inflict pain upon the very least of God's creatures; but to kill them in self-defence, or for necessary food, is not cruel, for when God made Adam, he gave him dominion or power over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and every creeping thing. It was an act of great courage and humanity in the little boy who periled his own life to save that of his helpless comrade, especially as he was not naturally a child of much courage, and was very much afraid of snakes; but love for his friend overcame all thought of his own personal danger.*

"The large garter-snake—that which you saw, my dear—is comparatively harmless. It lives on toads and frogs, and robs the nests of young birds and the eggs also. Its long forked tongue

* A fact that was related to me by an old gentleman from the State of Vermont, as an instance of impulsive feeling overcoming natural timidity.

enables it to catch insects of different kinds. It will even eat fish, and for that purpose frequents the water as well as the black snake.

"I heard a gentleman relate a circumstance to my father once, that surprised me a good deal. He said that he was fishing one day in a river near his own house, and that being tired he had seated himself on a log or fallen tree, where his basket of fish also stood; that a large garter-snake came up the log and took a small fish out of his basket, which it speedily swallowed. The gentleman seeing the snake so bold as not to mind his presence, took a small rock-bass by the tail and held it towards him, half in joke, when, to his great surprise, the snake glided towards him and took the fish out of his hand, sliding away with its prize to a hole beneath the log, where it began by slow degrees to swallow it, stretching its mouth and the skin of its neck to a great extent, till, after a long while, it was fairly gorged, and then slid down into its hole, leaving its neck and head only to be seen."

"I should have been so frightened, Nurse, if I had been the gentleman when the snake came to take the fish," said lady Mary.

"The gentleman was well aware of the nature of the reptile, and knew that it would not bite him. I have read of snakes of the most poisonous kinds being tamed and taught all manner of tricks. There are in India and in Egypt, people that are called snake-charmers, who will contrive to extract the fangs that contain the venom, from the cobra capella or hooded snake; they then become quite harmless. These snakes are very fond of music, and will come out of the leather bag or basket, that their master carries them in, and dance and run up his arms, twining about his neck, and even entering his mouth, when he plays on a sort of flute. They do not tell people that the poison teeth have been extracted, so that it is thought to be the music that keeps the snake from biting. The snake has a power of charming birds and small animals by fixing its eye steadily upon them, when the little creatures become paralyzed by fear, either stand quite still, or come nearer and nearer to their cruel enemy, till they are within his reach. The cat has the same power, and can, by this art, draw birds to her, and also mice. These little

creatures seem unable to resist the temptation of approaching her, and even when driven away, will return from a distance to the same spot, seeking, instead of shunning, the danger which is certain to prove fatal to them in the end.

"Some writers assert, that all wild animals have this power in the eye, especially those of the cat tribe, as the lion and tiger, leopard and panther. Before they spring upon their prey, the eye is always steadily fixed, the back lowered, the neck stretched out, and the tail waved from side to side; if the eye is averted, they lose the animal, and do not make the spring."

"Are there any other kinds of snakes in Canada, Nurse," asked lady Mary, "besides the garter snake?"

"Yes, my dear, several. The black snake, which is the most deadly, next to the rattle snake, it is sometimes called the puff adder, as it inflates the skin of the head and neck when angry. The copper-bellied snake is also poisonous. There is a small snake, of a deep grass green color, that is sometimes seen in the fields and open copse-woods, I do not think it is dangerous, I never heard of its biting any one. The stare-worm is also harmless. I am not sure whether the black snakes that live in the water are the same as the puff or black adder. It is a great blessing, my dear, that these deadly snakes are so rare and do so little harm to man. I believe that they would never harm him, were they let alone; but if trodden upon, they cannot tell that it was accident, and so put forth the weapons that God has armed them with in self-defence. The Indians in the north-west eat snakes, after cutting off their heads, I have been told. The cat also eats snakes, leaving the head; she will also catch and eat frogs, which is a thing I have witnessed myself, so I know it to be true.* One day a snake fixed itself on a little girl's arm, and wound itself around it; the mother of the child was too much terrified to tear the deadly creature off, but filled the air with cries; just then a cat came out of the house, and quick as lightning sprung upon the snake, and fastened on its neck, which caused the reptile to uncoil its folds, and it fell to the earth in the grasp of the cat; thus the child's life was saved and the snake killed. Thus you see, my dear, that God provided a saviour for this little one when no help

* I saw a half grown kitten eat a live green frog, which she first caught and brought into the parlor, playing with it like a mouse.

was nigh ; perhaps the child cried to Him for aid, and He heard her, and saved her by means of the cat."

Lady Mary was much interested in all that Mrs. Frazer had told her ; she remembered having heard some one say, that the snake would swallow her own young ones, and she asked her nurse if it were true, and if they laid eggs.

"The snake will swallow her young ones," said Mrs. Frazer ; "I have seen the garter snake open her mouth and let the little ones run into it when danger was nigh ; the snake also lays eggs, I have seen and handled them often ; they are not covered with a hard brittle shell, like that of a hen, but a sort of whitish yellow skin, like leather; they are about the size of a black-bird's egg, long in shape, some are rounder and larger. They are laid in some warm place, where the heat of the sun and of the earth hatches them ; but though the mother does not brood over them as a hen does over her eggs, she seems to take great care of them, and defends them from their many enemies, by hiding them out of sight, in the singular manner I have just told you. This love of offspring, my dear child, has been wisely given to all mothers, from the human mother down to the very lowest of the insect tribe. The fiercest beast of prey loves its young, and provides both food and shelter for them; forgets its savage nature to play with and caress them. Even the spider, which is a disagreeable insect, fierce and unloving to its fellows, displays the tenderest care, and the greatest wisdom in providing a safe retreat for them : the finest silken cradle she spins, in which to wrap the eggs, and leaves it in some warm spot, where she covers them from danger ; some glue a leaf down and overlap it, to secure it from being agitated by winds, or discovered by birds. There is a curious spider, commonly known as the nursing spider, which carries her sack of eggs with her, wherever she goes ; and when the young ones come out they cluster on her back, and so travel with her; when a little older, they attach themselves to the old one by threads, and run after her in a train."

Lady Mary laughed, and said she should like to see the funny little spiders all tied to their mother, trotting along behind her.

"If you go into the meadow, my dear," said Mrs Frazer, "you will see on the larger stones some pretty shining little cases quite round, they look like grey satin."

"Nurse, I know what they are," said lady Mary; "last year I was playing in the green meadow, and I found a piece of granite with several of these little satin cases; I called them silk-pies, for they looked like tiny mince-pies. I tried to pick one off, but it stuck so hard that I could not, so I asked the gardener to lend me his knife, and then I raised the crust, it had a little rim under the top, and I slipped the knife in, and what do you think I saw? The pie was full of tiny black shining spiders, and they ran out, such a number of them, I could not count them, they ran so fast. I was sorry I opened the crust, for it was a cold, cold day, and the little spiders must have been frozen coming out of their warm house, that was glued down so tight."

"They are able to bear a great deal of cold, all insects are; and even when frozen hard, so that they will break to bits if any one tries to bend them, yet when spring comes again to warm them, they revive and are as full of life as ever. Caterpillars thus frozen will become butterflies in due time. Spiders, and many other creatures, lie torpid during the winter, and then revive in the same way that dormice, bears and marmots do."

"Nurse, please will you tell me something about tortoise," said lady Mary, "and porcupines," but Mrs. Frazer was obliged to attend to other things, so lady Mary could not hear any more that day.

THE ORIGIN OF "PAUL PRY."—The origin of Mr. Poole's comedy of *Paul Pry* is not perhaps generally known. Its construction was suggested to the author in the following manner. An old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. She fell ill and was confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window as a substitute for the performance of that duty.—"Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? who is it?"—"The first-floor lodger, ma'am."—"Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning; why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"—"Why, Lor ma'am, it is only the baker with pies."—"Pies, Betty, what can they want with pies at 54? they had pies yesterday."

NATURAL BRIDGES.

The mountain chains of America are distinguished from those of Europe by perpendicular rents or crevices, which form very narrow vales of immense depth. Those which occur in the Andes are covered below with vegetation, while their naked and barren heads soar upwards to the skies. The crevices of Chota and Cutaco are nearly a mile deep. These tremendous gullies oppose fearful obstacles to travellers, and the task of crossing them is one of great toil and danger. Travellers usually perform their journeys sitting in chairs fastened to the backs of men called *cargueros* or *carriers*. These porters are mulattoes, and sometimes whites, of great bodily strength, and they climb along the face of precipices bearing very heavy loads.

But sometimes these crevices are crossed by natural bridges which seem to be peculiar to the new world. Those of Iconozo,

or Pandi, in New Grenada, are very remarkable: they have lately been described by Baron Gros, from whose account the following particulars are selected.

This valley of Iconozo, or of Pandi, is situated twelve or fifteen leagues to the north-east of Bogota. It derives its name from two Indian villages situated near the chasm, which is crossed by the Natural Bridges, and through which rolls the torrent of Summa-Paz. The nearest village to the bridges is Mercadillo: from this a descent of some five and twenty minutes brings the visitor to the bottom of the ravine through the thick woods which hang on the slope of the mountain. Before ascending the opposite side, his eye here catches sight of a small wooden bridge constructed after the fashion of the country by flinging trunks of trees from brink to brink, and covering them across with branches, supporting a floor of earth and flint stones about a foot in depth. A slender balustrade placed on each side of the bridge, at first excites some surprise; for on arriving at Mercadillo the traveller has crossed many impetuous torrents, by bridges of the same description scarcely three feet in width, spanning their chasms where the rocks upon which they rest rise many feet above the level of the rapids; yet, not the slightest lateral protection is afforded in any other case. The tread of the mule communicates to those long rafters an oscillation which occasions some alarm; and the more so because the path is so narrow, that in bestriding the animal, a plummet dropped from the foot of the rider, would reach the water without touching the edges of the bridge. The necessity for the balustrade is soon apparent, and although the thick brushwood encumbering the precipice at first completely conceals the gulf; yet, when the traveller stands on the centre of the bridge he sees through its tangled foliage an abyss of immense depth, from which arises a deadened sound like that of some torrent flowing leagues away. A bluish reflected light, and long lines of dirty white foam slowly sailing down the stream, and disappearing under the bridge, give evidence of a deep black water, flowing between those close and narrow walls. A stone flung into the gulf is answered by a screaming noise, and when the eye is accustomed to the obscurity of the chasm, thousands of birds are seen in rapid flight above the waters, uttering cries like

those of the monstrous bats so common in the equinoctial regions.

This imposing spectacle presents itself to the traveller as he looks eastward, or up the stream. Underneath the wooden bridge, and at the perpendicular level of its edge, rocks of about sixty feet in thickness, and which are the continuation of those forming the sides of the abyss, fill up the cleft from side to side at intervals, and constitute three distinct Natural Bridges. One of these is formed of an enormous block of freestone, of nearly a cubical form, which has fallen from the upper strata, or has been torn, perhaps, out of that in which it is found, and rests suspended in the narrowing of the fissure. It forms, as it were, the key-stone of an arch between the projections of the rocky walls which are inclined towards each other at this place. On each side is a ledge or sort of cornice of several feet in width.

It is by a small path on the right, pierced at the head of the wooden bridge, at the side of Mercadillo, that the visitor may descend on the inclined plane forming the upper part of the thickness of this bridge. There are two other bridges equally accessible, over which a pedestrian might cross from one bank to the other if the wooden bridge did not exist. That immediately below the wooden bridge is also formed by masses of freestone, extending from either bank to meet in the centre. Thus, there are three stone bridges in the cleft: the first, lowest, and principal one being that beneath which the torrent flows at a vast depth; the second formed over the first by the great freestone block stretching from side to side; the third between that block and the wooden bridge; and if we add the latter, too, which is the continuation of a highway, there are four bridges over the gulf of Pandi, one rising above the other, and any one of which might serve for its passage in the absence of the others.

The total perpendicular height from the level of the water to that of the wooden bridge, was found to be two hundred and sixty-two feet; the depth of water underneath the bridges about seventeen feet. The cleft itself is about a league in length, and its mean width from thirty to thirty-five feet. According to Humboldt, there are two different kinds of sandstone in the crevice, the one hard and compact, and the other soft and slaty; he sup-

poses the crevice to have been formed by an earthquake, which tore away the softer stone while the harder resisted the violence of the shock ; and the blocks of stone falling into the crevices became suddenly fixed against its sides, thus forming the Natural Bridges in question.

A beautiful natural arch crosses the Cedar Creek in Rockbridge county, near Fincastle, in the higher district of Virginia. The rock, which is of pure limestone, is tinted with various shades of grey and brown. The chasm is about ninety feet wide, and the walls two hundred and thirty feet high : these are covered here and there with trees and shrubs, which also overhang from the top, and numerous gay flowers adorn the dazzling steeps. The bridge is of such solidity that loaded waggons can pass over it.

A recent writer, describing a visit to this bridge, says :—"It was now early in July ; the trees were in their brightest and thickest foliage ; and the tall beeches under the arch contrasted their verdure with the grey rock, and received the gilding of the sunshine, as it slanted into the ravine, glittering in the drip from the arch, and in the splashing and tumbling waters of Cedar Creek, which ran by our feet. Swallows were flying about under the arch. What others of their tribe can boast of such a home ?"—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

THE FALL.

The Autumn in Canada—or, as it is here beautifully and poetically expressed, the Fall—has a loveliness peculiar to it, which we in vain seek for in other climes. Many indeed prefer this season here to Spring, speaking as the latter does of hope and the halcyon days of Summer. One reason may be, that often when chilled by the equinoctial gales and blasts, and already in imagination the long winter has set in, again we are gladdened by soft balmy airs, and Summer seems to smile once more upon us, rendered more delightful by the late dreariness. The exquisite clearness of the atmosphere, the grand serenity in the gorgeous tinted woods, rich even in the very signs of change and decay, insensibly sheds a feeling of calmness, not regret,

over those who witness it. The skies so rich in golden sunsets, or that softened tinge bespeaking the Indian Summer, and the kind delay, and clinging to us of balmy days, even in November, make the Canadian Autumn a season of rare and deep enjoyment. It is as the lingering of some beloved one, on whose pale brow death has set his seal, yet, the spirit in winging its way heavenward, would by its own ineffable serenity, shed peace on the mournful beings so soon to be bereaved of that which to them formed earth's brightest, purest joy. The fiat has gone forth; they know it; but as they gaze on those eyes already irradiated with heavenly visions, however afterwards human sorrow may triumph, at present it is stilled under the peace-shedding influences of the departing one.

Nature, in all thy seasons so wrought with sweet blendings of future hope, how should our hearts cling to thy softening influences. A word on the joyousness of the Autumnal foliage, surpassing all a painter or poet could imagine; indeed the former would be laughed at, did he venture to introduce tints of so brilliant a hue in his forest scenery. Description fails me, as I would attempt to portray the innumerable shades, from the deepest copper to the brightest scarlet, the darkest orange to the most brilliant yellow, with varied tints of vivid green, giving the mighty forests the air of one gigantic flower garden My first introduction to the giant woods on this continent was at this season of the year, and how well I recall the sensations of that hour. Standing in the solitude of one of these primeval forests, an indescribable feeling of awe steals over the spirit, which communes with past ages. Gazing at the mighty array of stately columns, proudly erect, you feel the storms which have passed over them, and see them as erect in the sweeping hurricane. The sheddings of ages have fallen on the soft floor beneath your tread. Broken trees lie scattered on the ground, or with their wattle trunks uprooted, others throw their gaunt bleached limbs high in the air, some broken by the hurricane, others smouldering away or riven by the lightning's flash, some covered with fungi and rare and beautiful mosses, astonishing you by the space they cover when fallen. The height of those forest kings could not otherwise be comprehended. All is still, save the tapping of the woodpecker. Such a scene creates a

solemn influence over the heart, standing in the dim hallowed light of nature's cathedral as it came fresh from the hand of its Divine architect.

C. HAYWARD.

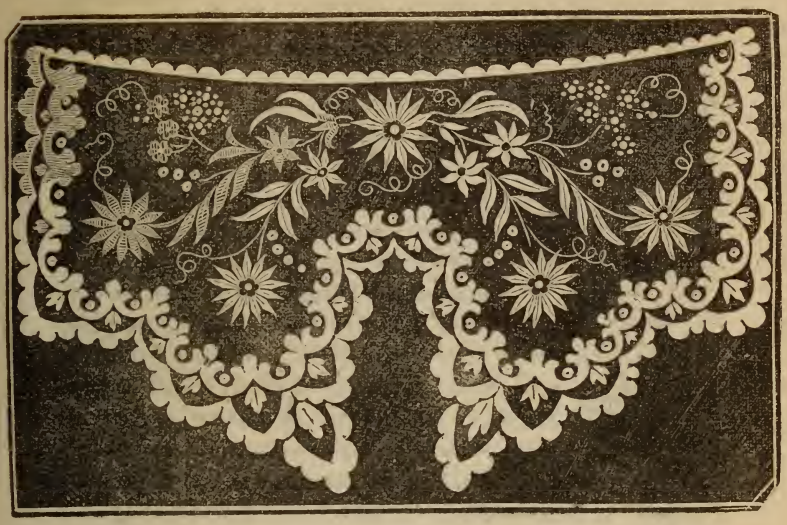
Raven's Court, near Port Hope,
October, 1853.

To my Dear Sister Mary, in England, on the Morning of her Birthday.

Hail! to the day that bringeth back again
Thy much loved recollection, sister cherished!
'Tis not indeed, that other days pass over me,
Forgetful of thyself,—since such I've never known;
But *this*, a day, of more than usual interest,
In my heart's calendar is marked;—'tis one of note!
Thy happy birthday!—and I wish thee joy!—
I'll pledge thee *here*, my own beloved Mary,
In tankard rich and rare!—The wine shall be
The generous gushing streams of love!—the toast!—
Thine everlasting happiness! . . . . For thee,
This morn and e'en last night I craved,
At God's high altar, "Bless her! gracious Heaven!
"Replenish her with piety and Virtue's draughts!—
"Oh! may she prove a pattern to our band,—
"A prop to our dear parents!—and beloved
"Of Thine exalted Son!— . . . When she, unarmed
"And terror-stricken, at Thy bar shall stand,—
"O God! be merciful!—and welcome her
"Into Thine arms of love,—then deck her brow
"With jewels bright,—and let her wear a crown!"
Thus have I ceased not for four long years,
That time had written 'twixt our last embrace,
Tho' not between our hearts;—and *so* I'll pray.
Things have much altered,—many a relative,
Ay! many a chosen friend hath ope'd the tomb,
Since last we met; and we have tears affectionate
To their sweet mem'ries dropped!—still, plenty more
Are fleeting fast, and hearts will ere long ache!
Nay, *all* are hastening home! . . . Howe'er, the Star
Of Heaven beams kindly yet,—and will, I hope,
Bless thee, and smile on *this* thy natal day!!!

WILLIAM.

Montreal, 4th August, 1853.



Mousquetaire Cuff in Muslin Embroidery.

MATERIALS.—French Muslin, and Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 60.

This is one of the newest Parisian patterns for a Mousquetaire sleeve, which is worn, more than any other style, in morning dress. The sleeve itself is a full plain bishop, with a narrow band at the wrist, and to this the cuff is attached. It falls back over the arm. It is particularly becoming to a small hand, besides being both more elegant and more suitable for morning wear than the mandarin and pagoda sleeves which leave the entire arm, up to the elbow, unprotected.

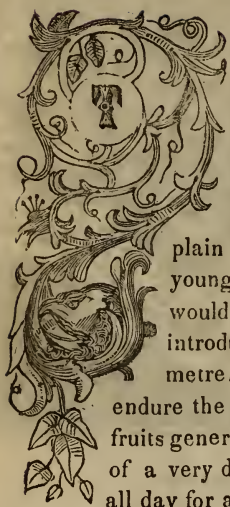
The design must be enlarged to the size required, exactly to fit the wrist. It should be fastened by double gold buttons.

It is worked almost entirely in raised button-hole stitch, the centres of the flowers, and the clusters of eyelet-holes only being pierced with a stiletto. The holes in the border are pierced, and worked round in button-hole stitch. The flowers in satin-stitch.

Our readers will, we think, be pleased with the novel and beautiful design which is now submitted to their appreciation.

[For the Maple Leaf.

A DAY'S FISHING.



THERE are few youths, from twelve and upwards, who do not discover their ambition to possess a gun, or a fishing-rod. The love of *sport* seems inherent in youthful humanity, and is developed at a very tender age. From this fact, I am inclined to think that the poet spoke only plain prose when he talked of "teaching the young idea how to *shoot*." Indeed, I think he would have added, "how to fish," could he have introduced the three words without marring his metre. But, for my own part, I never could endure the gun;—the exercise is so excessive, the fruits generally so very small, and the *sport* altogether of a very dubious character. Just think of walking all day for a couple of brace of skeleton birds, called woodcocks. The bare idea is enough to make one yawn. I can see much more substantial sport in stepping into a poultry yard and "bagging" a pair of serviceable shanghaes. Oh no, give me the rod, and a clear running stream for real sport.

You will have discovered, dear reader, that I am an enthusiast in Isaac Walton's "noble science." Well, I am,—but unfortunately, I am also a very unlucky disciple; whether the fault lies in the stupidity of the fish, or in my own bungling, I don't know; but I never yet committed very serious inroads upon the finny tribe. In fact, *entre nous*, I am rather twitted on this score, and frequently bantered on my ill luck. It has even been asserted that all my fish could be weighed on the little finger! Now, the worst of all is, I am obliged to acknowledge the truth of this. What can be the reason that the water is always too high or too low—the weather too cold, or not cold enough—the season too advanced, or too early? Ill luck all of it; yet, all these misfortunes don't dispirit me. On the contrary, and fishermen will understand me when I say it, an unsuccessful day only increases my anxiety to test the truth of the old saw, "better luck next

time." If we could all stick as determinedly to *disagreeable duties*, as we can to *agreeable amusements*, we might accomplish some grand end.

From these preliminary remarks, you may perceive, that the prospect of a day's trout fishing, amid the wild scenery of Windsor and Compton, was very acceptable to your humble servant. For several days I had feasted on this prospect, and made hearty breakfasts on imaginary trout. I was to be accompanied by two friends, one a stranger to our wild Canada, who had come all the way across the Atlantic to see us and our *notions*, and to get plenty of fishing and shooting. I was glad of this—I could show him what real fishing was, and I determined to put my best foot foremost. Our friend had a superb "get-up" of tackle ; a trout rod tapering to a shadow,—a line of the most airy, yet, strong material,—and flies of every color, size, and brilliancy. Indeed, the whole of the ornithological kingdom had been taxed, and its whole brilliancy centred in his fishing hook. My own tackle, though not consisting of a "pole, pack string, rusty hook, and bait of red flannel," was immeasurably inferior to this old country outfit, but perhaps, was better suited to brave the roughness of a Canadian backwoods stream.

A drive of six miles brought us to the mouth of the brook, in whose pleasant waters were placed our piscatorial hopes. Its waters, just before entering the St. Francis, tumble down a chasm of rocks in miniature grandeur. To an admirer of nature, and especially of nature in the shape of falling water, their appearance that day would have been highly imposing ; to us, whose sympathies were directed rather to animated nature, the immense volume of water which tumbled down the rocks was horribly suggestive of an overflowing river, and no fish. And, to be sure, there *had* been a fortnight's previous rain which we had entirely overlooked. We remembered that only after we had come six miles. This was an unexpected misfortune, so we called a council of war. An old gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood, told us very decidedly that it was needless to attempt fishing while the water was so high. I felt the truth of the oracle, and the senior of our party, who didn't seem very eager, probably on account of a recent attack of rheumatism, advised us to defer our trip till next week ; but

H——, with a keen appetite for sport, would go on ; he remembered having caught trout in the old country, in swollen streams, and why not in Canada ? So on we went.

Did you ever walk through a newly opened backwoods road after heavy rains ? I can give my experience in two words—avoid them. The road we now found ourselves scrambling over was a newly opened outlet to some settlements in the interior. The settlers, however, must have reached their settlements in a very *unsettled* condition. Just imagine a narrow strip of opening in the dense forest,—full of holes, ruts, snags, stumps, stones, and mosquitos—during the dog days, and without a breath of air ! Well, we had to walk some miles through this, and now and then caught a peep of the brook, rushing far beyond its proper limits. Soon the sound of running water became "beautifully less," and we began to wish for a soda water fountain, or some such oasis in the desert. There is something cooling in the sight even of running water ; so that when we lost all sight or sound of the brook, we felt very much oppressed with the heat, and the frequent use of a handkerchief told that we were in the "melting mood."

As we had now walked several miles without coming to the fishing grounds, we felt undecided what to do. None of us knew the locality, and whether we were walking parallel with, or at right angles from the brook, was a problem which, with all our knowledge of mathematics, we couldn't solve. H—— having sagely remarked that this wasn't fishing, and both of us agreeing with him,—a very unusual thing,—M—— proposed to make a vigorous push for the brook, through the woods. H—— dissented, no doubt frightened by the thick and rugged nature of a Canadian soft wood forest ; but he had to follow ; so in we all went, and commenced a sort of scramble, half on all fours, through bushes, over logs and fallen hemlocks. Every one knows that walking in a thick wood implies walking in an eccentric course. We offered no exception to the general rule, notwithstanding the pocket compass, of which H—— discovered himself possessed, but which, the bearings of the brook not having been previously ascertained, was of very little use. H——, however, trusted more to it, than to his own, or our sagacity ; and this division in the camp did not tend much to

straighten our course. At last we came to a spot that fairly tried our tempers. It was a hemlock swamp, full of holes, rotten logs, covered with slippery moss, fallen hemlocks, always too high to get over, and too low to scramble under, thick bushes, and regiments of mosquitos. The picture is certainly not very inviting, but not being poetical, it bears no flights of imagination. We got very slowly through this swamp, and it was only after an hour's walking that we came in sight of the water. We had next to search for a place free from bushes, from which to cast our lines. This involved a second tramp. At length, with the discomfort of wet feet, we gained a small rock, and prepared our tackle. H——'s first scientific cast was rather unfortunate. The rock upon which we all stood was rather small, and M——, being immediately behind, and also in the act of "throwing in," the two lines caught and forthwith resolved themselves into a series of twists and knots, not unlike a dilapidated spider's web. Here was a fine chance for me to get the first fish, so I waited patiently for that premonitory symptom—a nibble. "You may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?" I am sure our bait was very enticing and varied, yet, no trout seemed inclined to meet us half way. In vain we changed the bait,—in vain we offered flies of every hue and brilliancy, all calculated to allure the most fishy gourmand,—in vain we stood under a hot sun, every now and then asking each other the eager question, "have you had a bite yet?" We gave up at last, and winding up our lines, turned homewards.

The day was beginning to wane, and we had the disagreeable necessity before us, of walking through the same labyrinth in order to reach the road; so we started in rather a sulky mood than otherwise. This temper was not improved, when we found the wood thicker and more impassible than where we had passed in the morning. To step upon a fallen tree, green with age, was synonymous with a thumping fall, while the foot had to be planted with great care lest it might suddenly disappear a yard or two out of sight. The heat too, was intense —that damp muggy heat, which, with the concomitant of mosquitos, is terribly oppressive. Tumbling seemed the order of the day. H—— fell and tore his coat, while M—— injured

his nose and his beauty in the same moment. We walked, I think, about an hour,—it seemed four,—and still without hitting the road. The sun was going down, darkness was coming on, and the prospect of a night's bivouac in such a pleasant camping ground was anything but cheering. This hastened our steps, and of course increased our tumbles in an equal ratio. H—— brightened up so much as to be the first to descry the road. I don't remember whether we exhibited our joy in three such cheers as only Britons can give, yet, I think I could have found vent for my joy in any expressive manner.

All our troubles suddenly vanished, and we felt so glad to have got out of the woods that the absence of fish was forgotten. We arrived home about 9 o'clock, and after a refreshing bath, sat down to an excellent supper ; and while engaged in discussing its merits, we individually declared that we would never again venture into a soft wood forest.

Montreal, 13th Oct., 1853. A. T. C.

SLEEPS,

IN CHRIST'S FEAR, FAITH, AND LOVE.

MY SISTER JANE.

"There had whispered a voice; t'was the voice of her God,—
I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod.*"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."—PROMISE.

Speak to me, sister,—as when last
Thou whisperedst in my ear,
When time on rapid wing sped past
And pointed to thy bier.

I hear thee not; doth the cold grave
Deny thee words to name?
Can the dull earth in justice crave
More than thy weary frame?

Oh no! for now I hear thy voice
In swelling tones of joy;
'Tis murmuring, Rejoice! rejoice!—
Oh bliss without alloy.

In unison with golden harps
Struck by seraphic hands,
Melodiously thy voice imparts
A song of other lands.

A cheerful song of glorious bliss,
The product of the TREE;
A deep-toned song of thankfulness
To Him who died for thee.

I see thee in thy robes of white,
Once crimson like mine own,
By Him made pure,—bathed in that light
Which radiates round the throne

I see thee in thy bright attire,
Thou—a lost sinner—found
And in thy hands thou bear'st the Lyre,
The harp of solemn sound

Thy face is calm,—of light, a ray
Sleeps on thy placid brow;
Thou smil st upon me, call'st away
From this bleak world below.

Sister,—we mourn, but not as those
To whom no hope is given;
Thy bliss is perfected, and glows
With matchless joys in Heaven.

Montreal, October, 1853. PERSOLUS.

FRANKFORT CEMETERY.

The dead house, where corpses are placed in the hope of resuscitation, is an appendage to cemeteries found only in Germany. We were shown into a narrow chamber, on each side of which were six cells, into which one could distinctly see, by means of a large plate of glass. In each of these is a bier for the body, directly above which hangs a cord, having on the end ten thimbles, which are put upon the fingers of the corpse, so that the slightest motion strikes a bell in the watchman's room. Lamps are lighted, and in winter the rooms are warmed. In the watchman's chamber stands a clock with a dial-plate of twenty-four hours, and opposite every hour is a little plate, which can only be moved two minutes before it strikes. If then the watchman has slept or neglected his duty at that time, he cannot move it afterwards, and the neglect is seen by the superintendent. In such a case he is severely fined, and for the second or third offence, dismissed. There are other rooms adjoining, containing beds, baths, galvanic battery, &c., never-

theless, they say there has been no resuscitation during the fifteen years it has been established.

We afterwards went to the end of the cemetery to see the bas-reliefs of Thorswalden, in the vault of the Bethmann family. They are three in number, representing the death of a son of the present banker, Moritz von Bethmann, who was drowned in the Arno about fourteen years ago. The middle one represents the youth drooping in his chair, the beautiful Greek Angel of death standing at his back, with one arm over his shoulder, while his younger brother is sustaining him and receiving the wreath that falls from his hand. The young woman who is there, told us of Thorswalden's visit to Frankfort, about three years ago. She described him as a beautiful and venerable old man, with long white locks hanging over his shoulders, still vigorous and active for his years.

The cemetery contains many other monuments—with the exception of one or two by Launitz, and an exquisite Death Angel, in sandstone, from a young Frankfort sculptor—they are not remarkable. The common tomb-stone is a white wooden cross; opposite the entrance is a perfect forest of them, involuntarily reminding one of a company of ghosts, with outstretched arms. These contain the names of the deceased with mottoes, some of which are beautiful and touching, as for instance :—"Through darkness into light:" "Weep not for her; she is not dead but sleepeth:" "Slumber sweet!" &c. The graves are neatly bordered with grass and planted with flowers, and many of the crosses have withered wreaths hanging upon them. In summer it is a beautiful place; in fact the very name of cemetery in German—"*Friedhof*," or, "Court of Peace"—takes away the idea of death. The beautiful figure of the youth with his inverted torch makes one think of the grave only as a place of repose.—*Extract from J. Bayard Taylor's Works.*

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

[SELECTED.]

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun,—the brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us; the world seems but a dim reflection, itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

How often the phantoms of joy regale us, and dance before us,—golden-winged, angel-faced, heart-warming,—and make an Elysium in which the dreaming soul bathes and feels translated to another existence, and *then* sudden as night or a cloud—a word, a step, a thought, a memory will chase them away.

Light is transmitted in all directions in straight lines, and traverses about 192,500 miles in a second of time. The color of bodies is due to the absorption of light. A body that absorbs all the rays will appear black, while one that reflects them will seem white; but some substances absorb some of the rays and reflect others. A yellow surface reflects the yellow rays, and absorbs the others; a blue surface reflects the blue; a scarlet surface absorbs all the rays except the red. Light is the cause of color in animals, plants, and minerals; but what becomes of the light that is absorbed by bodies is not known: it may possibly be latent or hidden, the same as color or heat, and enter into combination with them; for it is evident that light may be extracted from some bodies without any change being produced, as in pyrophori, or substances which absorb light, and emit it again when carried back into a dark place.

The yearly income of one firm in San Francisco, arising from ground-rents alone, is the large sum of $250,000. In no part of the world can a better position be found for witnessing what effect the "infernal thirst for gold" has upon poor humanity, than in this city. Fine specimens of our kind may every day be seen, fretting themselves to death to add to their stock of yellow metal, which is as much needed to further their happiness, or add to their comfort, as water would be to make a fire burn,—just as if people were born for no other purpose than to make themselves the meanest slaves in striving to possess quantities of gold, which, when got, appear to cost more anxiety to keep, than it did to amass it.—*Extract from a Letter written in California.*

Casco Bay.—Few sheets of water compare for romantic and beautiful scenery with Casco Bay, an arm of which makes the harbor of Portland. Its surface is broken up with more than three hundred islands, scattered irregularly, so as to present to the tourist who may be drifting over its summer wave, an ever varying series of enchanting views. Now his boat glides safely along under some rocky shore, so near that one may seize the down-stooping forest branches and swing himself upon the jutting points,—anon some tranquil inlet opens, revealing the fisherman's snug cottage, with its grassy slope, fruit trees, and sheltering wood in the rear, and his trimly painted skiff curtseying in the waves in some protecting nook. Again the scene assumes more wild and primitive features, craggy ledges, grown gray in opposing the gale and billow; bold promontories surmounted by trees of gigantic proportions, above which, high in the blue empyrean, perchance sails the bold eagle; long reaches of glimmering sand-beach, upon which the weary waves, journeying in from the broad sea, throw themselves as if glad to find a resting place; and then there are forest, embowered coves, and grassy openings. In short, the adventurer may sail on for days amidst ever varying, but always interesting scenes.

Reply to Charade by Oscar, in October Number.

Ah! well do I remember,
Not *many years* agone,
One bright night in September
I wandered,—not alone;
A manly voice beside me,
Enchained my list'ning ear—
Sure harm could ne'er betide me
With that strong heart so near.
We gazed into the moonlight,
And watched the floating cloud,
And thought how soon the midnight
Would come with pall and shroud.
We parted—Oh! 'twas sad to part,
Though hope with fear was mix'd;
My parting words, devoid of art,
Were "*come*," with "*do*" prefix'd.

And oft do I bethink me
Of that sweet summer ev'n
When I asked you to "*Tea*,"
'Neath the blue arch of heav'n.
The zephyrs soft were dancing
In the boughs of the glade,
And a strange light came glancing
Through the deepening shade.
We arose from our feasting,
But wandered not far,
When, our vision arresting,
Blazed a wonderful star;
Like a ball ofpfire it gleamed
Amid the starry host;
Sun-like, radiant it seemed,
Wand'ring like some spirit lost;

On its trackless course it sped,
Trailing rays of wondrous light;
Till, through far off space it fled,
Vanishing from mortal sight.
As our steps we homeward turned,
Thought we of some minds of light,
That with brightest lustre burned,
But to sink in deeper night.
"*Comet*"-like their genius shone
As they ran their wayward way,
Till, like "*Comets*," left alone,
Downward sank, and sank for aye.

Montreal, October, 1853. EDLA.

THE CRACKER FOR OSCAR'S NUT.

Oscar, what a sly fellow you are,
To write so pathetically,
About meeting clandestinely
With "blushes," "fair tresses," and eyes on a par;
If you didn't feel happy it would be queer,
When "blushes" said "*do* COME again Oscar, dear."

"Love thinks" of the time when, "late in the eve,"
You rather more openly,
And very romantically,
Took some supper before you took leave!
Now come, Oscar, between you and me,
Wasn't the celestial herb you sipped, *green* TEA?

As you directed, I looked to the sky,
And in the deep profundity,
Of vast immensity,
I twigged the COMET,—not "all in my eye,"—
A celestial long-tailed swaggering "ranger,"
In short, good Tom M'Ginn's, illustrious stranger."

Montreal, Oct. 1853. A. T. C.

CHARADE.

See'st thou that form supremely fair—
That lofty brow—the raven hair
In curling ringlets wound?
Mark'st thou that eye, whose gentle light,
Dispels the deepest shades of night?—
It rises on thy rapturous sight,
And now my "*First*" you have found.

Simple sign of magic power,
Who can estimate thy dower?—
Who thy worth portray?
Far as the heaving billows roll
Thy mute voice cheers the weary soul,—
Points the young mind, perfection's goal,
My "*Second*" leads the way.

Hast thou in gloom and sadness wept—
Thy chamber paced when others slept,
And wished for opening day?
In absence hast thou friends—although
Thy thoughts were *present*—yet, how slow
The postboy's wheels—they come—and lo!
My "*Whole*" thy joys display.

Montreal, November, 1853. OSCAR.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 11 letters.
My 1, 2 3, 4, 5, a very useful animal.
" 6, 5, 8, a color.
" 5, 7, 6, part of the human body.
" 11, 7, 9, 6, the ladies' pride.
" 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, is a root,
And my whole is a root.

Montreal, Sept. 15, 1853. P. R. Mc.

The following account of the depth at which the ocean has been sounded will give some idea of the vast valleys that exist in its bed. The sounding was performed in the Atlantic in 36° 49' S. lat., 36° 6' E. long., in a voyage of the British ship *Herald*, from Rio Janeiro to the Cape of Good Hope. The depth at which bottom was reached was 7,706 fathoms, or 12,412 yards, being nearly *eight miles*. The highest mountains on the surface of the globe do not exceed five miles, and the highest peaks of the *Sierra Nevada* are not more than 4,660 yards, so that the bed of the ocean has depths which far surpass the elevation of the highest points on its surface. The time required for this immense length of line to run out was about *nine hours and a half*.

EDITORIAL.

" Oscar " will see that we have kept our promise We insert two answers to his Charade in the October number, which were sent from different sources, and differ widely in their manner of solving it.

This number contains Mrs. Traill's eleventh chapter of " The Governor's Daughter," &c., in which she relates some curious things of the reptiles of Canada. " Lady Mary's Nurse " is a perfect treasure, a woman of practical information, and quite an observer of matters and things.

Poetry from *Chambly* has been received. Mrs. Hayward, our valued correspondent, proposes to send a series of original articles on the Seasons in Canada. The first appears in this number. The charming autumn weather which she describes so beautifully continues to shed its softening influence around our city, and almost cheats us into the belief that the storm-clouds have passed away to the North. The heavy shades piled up with gayer colors, blending and fading away in the sunset of our autumnal evenings, harmonize finely with the indescribable feelings which come, as if wafted to us on the heart-touching tones of its mournful winds, or the soothing music of its sighing breeze. The season is in unison, too, with refined and purifying emotions ; suggestive, it is true, of decay and mortality, yet shadowing forth in a comforting manner the great doctrine of resurrectional beauty and glory, for the spiritual as well as the natural world.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.—In answer to various inquiries, the Publisher begs to say, that all moneys sent by Mail, if the letter containing the same is marked " Money," will be at the Publisher's risk.

THE IGNIS FATUUS;

OR, WILL-O'-THE WISP.

In marshy and boggy places a light is sometimes seen to hover over the ground by night, appearing from a distance like a taper gleaming from some cottage window. The light is not stationary, and should any incautious traveller approach it, it moves before him, and thus leads him into bogs and marshes, where he is in danger of perishing.

This appearance is called *Ignis-fatuus*, or *vain*, or *wild fire*. It is also called *Will-o'-the Wisp* and *Jack-o'-Lantern*, by the country people, these being the names of a malignant spirit to whom the appearance was formerly attributed. Of late years the cause seems to have been well ascertained to be the lighting up of an inflammable gas produced by decaying animal and vegetable matter in bogs, marshes, and stagnant pools. It is found that when damp soils are drained and cultivated the Will-o'-the-Wisp disappears. Such has been the case with the extensive bogs and marshes which formerly occupied a large portion of the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

In crossing the wild moors near the place where the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland join, the Will-o'-the-Wisp

has often been seen. Two gentlemen were once riding over these moors, when they were surprised, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light within fifteen yards of the road side. It was about the size of the hand, of an oval well-defined shape, and was more like a bright white cloud than a flame. It was seen in a very wet place where peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are called "peat-pots," which soon fill with water and nourish various plants, which in their turn are changed into peat. The light was about three feet from the ground, and hovered for a time over the peat-pots, then moved to the distance of about fifty yards, and suddenly went out.

Mr. J. Allies has described an ignis fatuus which he saw on the night of the 31st December, 1839, in Worcestershire, in two meadows and a stubble field. He noticed it for about half an hour, at a distance of from one to two hundred yards. "Sometimes it was only like a flash in the pan on the ground; at other times it rose up several feet, and fell to the earth and became extinguished; and many times it proceeded horizontally from fifty to one hundred yards, with an undulating motion like the flight of the laughing woodpecker, and about as rapid; and once or twice it proceeded with considerable rapidity in a straight line upon or close to the ground. The light of these ignes fatui was very clear and strong, much bluer than that of a candle, and very like that of an electric spark, and three or four of them looked larger and as bright as the star Sirius; of course they look dim when seen in ground fogs, but there was not any fog on the night in question; there was, however, a muddy closeness in the atmosphere, and at the same time a considerable breeze from the south-west. Those Will-o'-the-Wisps which shot horizontally, proceeded before the wind towards the north-east."

A few years ago, Major Blesson of Berlin, in order to determine the cause of the ignis fatuus, made some experiments in a valley in the forest of Gubitz, in the Newmark, where this meteor was frequently seen. The valley cuts deeply into compact loam, and is marshy on its lower part. The water of the marsh contains iron, and is covered with a shining crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and at night, bluish purple flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. On visiting the spot by night, the flames retired as Major Blesson advanced, the motion of the air driving the burning gas

before him. On remaining perfectly still, the flames returned, and he attempted to light a piece of paper by them; but the current of air produced by his breath kept the flames at too great a distance. On turning away his head, however, and holding up a screen of cloth, he was able to set fire to a narrow strip of paper. He also succeeded in putting out the flame by driving it before him to a part of the ground where no gas was produced, then applying the flame of a torch to the surface whence the gas bubbles issued, a kind of explosion was heard over eight or nine square feet of the surface of the marsh; a red light was seen, which diminished to a blue flame about three feet high. This continued to burn with the unsteady motion observed in the Will-o'-the-Wisp. As the morning approached all the flames became pale, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer to the earth, till they at last faded from the sight. Major Blesson thinks that when once the thin stream of inflammable air is set on fire, it continues to burn by day as well as by night, but the light is so pale that it cannot be seen by day. He also thinks it probable, that the fires which sometimes break out in forests are caused by ignes fatui.

The same observer has also made experiments on the ignis fatuus in other places. At Malapane, in Upper Silesia, he passed several nights in a forest where this meteor was to be seen. He succeeded in extinguishing and inflaming the gas, but could not set fire to paper or thin shavings of wood by its means. In the Konski forest, in Poland, the flame appeared of a darker hue than usual, and on attempting to ignite paper and wood, they became covered with a viscous moisture. On another occasion, he succeeded in lighting up the ignis fatuus by throwing fireworks from a distance into marshy ground. He visited by night the summit of the Porta Westphalia, near Minden; the meteor was not visible, but on firing off a rocket a number of small red flames were observed below, which soon went out, but appeared again on firing another rocket.

It appears then, from these and other experiments made by scientific men, that the ignis fatuus is frequently caused by an inflammable gas, formed in stagnant pools by the decay of vegetable matter. The appearance of this meteor has been accounted for in various other ways, but none of them appear to be so satisfactory as the above.—*Selected.*

LINES

SUGGESTED ON READING "LINES BY PERSOLUS," IN NOVEMBER NUMBER OF THE "MAPLE LEAF."

Oh, yes! believe it brother,
Thy sister speaks to thee—
The grave claims but the *casket*,
Her *soul* is with the free;—
Freed from all earthly passions,
Freed from all grief and care,
An angel now in heaven,
She breathes untainted air.

Yet, dream not she forgets thee,
As, with the sinless throng,
She chants to heav'nly music,
The new immortal song.
Down from the jewel'd bulwarks,
Of that blest world on high,
She looks on all thy actions,
With an angel-sister's eye.

And, oh! if, from those mansions,
Sweet messengers of love,
Are sent to guide our footsteps,
And point our souls above,—
How gladly her pure spirit
Flies from the portals bright,
To hover o'er thy pathway,
In sorrow's gloomy night.

Tread softly, brother—softly,
An angel, near thee now,
Watches each wav'ring purpose,
Each shadow on thy brow;
Notes well each noble struggle,
Each battle for the *right*,
Stirs up thy soul to duty,
And girds thee for the fight.

Ah! well may'st thou look upward,
From the fading hopes of earth,
To that bright realm above thee,
Where endless joys have birth;—
There, with that angel-sister,
'Tis thine to dwell for aye,
And join with her in praising
'The Light, the Truth, the Way."

Montreal, November, 1853. EDLA.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

"Nurse, the beautiful flowers are all gone, and the bright leaves are falling. I do not love the Fall; I see no flowers now," said Lady Mary. "Winter will soon be here again."

"I thought last year, my Lady, that you wished the snow and sleighing would last all the year, that you might go out with the merry bells on the horse."

"Oh, yes, Nurse; but I did not know how many pretty birds and flowers I should see, and now I am sorry that they are all gone."

"See, Lady Mary, here are yet a few flowers that my little French girl has picked for you on the side of the mountain."

"Oh, dear Nurse, these are very pretty; do tell me their names?"

"This branch of starry lilac flowers, that looks so delicate and light, are Asters—that is a word that means star-like. They are also known as Michaelmas daisies. These grow on light dry ground; so do the white shrubby Asters—those, with the little white stars all clustered round the stalks with crimson tipped—or they grow near water on gravelly banks."

"I like them, Nurse. There are such crowds of flowers on the little branches. See, they are weighed down with them."

"These large dark purple Asters grow in large bushes on dry wastes by the corners of fences, and on stony uncultivated fields. These are the latest, and, with the large sky-blue flowers, grow by still waters, near mill-dams, and in swampy places. They are not so elegant, though larger and brighter than the first I showed you."

"Yes, Mrs. Frazer, I like the lilac ones the best. These blue ones are more like China Asters in the garden—they are very stiff. But here is another sweet blue flower, please tell me what it is?"

"This is the fringed Gentian, my Lady. It is one of the latest and most beautiful of all the Fall flowers. See here are some with one large blue fringed bell, not more than four inches high; and here are others with many flowers, three and four feet

high. This dark-blue Gentian is the last flower of the year. I know of none later. It is the finest in colour and shape of any of these pretty flowers."

"There is a pretty shining looking flower that smells very sweet, Nurse. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, Lady Mary, it is the latest Everlasting—a pale straw colour. It is called Neglected Everlasting, because it grows on dry wastes by roadsides, among thistles and weeds; but I love it, for it is like a faithful friend,—it never changes,—and you may make wreaths of it that will never fade."

"Nurse, I will get you to ask the little French flower girl to bring me a basket full of these nice flowers, that I may make a garland for my doll's hat."

"You can also make little mats of these flowers."

"That will be very nice, Nurse. I will make a mat for my doll, and a carpet;" and the little Lady sat down on a low stool, and began to pick the flowers to pieces in her lap. She was busily engaged with her flowers when the servant came to say her Mamma wanted to see her.

When Mrs. Frazer again saw her little charge, she was in a great state of excitement. She threw her arms about her Nurse's neck, and said, "Oh, dear Nurse, I am going away from Canada. My dear Papa and Mamma are going back to England, and I am to go, and we are all going. I am so glad;" but the tears stood in Mrs. Frazer's eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

"Nurse, you are to go too, Mamma said so, and we shall be so happy."

"Dear Lady Mary, I cannot leave Canada," replied Mrs. Frazer, "even to go with you;" and she kissed the fair child's forehead, while the tears fell fast over her face.

"Dear Nurse, why can you not go with me?" asked Lady Mary.

"I have a young son, my dear, and I could not go away and leave him, for he is very dear to me, and when I am old and feeble he will take me to his own home and take care of me. When his dear father died he promised as he stood by his death bed that he would never forsake me, and I cannot leave him."

"Then, Mrs. Frazer, I shall be very sorry to leave Canada, for I shall have no one to tell me about beavers, and squirrels, and Indians, and flowers, and birds, when you are gone."

"You will see many things in England, my dear, to please you, and you will find more things to amuse you there than here, and your Governess and new Nurse will be able to tell you about every object which you see ; but I shall never forget you, and always love you, and pray for your happiness."

"And I will not forget you, my kind dear Nurse," said the child, as she threw herself into her Nurse's arms, and fondly caressed her.

There was so much to do, and so many things to attend to, before the Governor's departure, that Lady Mary had no time to hear any more stories, nor ask any more questions about the natural history of Canada, though there were many things yet that Mrs. Frazer could have told her, I have no doubt.

Lady Mary did not forget to have all her Indian toys, and dried plants and seeds of Canadian wild flowers, packed up and her flying squirrel was also given in charge to Campbell the footman, with a good store of hickory nuts, and Indian corn and wild nuts and seeds, for his food.

Mrs. Frazer was presented with a handsome reward for her attendance and instruction, and when she was called to take leave of the Governor and his Lady, they gave her a packet, which, on opening, she found contained a government deed for a fine lot of land in a fertile township in Upper Canada.

It was with tears and blessings that this excellent woman took leave of the Governor's family, and above all of her beloved charge, Lady Mary.

ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.—Every real lover of music must be pleased with Haydn's expressions to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billinston, the celebrated singer. "Yes," said he, "it's like, very like ; but you've made a sad mistake !" "How ?" "You've made her *listening to the angels ;* you should have made *the angels listening to her.*"

EDUCATION.—Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education, says, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

AN AFTERNOON AT LEISURE.

BY PERSOLUS.

I have just escaped from the weary counting-house. What a glorious renovator is the clear light of day, as it strikes around me, undimmed by dusty and curtained windows: how refreshing the breeze! But if you would estimate its value aright, come and sit with me in a close office, and for long hours pore over extended accounts current, concentrating all thought and attention on the double columns of implacable figures; follow it for a few days only, and then what saith the breezes? Oh, how gratefully they fan the fevered brow, and wipe from the countenance every evidence of trying thought; they give strength and vigor to your footsteps, and are fraught with life and health. Do you not feel that the weary physical frame is undergoing a complete renewal? Your head has ceased to throb—the stiff features of the man of business are relaxing and assume a smile—not, however, like the smile you wore a few minutes ago in the counting-house, for it was confined to the lip,—and this is frank and open, and each feature in your countenance seems to vie with the other in producing it. This is a *feeling* smile, and evidenced thus:—The little boy who would play at your office window, and "not otherwise or elsewhere," is no longer an annoying little brat; he is a fine, hearty, playful little fellow, and you pat him kindly on the head. The ragged, pale, thin-faced little girl who pleads so earnestly for alms, even a single copper,—what of her? Is her importunity the mere brawlings of a worthless beggar? or do you recognise in her faint voice, the earnest pleadings of the

"Homeless child of want and woe?"

If not, where did the change come from? Need I say more; is there not healing in the breeze?

But I am for the Mountain; not the hoary Alp or towering Appenine of distant lands, which my neighbors have visited and cease not to rave about in all conceivable manner of extravaganza stanzas, but the Mountain at the door, our own green-crested mount, Mount Royal. I am wending my way through the grove which shrouds its base, or rather robes it to its summit in a garb of fairest foliage; about midway the ground is

gently undulating, and the grove so void of underbrush, that a childish fancy strikes me very forcibly,—it seems as if the scene were laid in merry Sherwood Forest, and it does not require a very great stretch of imagination to people the place with the bold Robin and his merrymen. Oh yes, although only in miniature, yet here are the openings,—the pleasant glades, the jagged jutting rock, and ancestral trees. How strange that the great battle of life, wearing and trying though it be, yet ever fails to eradicate even the earliest impressions of childhood ; slight little incidents of my earliest years appear to be more deeply rooted in my memory than perhaps very important occurrences of yesterday.

But I must hasten, for the sun is declining, already the shadows are slowly stealing up the breast of the mountain—its base is wrapt in gloom o'ershadowed—but the bluff, towards which I am hastening, is still refulgent with the golden rays of the setting sun. That old tree, which I thought looked so bare and desolate, as it stood forth upon the bare cliff, appears now as if chased in purest gold. Let me rest for a moment on this projecting granite, while I stay myself up securely by the trunk of this little sapling which clings so closely to its rugged bed below me, and a little to the right I observe a monumental column, in honor of whom I know not, as I did not notice it until now—its location is very beautiful, and I am glad it is there, for when most satisfied with the beauty of earth, then do I most distinctly hear the whisperings of the cold grey stone. I like to look down at it standing so quietly amid the sighing branches of the grove,

> Where weeps the birch with silver bark,
> And long dishevelled hair.

Again facing the mountain's brow, clinging here to a projecting root and there to a slight twig, I clamber upwards, and now I have attained the summit ; I gaze with strong emotion upon the glowing prospect, but I use no superlatives, because I cannot use them ; under like circumstances I have ever failed adequately to give expression to thought ; I cannot give life to my words—without emotion they are useless. Neither need I attempt, by language, to cleave my way through the wilderness of joyous thought in which I am lost to all save self and Deity. I attempt, for I can but attempt a description of the prospect.

Here have we indeed

> A blending of all beauties, streams and dells;
> Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, river,
> And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
> From grey but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

Looking southward, the foaming rapid of the "Long Sault" is visible; and following the river in its course, my eye rests upon St. Helen's Island, stemming the waters with its green banks. Here is a magazine for the safe keeping of that dangerous article, gunpowder. There is also an armory, in which are stowed away all manner of implements of war. What a pity that the pointed steel is necessary as the safeguard of a nation's liberty. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when contending forces shall cease to be—when our peace shall be firm and lasting, because secured through the Prince of Peace.

Between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal, the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence pass, forming the Current St. Marie. Eastward, I observe the apex of a mountain wreathed in the brilliant sunset; this is the famous and fashionable Belœil, signifying, I believe, a fine view, or, perhaps more literally, a *good eye*, and then stretching away till they are lost in the distance, appear the green hills of Vermont. Turning westward, I mark the river Ottawa, its shores studded with little villages, prominent among which is that of St. Annes, celebrated by the facile pen of Tom Moore, in the popular "Canadian Boat Song." Turning slightly to the north, the glittering spires of a parish church display themselves. This is the village of St. Eustache, on the Riviere du Chene. Other villages appear, and are plainly indicated by the tin covered spires of their churches. Confining my view, I have the Little River, a branch of the Ottawa, and which again subdivided, washes the shores of the fertile Isle Jesu. Before me are the happy homesteads of the rugged tillers of the soil, a class of people whom, as a class, I most respect, for I have mingled with the homespun grey, and have been well content to occupy a rustic stool in the kitchen, not because I am, or would be, what is commonly styled a sentimentalist, but because I found a satisfying enjoyment in their affectionate and simple pastimes,—because I liked to look up into the open honest face, and there, in characters the plainest and most unmistakable, read man.

Immediately below me, on the slope of the mountain, lies the Mount Royal Cemetery, a most beautiful location ;—its sunny slopes, its pleasant vales and murmuring streams, with rustic bridges thrown across ;—fit, indeed, is the place for the dead we loved. From where I stand, the proud columns or expensive tablets in honor of titled wealth are visible ; and by their side appears the rude post which marks the last resting place of one unknown to wealth and fame,—and whose virtues, if he had any, sleep with him unlettered, or living, live only in the memory of former associates. Thus let my epitaph be written,—

" For what are crowns and sceptres, power and fame,
And plaudits echoed by a nation's breath,
A noble ancestry and mighty name,
When summoned to thy presence-chamber, Death?

What are the hatchment and the banner brave,
The buckler, helm and spear suspended high?
Ask loud the question!—catechise the grave!
Dust! darkness! silence!—This is the reply!"

The sun is set, and yet the ceaseless hum of rumbling wheels in the busy city are distinctly heard; and hark, from the tower of St. George's Chapel, steal in upon my ear, the mellow tones of the vesper bell. Often do I shudder and start with fear when I hear the first solemn, warning tone of the church bell ; but, eventually, those low deep notes which agitate, become soft and musical,—and in the sweetly chiming cadences, I hear a still small voice, inviting me to

* * * * Snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest—to heaven.

The shades of evening are gathering and conceal the pleasant landscape, yet even more beautiful is the picture disclosed. The mists are languidly creeping o'er the vale, the sounds of busy life become less distinct, and I hear only the murmuring of the waters, as even in darkness they hurry onward ; the stately queen of night draped in fleecy clouds is journeying upwards, and now the whole

* * * * Floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.

The busy bee on humming wing has passed chanting its way hiveward ; I too, yet pensively, retrace my steps, and lest I be uncourteous through forgetfulness, dear reader (if I have one) good night.

Montreal, November, 1853.

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Warren left his counting-room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hat, after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"'Pon my word, Charley! where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know,—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Morton; "I want to see the wife and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty once, though; she, was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time Mr. Warren reached his own door, and, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small, but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was indeed, to meet him; but, if the truth must be told, he would have been quite as well pleased if it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf, with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children, house and table, in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking-chair, Charley; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking-chair, have you? Stop,—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped off, not a little, but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he; "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks, will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid-of-all-work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he, in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

She seemed to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

"Got! why the veal-steaks, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked, in the same gentle tone.

"I s'pose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder-cloud. "You'll have to want a good while, I guess, then; the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; "here, I'll get it, while you cut the ham. Now, do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you, when you have a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I s'pose," said Betty, sulkily, adding, in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear,—"where she always is."

He did hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber.

The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand

rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an ominous bowl of water, with wet cloths in it.

"Juliette, my love, are you ill?"

"Ill! what a question to ask! I told you half a dozen times, this morning, I had one of my headaches; that's just all you mind about me!"

"I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall not you feel able to come down to dinner?"

"No, I am sure I never shall want anything to eat again; it seems as if these head-aches would kill me."

"Where are the children?"

"I don't know, I am sure; I can't look after them when I am sick! If Betty can't do that, she had better not try to do anything."

"I wish you would make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us,—Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children."

"Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you knew I was sick? I don't believe I could hold my head up, if I were to try!" and, closing her eyes, she pressed both hands on her temples.

Mr Warren said no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and, with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said, "What a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife! My servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing, it is another,—and I am weary of it!"

He found his friend still in the arm-chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table. Fun danced in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth; and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap-book which brought to remembrance an old scrape they had together,—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles

eemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.

"By George, Charley," said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, "it does one good to hear your old horse-laugh again!" An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up, by way of remembrance."

Much to his delight, the bell rang. He was saved the trial of bearding the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them, and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which of them looks like the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add, by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches."

"She is a-coming," said one of the children; "she says she s'poses she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he, then, married unfortunately? "I shall be sorry for him, if he has," thought Morton; "he deserves a good wife; a better-hearted fellow never breathed."

Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well cooked; yet his table needed the lady. No clean napkins were there; no nice salters and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy-work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it; and

the gentlemen would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When dinner was about half over, Mrs. Warren made her appearance. Walking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed. Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were elevated. She looked as if she felt miserable. "Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring, "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Morton."

Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a head-ache to-day, my friend tells me," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply; "if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged."

"O, no, Juliette, it is some time since you have had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was her short reply. "Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociality vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor, in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him there! But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would, like a dog, from morning to night; but, when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the

sofa and taken his book; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

"Do you feel any better, Juliette?"

"Better!—no! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I thought you never would come home."

The air of the sick-room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was more easily said than done; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. "Now go to sleep, boys," said he; "your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a word from you."

"Seems to me, mother is always sick," said Henry.

"Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still;—remember that, will you?"

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper.. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold; his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine it was, the clock was on the point of striking ten, when he reëntered it. Camphor and ammonia were as strong as ever, and the head-ache, too, to all appearance.

"Can I do anything for you, Juliette?"

"*Do anything!* I might die, for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all?"

"You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way; and, tired as I was, I never

got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made; but being sick so much was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear, without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette; but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When, at length, they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her, vanished; she spoke at all times in a dis tressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now, Betty was no housekeeper; she could do hard work, but not head work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had, without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not quite equal to filling up flour-barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then, going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of his troubles,—if he did, she only cried, and said, "she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could, when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain." He, therefore, formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick

head-aches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining-room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone,—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper, and went to bed. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be?" Here it is ten o'clock, and he has not come yet."

"I declare, *Miss* Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twan't but yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, 'Betty,' says he, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell *Miss* Warren,' says he; 'she 'll worry.' Them's the very words he said. Now, I 'll bet that's where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won't be here to-night."

More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. Warren had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door, and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple; no sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard. She then gave him up, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," at length fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

BLINDNESS.

While turning over the columns of the *Literary World* we were much interested in a poem which appears there, taken from the New Orleans *Delta.*

The imagery of this poem on *Blindness* is very graphic, and its mournful passionate numbers reveal the sorrow of a great mind, while struggling with desolation, and buffeting the rolling surges on an ocean of despair. We transcribe the editorial note, together with the author's explanation and the poem, which will give the subject complete to our readers :—

" From the New Orleans *Delta* we select this noble poem, by one of its editors, Joseph Brenan, Esq., with the introductory note which explains its origin. Mr. Brenan is one of " the escaped" from the late painful calamity in that great metropolis of the South ; and has many friends, literary and personal, who will be pleased to learn that the light of day still shines for one who knows how to use it so well."

[Note Preliminary.—The following poem is an attempt to give the first impressions and restless feelings of a man of ordinary intelligence, who has been suddenly struck blind by sickness or accident. I know not how successful I may have been in the treatment of the theme, but I did not take it up without some very bitter experience—as I have been little better than blind myself for over three long months. In fact, I was utterly without sight for some weeks. I attribute my blindness entirely to the vigorous skill of the physician who attended me in yellow fever, and who by the judicious use of medicine, enabled me to produce the following stanzas; which, if not good, are, at all events, the best I can write—though my Helicon is nothing less than unadulterated quinine !

As I have alluded to my loss of sight, which resulted from over-doses of a subtle and powerful poison, I may be allowed to mention how I regained it. I am indebted for my recovery—which, though not yet complete, is, in my estimation, almost a miracle of medicine—to Dr. Hunt, of this city, whose name is too high and bright upon the roll of science to gain additional lustre from any praise of mine. To him, under God, I owe that I can now hold a pen ; to him I dedicate these lines, as it may afford him some pleasure to know how deep was the gloom which darkened all the prison from which his wonderful skill released me.]

I.

The golden shores of sunshine round me spreading,
Refuse a boon of light ;
And fast my shattered soul is death-ward heading,
Wrecked on a sea of night !
There is no angry tempest flapping sun-ward
Its black wings through the air ;
The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
Through channels of despair !

II.

Around me is a Darkness, omnipresent,
With boundless horror grim,
Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
To the horizon's rim;
The golden stars, all charred and blackened by it,
Are swept out, one by one;
My world is left, as if at Joshua's fiat—
A moonless Ajalon!

III.

How long, O Lord! I cry, in bitter anguish,
Must I be doomed alone—
A chained and blinded Samson—thus to languish,
In exile from the sun?
Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
And turn mine eyes on high,
To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
A black curse on the sky?

IV.

Alas! as time sees gathering round me deeper
The universal cloud,
I feel like some wild horror-stricken sleeper,
Who wakens in a shroud!
Like some poor wretch who closed his eyes at morning
Against the growing day,
And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
A tenant of the clay!

V.

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
Where I have lingered long—
Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
The laughter and the song!
Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
For I am drifting forth;
My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
My prow unto the North!

VI.

Come nearer to me Soother of my sorrow,
And place your hand in mine;
That my o'er-darkened soul shall, haply, borrow
A little light from thine;
That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
Until my tortures end,
The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
Shall have, at least, a friend!

VII.

And read aloud some wisdom giving volume—
The work of olden hours—
In which the stately thoughts rise like a column
Crowned with Corinthian flowers—
In which the epic Greek moves solemn sounding,
With hexametric sweep;
And every line has some fine pulses, bounding
With passion, grand and deep!

VIII.

Its rythmas call up the sublime Auroral
Of the Hellenic name—
When monarchs snatched the scholar's wreath of laurel,
As guerdon of their fame.
It brings you down a vista of proud faces,
To see, amid the trees,
Aspasia, blushing fond, as she embraces
Her stately Pericles!

IX.

So, haply listening to that fiery speaker,
Whose fancies overflow,
Like Chian wine within a slender beaker,
Which trembles to the glow—
You say, while catching visions wild and Vatic,
Which wing their way abroad
Amid an atmosphere of sense Socratic—
"'Tis Plato or a god!"

X.

Or read to me once more that burning ballad,
Compact of passionate fire,
Which bright-eyed Sappho, fond, and fierce, and pallid,
Swept from her sounding lyre—
That larger utterance of a glorious woman
The Palmyrene preserved,*
To show how like a frantic god's, the human
Spirit is subtly nerved!

XI.

Or rather read how Ajax prayed, when round him
Were corpses cold and stark,
And plotting deities had closely bound him
In vapors, dim and dark—
Read how he prayed to Jove, with eager passion,
To sweep away the night—
That he might meet his fate in hero fashion,
And perish in the light!

* I allude to Sappho's burning love-poem—a portion of which has been preserved by Longinus. Most English readers are familiar with it, in Addison's translation.

XII.

Since then, a greater hero fought and perished,
Within a silent room;
And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherished
Was sinking into gloom—
As, o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
He looked above and cried—
In echo of that prayer of Grecian valor—
"More light, O Lord!" and died!†

XIII.

That cry is mine, my friend! but uttered vainly—
The ear of Heav'n is deaf!
And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
And win no true relief!
Close up the books—for grim and ghastly darkness
Has settled over all—
My soul is wrapped for evermore in starkness,
Within this funeral pall!

XIV.

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my childhood
Where I have lingered long!
Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood—
The laughter and the song!
Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit—
For I am drifting forth:
My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
My prow unto the North!

JOSEPH BRENAN.

New Orleans, October 6th.

"WE WERE TOO POOR TO PAY."

Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village graveyard! such a one, I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in a country church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that—as Jeremy Taylor says, "We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble.

Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me—

† The dying words of Goethe were—"More light! More light!"—the sublimest death-utterance I am acquainted with.

bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a new made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude gravestones, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said—

"Our little Willie sleeps here. We's too poor to get a tombstone; *we* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough."

"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.

"O, no; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother?" I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.

"He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and had such beautiful eyes, but he couldn't see a bit!"

"Indeed! Was he blind?"

"You see he was sick a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright, as the blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know that he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked,

"Is it a white rose, Dora?"

"Can't you see it, darling?" asked mother.

"No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark."

"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces, to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God and Heaven, and angels. "Then never mind, mother and Dora," he'd say,' 'I'll see you too, when you go away from this dark place."

"So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we're too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them, *I know*, when they learn that *our little Willie sleeps here.*'

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

THE WINTER.

PROBABLY before this meets the eye of the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, Nature will have put on her winding-sheet of snow; or, if not on the border of the great lakes, yet in the "back country," the woods will have assumed their winter garb. Farewell to the gorgeously tinted woods; farewell to the soft haze of the Indian summer, fading quickly as do all things bright. In their stead come the chilling blasts, the icy touch of the dreaded winter. Instinctively we shrink from his approach, curtailing so many highly prized pleasures. But yet we must not feel despondingly;—many are the bright spots in store for us, even in a Canadian winter. To many, the recreation of sleighing affords intense delight;—the merry music of the bells—the gay trappings of horses and sleighs—the buoyancy the clear bright atmosphere gives to those who can defy the cold, makes sleighing time one of most pleasurable excitement. To others, the fireside holds out still greater charms, with its in-door enjoyments—enjoyments heightened by the very dreariness of the aspect without. Yet, though generally speaking there is great monotony in the winter landscape, I have seen it arrayed in surpassing loveliness, when the trees, laden with hoar frost or snow, sparkled in the sun. I recall to mind one most singular and beautiful winter scene, which, I think, has not occurred more than three times in this part of Canada for some years—a frozen rain storm—the effect of which, though magical in beauty, was so disastrous both to shrubbery and forest, I should be sorry to have occur again. As we witnessed it, combined with the varied and picturesque scenery of Rice Lake, where each island forms a separate gem of beauty, it was, indeed, a scene not to be forgotten. The rain commenced early in the morning, and continued throughout the day, freezing as it fell, every drop forming an icicle. Soon, the more delicate trees, particularly the graceful boughs of the silver birch, showed symptoms of suffer-

ing under the rapidly accumulating pressure. I looked with a jealous eye on my two favorites, near our porch, and, at last, as the only means of saving them from destruction, or, at least, from disfigurement, the boughs were beaten from time to time with a long cedar pole, to relieve them from the icy weight which must otherwise have broken them. Not the smallest blade of the last autumn's grass peering through the snow, but formed a nucleus covered with ice an inch in diameter. All Nature seemed suddenly converted into an immense glass house. The tops of large pines were broken off, crushed under their glassy weight, rendering it dangerous for travellers in the forest, or in the neighborhood of trees. Night came on, but the storm continued unabated. With an anxious heart I looked forth at dawn at our favorite trees. Still all was glass, and many a branch I had heretofore rejoiced in, had fallen under the accumulated pressure. We were engaged that morning to drive to Peterboro. The storm had ceased, but it seemed hardly safe to venture under the overhanging boughs in the forest road, only just completed on the other side of the Lake, If the sun would but break out, his ardent beams would soon thaw the icicled foliage, and the danger would be past. Suddenly, as with the magic touch of some mighty necromancer, the crystal boughs were illumined by his rays, changing the scene to one of dazzling and bewildering beauty. Every one of the countless frozen rain drops on tree and spray, was transformed into a diamond. The far-famed Koh-i-noor would have been at a discount; Aladdin's palace must have hid its diminished head. The ice-laden boughs shone with meteoric splendor in their drapery of diamonds. It was, indeed, a scene of enchantment and fairyland. But quickly the diamonds were disappearing, and a shout from the lake announced the arrival of our friends, and we hastened to join the cavalcade. The sleighs, with their merry musical bells, the happy faces of the party—the very horses seeming to share in the excitement as they bounded along over the sparkling snow—all denoted pleasure. Oh! happy faces, where are ye now? We were glad to seek shelter under the robes, in crossing the lake, to avoid the keen air sweeping across it. Ah! how did our hearts beat with joy as we gazed on one sweet face, radiant with happiness, beside us.

"Yes, sweetly didst thou nestle there—a thing of holy love,
Till soul shone out thy pleasant face, like sunshine from above.
We loved thee well—how tenderly, God only knows; but thou
Art clasped unto the heart of One, who loves thee better now."

Another,

"His mother's hope and joy,—
He sleeps upon Australia's shore."

Ah! what would life be, could we know the future awaiting us here, so mercifully concealed from us.

After crossing the lake, and proceeding a short distance on the newly graded road to Peterboro, we drove through some particularly pretty and sheltered woodland, abounding in maple, beech, oak and pine; and, on reaching the new bridge, built at considerable expense, and forming a handsome feature on the Otonabee, we plunged into a forest track only, the timber of which was principally of the majestic and graceful hemlock. In its youth it is one of the most elegant evergreens we have; and, in old age, it is rivalled by none of the forest monarchs, luxuriating in its moss-grown territory, it seems to breathe an atmosphere of solemnity and solitude, bidding defiance to the penetrating rays of the cloudless sun. Our road was wide enough for only one sleigh to pass between the trees, which, spreading their well-clad and massive boughs across the path, we, at times, appeared to be entering a very cave of evergreens, now and then emerging from the solemn gloom, to be dazzled for a moment by the bright sunlight, or an occasional peep, through the noble colonnade of trees, at a clearance or homestead revealing itself beyond. The only fear we had, was that of meeting a sleigh, or timber being drawn out, in which case we should have been puzzled how to pass. After leaving the hemlock regions, we passed some excellent farms and comfortable homesteads, and came to a novel and pretty piece of road, through a tamarack (larch) wood. Again, the scenery changed to totally different woodland. Clumps and single trees of most picturesque beauty of the beautiful balsam fir, with its stately conical form, the lower branches sweeping the earth, and its spiral summit pointing to the sky, as if to remind us of Him who had shed such rich beauties, with unsparing hand, for the enjoyment of those but too apt to enjoy the gifts, forgetful of the Giver.

C. HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, Nov., 1853.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONCLUDED.)

The history of the world shows great eras distinguished by remarkable events. Wonders have succeeded wonders from the earliest ages to the present day, revealing, even to the casual observer, the presence of an over-ruling Providence. Far amid the vanishing scenery of the past, bright lights have beamed, and their diffusive radiance has reached through space. Thus, streaking the evening sky of time, and blending with the gorgeous sunset of these days fall rays of glory from the beauteous bounds of Paradise, from Zion's holy summit, and from Bethlehem's humble cradle; crossing these, come pencils of light from many a monument of heroism erected along the boundaries of centuries, foremost among which, in moral splendor, stand out those records of noble perseverance erected by Columbus on the shores of a new world.

The time of ignorance is, indeed, passing away, and the period has arrived, when the self-denial, the zeal, and the enthusiasm of those who lead the way in improving the world will be appreciated. Could that illustrious navigator, who planned the voyage of discovery, arise from his repose and look around upon the continent which he introduced to civilization, he would be overwhelmed with the magnificent result of his conceptions, and might feel that earth never beheld a greater hero, or saw more exalted heroism, than that which fired his eye, and inspired his mind to toil in the wilderness and explore the Western World.

Keeping near his commander, Henri went forth with the fleet whose sails whitened the harbor of Cadiz. The song of the sailors sounded cheerfully as they heaved the anchors, and prophetic of good fortune was the joyous response from the crowd who watched the second departure of Columbus. Well equipped and manned, the Spanish squadron set sail for the New World. All hearts beat high with expectation. Friends parted hopefully. Adventure-loving cavaliers who had served in the wars, and to whom excitement and change had become necessary, greedy speculators, pale students, and devout priests, made up the company that embarked for the distant land of promise. Pre-eminent among the concourse stood Columbus, contrasting

with deep emotion the difference in his prospects since his first voyage, and looking reverently to heaven while blessing the good hand that led to success.

Henri became quite an expert sailor. Every day he might be seen on deck taking observations, reckoning distances, ascertaining the sun's altitude, and watching the heaving of the log. Sometimes a shark showed its hideous form near the ships, shoals of porpoises careered and gamboled in the calm days that overtook them, and the passengers amused themselves in trying to catch some of the many fish that swam far down in the clear depths of the ocean. Slight storms varied the monotonous calmness of the tropical latitude in which they sailed, but no adventure of importance occurred to Henri, whose time was occupied mostly in study. He won the heart of one of the ecclesiastics, who accompanied the fleet for the purpose of establishing a church in the new settlement, and read with him the best authors. Anticipating the day when he should return to his native land, he eagerly bent every energy to self-improvement. At last the fleet entered the beautiful Columbian Archipelago, and all was in motion on board the ships. Fairy-land could not exceed the luxuriant beauty that met the eyes of the adventurers as they looked out upon the lofty summits of the mountains clothed in verdure, or viewed the various trees and fruits with which the valleys and shores of the islands were covered. The spot was selected for an infant city, and all engaged with alacrity in its erection. Henri, however, soon left with a select party to explore the interior, and ascertain whether gold could be found on the island. Taking with them a compass, firearms, and some trinkets for the Indians, they set out. After toiling through majestic forests, cutting their way through the dense growth of plants and shrubs with which the fertile soil teemed, crossing rivers and plains, they at length came in sight of the lofty mountains. The party remained some days exploring the vicinity, and collected several specimens of gold from the sands of a large river that flowed at their base. Henri carried with him the necessary instruments for making topographical delineations of the face of the country near the supposed gold region. While employed in making some calculations, he lingered a few moments behind his party, and his dismay was great to find, on

finishing, that they had passed beyond him, and he was left alone in the midst of the awful solitude of that wild spot, with mountains frowning on one side, and vast forests on the other. In vain he called; the solemn echoes of his own voice awoke the stillness of the scene, and the chattering of monkeys, and the cry of parrots, were the only answers he obtained.

He set forward in the direction which he supposed his comrades had taken, but no trace of them could he see. After wandering some time in vain, he arrived on the banks of a fine stream, and then fatigue compelled him to rest for the night. The next day he examined the banks of the river, and was much surprised to see lumps of pure gold mingled with the soil, and in the sand he picked up several large pieces superior to any yet found. This discovery rendered him doubly anxious to rejoin his party. He fired off several shots, hoping to hear from them; but the painful conviction that they had carelessly deserted him, and left him to die in the wild forest, forced itself upon his mind. Hope, however, buoyed him up. He searched the sands farther, and gathered more specimens to show Columbus, in case he was ever so fortunate as to return. He was very successful, but could not cumber himself with many, as it was quite uncertain whether he ever regained the fort. He did, however, reach the colony, after enduring almost incredible hardships. After wandering twenty days, he arrived at a spot which he recognized as one which the party occupied when they went out. From that point he easily retraced his steps, until he came in sight of the settlement, and presented himself to Columbus as one restored almost from the dead. * * *

At last the wanderer returned to his native shore, the self-banished pressed his native soil, and breathed his native air. Henri honorably released from foreign service, hastened to Spain. Fortune had been propitious, he returned with wealth and distinction. His reception at Court was flattering, the world was decked in roseate tints to his excited fancy, and everything conspired to rejoice his heart.

His first care was to hasten to Valencia, to ascertain the state of his affairs, and order some repairs in the fine old mansion, where he hoped to bring his beloved Irene. He compelled himself to look over accounts, and listen to his tenants and ser-

vants from a sense of justice; but no sooner were these duties discharged, than, giving some general directions for the present, he hastened to his parents, and, as has been seen, time and foreign exposure had so altered their son, that they did not recognize in the man, the features of the youthful Henri. Not so the lady Irene, when returning consciousness showed her the strangeness of her position.

"Father," she exclaimed, "where am I? I fancied I heard his voice! Oh, one week more my father,—send me not from you yet, let my deliverance from the terrible banditti be an occasion of joy."

Tears trembled in the doting father's eyes, while he answered, "My dear child you shall not hear from Don Lucien again, only be happy, and smile upon your father, and he will ask no more,—you shall be left to your own choice." At this juncture a stir was made, and a shout was heard in the adjoining room; catching its import as the words Henri! Henri! were pronounced joyfully, the lady Irene raised herself quickly, but just as Henri entered the room, she fell back in a swoon, joy was too much for the heart, that had hoped and watched for years. Reserve was at an end, Henri rushed forward, and received her form in his arms, exclaiming, "She is mine, she is mine"—and she was his. Ere another moon waned, the pale flower of Xarinos, glowing with returning health and happiness, stood at the altar with Don Henri Baptiste. Great was the rejoicing among the villagers, and great was the feasting, and merry-making in honor of the happy event. The mansion in Valencia was repaired, and furnished in a style suited to the fortune and taste of its possessors, and thither, Senor Honorus followed his idolized daughter, who delighted to soothe his declining years. There too, Henri drew round his hospitable board the intelligent and accomplished, who could appreciate his character, and derive pleasure from his society.

The village of Xarinos still retains many of its legendary characteristics, it still nestles along the side of the mountain, and its white cottages peep forth amid bowers of grape vines, or orchards of olive trees; but it never saw a nobler expression of manhood than Henri, or looked upon a lovelier bride than the lady Irene.

Montreal, 1853.

REPLY TO CHARADE BY OSCAR IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

"Love" is the magic link that binds
Our human hearts together,
Constant, when fann'd by summer winds,
And firm in wintry weather.

And "Letters," who can speak their worth,
Save those from lov'd ones parted?
There's but one better boon on earth,—
To gladden the sad-hearted.

And when those letters breathe of joy,
And own love's golden fetters,
We gladly hail the swift post-boy,
Who brings us our "Love-Letters."

Montreal, November, 1853. EDLA.

ENIGMA.

Four letters I always contain,
And can also be spelt with but two;
With the pocket I'm coupled with pain,
But agree with your head. Is that true?

A. T. C.

The solution to the "Enigma" in November number, is "*Horse-radish.*"

EDITORIAL.

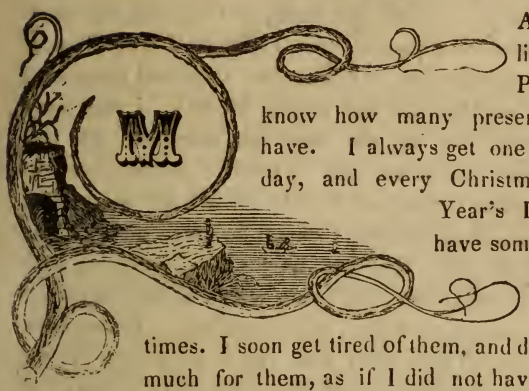
We thank our Correspondents for the promptness with which they have sent their contributions. Several articles are lying by us, which we have not room to insert. The increasing number of contributions is encouraging in every way. We trust as the holidays are approaching, the number of our subscribers will increase. The Publisher is prepared to furnish sets complete of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd volumes, which, when bound, will form a cheap and suitable holiday gift.

How many pleasant days have gladdened us during the Fall. Now, old Boreas struggles to throw off all melting influences. He will soon break away from them, and give us in real earnest, what we have had a taste of so far, and we shall hear him blustering by in a genuine snow storm, rattling windows, whistling through crevices, and altogether making a thorough stir. God help the poor and homeless, for the pelting storm and howling wind pour on them in unmitigated fury. No friendly blaze casts its cheerful light athwart their gloom; they gather their scanty garments around them, and crouch down in despair. But hark! what mean those sweet cadences that float on the distant air? They rise grandly and joyfully; angels sing "peace on earth, good will to men;" symphony and chorus proclaim His praise, who came to bind up the broken hearted, to succor the poor and needy. May the Christmas bells ring joyous peals for the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, and call them to extend blessings to others, for such joy, like waves of sound, radiates in wide circles.

"Musings at Eventide" is in type, and will appear in our next.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

ANNIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



"MAMMA, said little Annie Prescott, "you know how many presents I always have. I always get one on my birth-day, and every Christmas and New Year's I am sure to have something pretty; besides a great many at other times. I soon get tired of them, and do not care so much for them, as if I did not have so many."

"That is true, Annie," said her mother, "but what made you think of it now?"

"Why, mamma, I was going to ask you to let me have the money which that work-box would cost instead of the box, which you promised me for New Year's."

"Surely, dear Annie, you have not tired of that rosewood work-box before you have it, and you have wished for it so long!"

"No, mamma, but I do so wish for the money, and if you will let me choose, I would prefer it to the box."

"But what can you want of the money?"

"If you will take me to walk mamma, I will tell you."

"Well, Annie, as you have been thoughtful and obedient for the last week, I will grant your request, so go and ask Lucy to put on your things, and I will accompany you."

Annie was soon ready, and running down to the parlour, waited impatiently for her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" said she, as soon as her mother appeared, "how glad I am that you are going with me."

"Well, my daughter, I must know where you wish to take me, and what use you can desire to make of that money."

"Well, mamma, I was at the Sunday School yesterday, you know, and our teacher was late in coming, and the girls were talking about what nice Christmas presents they had, and what they hoped they should have on New Year's. They all seemed very happy excepting one little girl, not as old as I, who sat by herself at one end of the seat. She looked very sad, and no one

said anything to her, but some of the girls looked scornfully at her old clothes, and whispered to each other about her. She was dressed very meanly, in an old thin dress, and she had very poor shoes. She looked so unhappy, that I thought I would speak to her and try to comfort her, so I asked her if she had a pleasant Christmas, and whether she had a nice present. I was sorry as soon as I asked this, for she burst into tears, and told me that she never had one in her life. I tried to comfort her, but just then our teacher came, and I could not talk any more with her. As soon as school was out, I started for home, and saw just before me the same girl. She was running along shivering with cold; I did not overtake her; but I saw which corner she turned and saw her go into an old house, down an alley. I have been thinking about her all day, and I want you to go with me to see her, for I know she must be a good girl, she always behaves so well at Sunday school. I want you to see what she needs, and let me have that money, and get her a New Year's gift, instead of having the work-box."

"My dear Annie," said Mrs. P., "I am glad that you are not selfish, but feel for the sufferings of others; I will go with you to see this little girl, and if she seems worthy, you may do as you wish about giving her the present; I doubt not it will make you far happier, than to have the box yourself, for the Bible says 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Thank you, mamma," said Annie; "and now we are almost there; I saw her go into that cellar door; shall you be afraid to go down there?"

"No, my dear, if poor people live here, surely we may visit them."

We will now leave Annie and her mother at the door, and take our readers into a dark under-ground room, and introduce them to little Nelly Collins and her sick mother. It is some time before Annie and Mrs. P. arrived. Poor Mrs. Collins is very ill, and Nelly is sitting by her, and talking in a very earnest, sorrowful tone.

"But, dearest mother, it is *hard* not to envy those who have enough to eat, and plenty of clothes to keep them warm?"

"It may be hard, Nelly," replied her mother, "but we must try, for our Father in Heaven has told us, that it is wicked to envy."

"Mamma," said Nelly, "is it really *true* that *we* have a *Father* in Heaven?"

"My dear child, have I not often told you about the great and good God, who is our Father, who made us, and keeps us alive from day to day?"

"Yes, mamma, but when I get to thinking about his being *our Father*, it does seem strange, that he should let us suffer so much, when he might, if he is so great and powerful as you say, at once supply all our wants I am sure; my own dear papa, who died so long ago, even before I can remember, but of whom you and sister Mary have told me so much, I am sure he never would have let so much sorrow come upon us, if he could have helped it."

"My dearest Nelly," said Mrs. Collins, "you are a very young child, only eight years old, and cannot understand all that is said to you, and Satan has taken advantage of your ignorance, and put these wicked thoughts into your heart. Let me tell you about God, our kind Heavenly Father. He loves us, and cares for us, and though we are very poor and often have nothing to eat, and no fire to keep us warm, still God sends us many blessings, and has promised to take care of us while we live, and that if we love Him, and try to serve Him, by and by he will take us to a beautiful and happy home in Heaven. Ought we not to be willing to live here a little time, even if we have to suffer many things, if we shall then go to live for ever in a glorious bright home in heaven?"

"Yes, mamma, and I always feel so when you talk to me; but when I sit still and think how miserable we are, and how much pain you suffer, and how hard sister Mary has to work, it makes me so unhappy; and to-day, I felt so more than ever, and so I spoke out my thoughts, which I never did before."

"What makes you feel so more to-day? we have bread in the house, and a kind gentleman has sent us a load of wood; I am sure we ought to be very grateful to God, who has provided these things for us."

"Well, mamma, I went yesterday to the Sunday school, and before our teacher came, the girls were talking about the fine things they had at Christmas, and what they expected to have for New Year's gifts. They all had nice new dresses, warm worsted ones, and fine hats and cloaks, and they looked at my

old faded cotton dress, and worn out shoes, and moved away from me, as if they thought I would hurt them. Indeed, dearest mamma, I would much rather not go again to the Sunday school, it makes me so unhappy. I thought how I never had a Christmas or New Year's present in my whole life, and I remembered that my dress, mean as it was, was better than sister Mary's, and then I felt as if I must cry; but I would not let them see me cry, so I sat still as far from them as I could, and thought many things."

"Did all the girls look scornfully at you, my poor Nelly?"

"No, not all mother, for one girl,—she is a new scholar—and the prettiest, and best dressed one in the class, looked as if she pitied me, and came up to me and asked me how I spent my Christmas, and if I had any nice present. I could not keep from crying then, mamma, and when I told her I never had one in all my life, she looked sad enough to cry too, but the teacher came then and she did not say anything more. I have thought a great deal about it yesterday, and to-day, and I hope you are not angry with me for speaking so."

"No, my dear, I wish you always to speak freely to me; but what are some of the things that you have been thinking of?"

"Well, mamma, I thought how I should love to have a present—a real New Year's gift; and then I wished that I could buy one for you and sister Mary; and I thought that yours should be a little rose in a pot—because you so love flowers, and cannot go out of this dark room to see them; and sister Mary's should be a good new dress, and then I wished for a good dinner on New Year's day, that we might have enough to eat that day—and then—and then I thought of so many things that we need, that I just stopped wishing; and then I remembered how you always called God our Father in Heaven, and thought it strange, if he was our Father, that he let us need so many things, when he could so easily provide for all our wants; and it puzzled me thinking about it, and I thought I would speak to you."

"I am glad, Nelly, that you did. It is not very strange that these thoughts came into your heart, but you must not let them stay there. God is our Father, and his love is greater than any earthly parent's can be. He has chosen to make us poor, and to afflict me with sickness; yet I know that he loves me, and that when he sees fit, he will take me *home* to my Father's house in heaven. I want my little Nelly to love, and serve her Heavenly Father, that she

too may at last be permitted to go to that happy home on high. All these things that you desire would make us very comfortable; but though we had them all, and a great many more, they could not make us happy if we had not God for our Father, and there will come a time when we shall need none of them—for in our Father's house, every want shall be supplied, and nothing shall ever trouble us again."

"I am glad I spoke to you, mamma, about my thoughts; I will try to get rid of them."

"That is best my daughter. Go, now, and put a little wood on the fire, and then get you a piece of bread, for you must be hungry. But stop, Nelly, I think some one is at the door. Will you go and see?"

Nelly met Mrs. Prescott and Annie at the door, and brought them in to see her mother. They had heard the few last words of Nelly, and Annie was looking very sad.

Mrs. P. made many inquiries of Nelly's mother about their condition, and she told them that she had been sick for a long time —that they were too poor to pay a physician; so she had seen none; but that now no one could make her well. She said she did not expect to live long, and did not wish to, only for the sake of her poor children. She said that her kind husband had died many years before—when Nelly was a baby, that since then she had worked and earned bread and clothing for herself and children till she was too ill to do so any longer. When Mrs. P. asked what support she had had since she was sick, she told her that her daughter Mary, who was twelve years old, had found a place where they gave her a little money for what she could do—and this kept them alive.

"I was not always so poor," said she, as she saw Annie's eyes filling with tears at the sad story; "I once had a good home, and while my dear husband lived, we knew nothing of want or suffering; but since then my Father in Heaven has taught me many lessons, and I have learned to look to my home above, for the happiness which I once tried to find here."

Here little Annie asked if it did not seem hard to lie there and suffer so much pain.

"Yes," answered she, "it does sometimes; but then I think how much my Saviour once suffered for me, and that helps me to be patient; and I know that it is for some good, that my Father afflicts me."

Mrs. P. then said many comforting things to this poor woman —telling her that God had been most merciful to her, though she was so ill and poor, for He had given her heavenly things instead of earthly good. She inquired particularly about their wants, and giving Mrs. Collins some money to use that day, she told her she would soon come again and see her. After bidding them good morning, Annie and her mother started for home.

"Oh, mamma," said Annie, as soon as she was in the street, "how good it seems to breathe this fresh air! how close it seemed down there, and how wretched those poor people are!"

"I am glad," said Mrs. P., "that you brought me here, for this is a case of real suffering, and it will be a pleasure to do something towards relieving it."

"Mamma," said Annie, "did you hear what Nelly said about God's being their Father, and how earnestly her mother spoke of him as 'our Father in Heaven'?"

"I did, my dear, and it touched my heart. She is indeed a happy woman in the midst of all her trials, to have such child-like confidence in God."

We need not enter into the particulars of the kindnesses shown by Mrs. Prescott to this suffering family. In her they found a true friend, one who helped them to help themselves.

Our young readers will be interested to know that Annie was as good as her word, and with her mother's advice expended the five dollars, which her work-box would have cost, in making up a basket of useful things for Nelly and her mother. This contained among other things, a new dress and some shoes for both Mary and Nelly, and a beautiful Bible for Nelly, "as a *real* New Year's gift;" accompanying this basket, was a pot containing a monthly rose, with several roses in bloom, and a number of buds. A plentiful provision for a good dinner, was also sent by Mrs. P.— The basket and flower-pot were taken to their humble home, which already looked brighter, early on New Year's morning, and left inside the door without any message. But when Nelly in her almost frantic joy was uncovering the basket, a little slip of paper fell out, on which was written in a child's hand—"To Nelly, from her Father in Heaven." Nelly and her mother felt that indeed God had put it into the heart of some kind friend to remember them, and while duly grateful to those who had been so generous to them, they forgot not to thank their "Father in Heaven."

It is not necessary to say that Annie's joy equalled that of Nelly, and she said many times that New Year's day, that no gift she had ever received gave her half as much happiness as the one she had bestowed upon this poor family. She never doubted that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

S———.

Springfield, O.

MUSINGS AT EVENTIDE.

When the soul seeks to hear * * * * * *
* * * * * And the heart listens.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

How sweet the time—how calm the light,
Is deep'ning into shades of night;
The shadows creep across my way—
Above my head,
Night's pall is spread—
The earth is robed in garb of grey.

Upon the swaying hemlock's bough,
Sits, silently, the noisome crow—
Hath ceased the Robin's peerless song;—
Through the dark grove,
Like plaint of love,
The mournful zephyr sighs along.

On mountain top—on grassy plain,
On yellow fields of waving grain,
The pearly dews are slowly shed—
O'er the deep brake,
O'er sleeping lake,
The gathering mists are dimly spread.

But yet, though darkness shroudeth all,
I hear the murmuring waters fall—
The tinklings of the silver brook;—
While from afar,
The vesper star
Doth greet me with a pensive look.

Oh! joyous thought—though darkling even
Shuts out the earth—it opens heaven—
Disclosing scenes for ever bright,
Where troubles cease,
And all is peace,
And Faith beholds with undimm'd sight.

PERSOLUS.

Vankleek Hill, 1853.

J. WILKES Sc

THE BOSPHORUS.

The conflicts now existing between the Turks and Russians must be familiar to most readers of this periodical. The locality, therefore, of which a very distinct and correct representation is here given, is necessarily invested with peculiar and painful interest. The obtuse point of the angle of an unequal triangle, which forms the figure of the imperial city of Constantinople, and which advances toward the East and the shores of Asia, meets and repels the waves of the Thracian Bosphorus. The Bosphorus itself, as a great writer further observes, is the winding channel through which the waters of the Euxine flow with a rapid and incessant course towards the Mediterranean. The Straits of the Bosphorus are terminated by the Cyanean Rocks, which, according to the description of the poets, had once floated on the face of the waters, and were destined by the gods to protect the entrance of the Euxine against the eye of profane curiosity. We reject the fables which attach to much of the scenery of this neighborhood, and reject the dismal superstition which has for ages enveloped the inhabitants generally; but we must admire the taste and talent, though rude comparitively, which has been displayed along the banks of the Bosphorus. We are told that from the Cyanean Rocks to the point and harbor of Byzantium (Constantinople), the winding length of the Bosphorus extends about sixteen miles, and its most ordinary breadth may be computed at about one mile and a half, being, however, much narrower in many places. Anthon, in his Classical Dictionary, says, "Various reasons have been assigned for the name. The best is that which makes the appellation refer to the early passage of *agricultural knowledge* from East to West (Βους, an Ox, and πορους, a Passage)." Nymphius tells us, on the authority of Accarion, that the Phrygians, desiring to pass the Thracian Strait, built a vessel on whose prow was the figure of an ox, calling the strait over which it carried them, Bosphorus, or the Ox's Passage. The origin of the name may not be very certain, but if you will look at the beautiful engraving, you will agree that it is a great pity that any other than the arts of peace and civilization should be cultivated there. All must contemplate with sorrow the probabilities of the waters of the Bosphorus being stained with human blood, and made terrible with the

storms of war,—devastating and destructive war. Many interesting Christian Missions have been established among the Turks, and have been very successful. It may be hoped that nothing will arise to blast the prospects of these missions. We hope the Bosphorus will be a free and unrestricted channel, through which the Word of God and a true civilization will pass to thousands and millions of the human race.

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

(*Concluded from last Number.*)

It seemed as if she had but just fallen asleep, when Betty very unceremoniously burst open her door, and slamming back the shutters to let in the gray light of morning,—"*Miss* Warren," said she, "do, for gracious, see what this means. Here was the market-boy a-thumping me up a full hour before time, and he set down his basket and run like shot; and I opened it, and what should I see right on top but this letter for you, from Mr. Warren! Something or other is wrong, you may depend upon it."

Mrs. Warren, trembling with impatience, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"DEAREST JULIETTE:

"Don't be frightened, now, into one of your poor turns. Nothing very dreadful has happened, or is going to happen, that I know of. Read my letter quietly, and take what cannot be helped as easy as you can.

"My business has been running behindhand for a good while. Every year I have found myself deeper and deeper in debt. It wore upon me dreadfully, and I made up my mind at last that I could not stand it so for a great while. I never liked to talk to you about it; you always seemed to have troubles enough of your own. The other day, when I was looking over my accounts, a friend came in to ask me if I would sell out. He wanted to buy, and offered me a fair price. 'But what shall I do?' said I. 'Go to California,' says he; 'there is a splendid chance for you,—a ship sails next week.' He said so much that I took his advice. I sold out, paid up all my debts, paid your house-rent for two years in

advance, and Betty one quarter ahead. After this was all done, I had but just enough to fit me out, and fifty dollars over, which I enclose for you. It will answer for the present. You can by and by let your house, and go home to your mother, if you think it best. I have no time to think or plan for you now. I will write as soon as I can. When you read this, I shall be far on my way, if we are prospered.

"I love you, Juliette, and my children; and it is for your sakes, mainly, that I have taken this step. You could none of you bear poverty. I go in the ship *Emily*. I will write you all the particulars by the first opportunity. Keep up a good heart, now; depend upon it I shall come home a rich man. Gold is as plenty as blackberries in California, and I am not ashamed to dig. I have a strong arm and a stout heart. Kiss the children for me, and tell Betty I won't forget her, if she will do well by you while I am gone. Believe me that I am still yours, affectionately,

"HARRY WARREN."

The reading of this letter, as might be imagined, was followed by a fit of hysterics, and shrieks, and floods of tears, and wringing of hands. At one time, Mrs. Warren would call her husband the greatest savage living. Then, again, she would soften down into grief, like that of the children who mourned over him as over one dead. Between them all and her own sorrow, Betty had a hard time of it that day. However, she stood at her post bravely; with coaxing and scolding, she managed the children, succeeded in quieting them, and before night Mrs. Warren was more calm. Betty had such wonderful stories laid up in some little corner of her brain about the gold in California, how many people she had heard of who had come back rich as Crœsus, that Mrs. Warren could not but listen. Then Betty was so sure that Mr. Warren would make his fortune,—he was just the man for it,—that the hysterics finally had to yield to the golden visions. Still, Mrs. Warren passed from this state into one of settled melancholy, and continued so for many weeks. She took no interest either in her house or children. She gave money to Betty, and let her do as she pleased with it. If they had anything to eat, it was all very well; and if they had nothing, it was just the same. She neither went out nor saw any one at home. Her time was

spent between the sofa and bed. If she tried to divert herself with anything, it was with very light reading, but generally even that required more effort than she chose to make. The children learned to keep out of her way; she could bear no noise, she said, and they did not like to be with her. Still she had been so long inefficient in her family, that she was not much missed; they were accustomed to do without her.

One day Betty came in as usual for money. Mrs. Warren went to her purse, and, to her utter amazement, found that she had but one ten-dollar bill left. She handed it to Betty, and, with the empty purse in her hand, she sunk down into a seat. For the first time it flashed over her that there was a bottom to her purse; and, who was to refill it? She had been so absorbed by her own selfish sorrows, that she really had not before given the subject a thought. She was overwhelmed at this discovery. What was now to be done? What *should* she do? Where should she go? Roused by this stirring necessity, her mind began to work with vigor. Plan succeeded plan, and thought thought, in wild confusion. She would go home to her mother.—She would *not* go home to her mother. The children would kill the old folks. But she *must* go home to her mother. — No she *would'nt* go home to her mother. A poor, deserted wife, with four children on her hands, —the shame of it would kill her; she would beg first. But, what could she do? Here gaped before her an empty purse. "What can I do? I 'll keep school. — O! I should die, shut up in a hot room, with a parcel of children. I could not live one month and keep school. Then I must fill up my house with boarders.—What could I do with boarders, sick as I am all the while? I hate house-keeping; I cannot bear care!" Wide gaped the empty purse still. She flung it down, and herself, too, on the carpet, and wept like a child. "My children must have bread, and *I* must get it for them." Ah! now those tears fall for them; the first tears which had fallen for any one but self. They softened her parching heart, and refreshed it as summer rain the thirsty earth.

"I will *not* go home!" said she, rousing herself with a sudden energy. "I believe that I can, and I will, support my family myself. I know it is in me. I will fill my house with

boarders. I will get a living, and I will set about it before my last dollar is gone." Back went the clasp of the empty purse, and its gaping mouth was silenced.

Juliette Harwood had not been like Mrs. Warren. She had both energy and sweetness of character when Henry Warren wooed her. The seeds of her future misery, however, had been carefully sown by her over-indulgent mother. If anything ailed Juliette, it was a great affair. She was nursed, and tended, and babied, and never allowed to exert herself at all. She was brought up to feel that everything must yield to her poor feelings; so that when, after her marriage, her health really became somewhat delicate, she had no resolution to meet it. As we have seen she became selfish and indifferent. Another day had now dawned, and the latent energy of Juliette Harwood must come forth to Juliette Warren. That kind heart and strong arm, which had so long supported her, had been taken away. Now she had no one but herself to depend upon.

"I will take boarders." This she settled, and with promptness went immediately about it. For the first time since her husband's departure, she went out on a week-day. She went to her husband's friend, Charles Morton. Mr. Morton could scarcely refrain from expressing his astonishment, when he heard her proposal. Sad misgivings he had as to its success; nevertheless, he promised to aid her. Indeed, he knew then of two young men who were looking for just such a place. As they were near by, he offered to go at once and see them. Mrs. Warren sat down and awaited his return. The young men accepted the offer, and wished to come the next day. This was pressing matters hard. Mrs. Warren calculated on some weeks, at least, for preparation, — she knew she must get used to effort; but here it was, — she must take the boarders at their time, or lose them. She decided to take them.

Betty as yet knew not a word about the matter. "Would she consent to remain," anxiously thought Mrs. Warren, "to remain and work so much harder? Then she had had her own way so long, would she bear a mistress? If she should go, how was her place to be supplied? She had been so long in the family, she knew everything they had, and where it was

kept." Mrs. Warren felt her ignorance. She would have to go to Betty to ask about everything. Indeed, she did not know what she had. It seemed as if she could not stir hand or foot without Betty. Yet, if she would go, she must make up her mind to it; for here she was,—her boarders were engaged. More than anything else, she dreaded breaking the subject to Betty. This was her first trial; it was a severe one, and we must not blame her too much, because, woman-like, she sat down first and had a good cry over it. But crying did not help it any, and time pressed. So she wound up her resolution once more, and called Betty.

"Marm?" said she.

"I want to see you a few minutes, Betty."

"I am busy now; I 'll come by and by."

"I cannot wait, Betty. I want to see you now."

The very unusual tone of decision in which this was uttered surprised Betty into instant obedience.

"What do you want of me?" said she, rather pettishly, as she entered the parlor.

Mrs. Warren's heart sunk. "I want to talk with you, Betty, a little about my plans. I 've got to do something to get a living. My money is all gone. I gave you the last dollar, this morning."

"The land! Well, I've been expecting it, this some time. I s'pose now you will go home to your mother."

"No, I have decided not to go home. I am going to fill my house up with boarders, and two are coming to-morrow," said she, making a desperate effort to get the worst out.

"Well, if that an't a pretty piece of work!" said Betty, her face turning all manner of colors; "and you think I am going to take care of you and the children, and a house-full of boarders into the bargain, do you? I tell you, *Miss* Warren, I won't slave myself to death so, for nobody!"

"I did not think you would," said Mrs. Warren, slowly and sadly. "I had about made up my mind that you would leave me, and I should have to get another girl. I will go to the office now. You will stay, Betty, long enough to teach her the way round, won't you?"

Betty looked thunderstruck; she could not immediately speak.

"And you sick all the time!" said she, at last. "You can't do nothing. How will you look going down and seeing to dinner, with one of your headaches, I should like to know?"

"I expect it will come hard on me, Betty; but I cannot help it,—it must be done. I have made up my mind to it. You will stay with me a fortnight, won't you? I don't expect to get any one to fill your place, you have been with us so long; —let me see, now, ever since Henry was born;—you seem like one of us. Still, I must do the best I can. Do, for my sake, Betty, try and make it easy for me to break in a new hand. I will go right out now, and see what I can do."

Mrs. Warren began to tie on her bonnet.

"Well, if this an't pretty times!" said Betty, her face becoming redder and redder, while her voice grew husky. "Do you think, *Miss* Warren, that I am really a going off to leave you in such a pickle? I guess I can work as hard as you, any day; and if we can't both of us together get victuals and drink for the children, why, we 'll give it up. When I am gone, you can get another gal, if you are a mind to."

So Betty remained, and took hold of her new labors courageously. This was an inexpressible relief to Mrs. Warren. Indeed, it is somewhat doubtful whether she could have gone on without her.

Her house filled up rapidly, and unwearied exertions and care were necessary to keep it in order. After some severe struggles with her old habits of indolence and indulgence, she came off conqueror. She found out there was such a thing as keeping illness confined within its proper sphere,—that is, to the body, while the mind might go free. She found out that throbbing temples and disordered nerves could be made to *obey*, as well as *rule*. At those times when, if left to the dictates of her own poor feelings, she would scarcely have dragged one foot after another, she found out that she could step about her day's work, and briskly, too. Every victory gained made her stronger. Then, in addition to this moral renovation, her health really improved. She found out there was no doctor for her like Dr. "*Have-to.*" Her cheeks became ruddy and her eyes bright, and her mind awoke to cheerfulness and activity, in the pleasant society which was now about her. Juliette Warren, in a few months, was very much changed, as

all would have seen, could they have gone with Betty to her chamber, when, for the first time since the day the boarders came. she carried up a meal to her, and found her on the bed with her mending basket by her, thimble on, work in hand, trying between the paroxysms of pain to set a few stitches.

"The land, *Miss* Warren!" said old Betty, "if I was as sick as to go to bed, I am sure I would n't sew."

"O, I must; I cannot afford time to be sick."

"Well, now, if I shall not give it all up! What do you think Mr. Warren would say, to see you now? I 'll bet he would n't believe his own eyes."

Mrs. Warren made no reply; but this remark of Betty's went like an arrow to her heart. In an instant a gleam of light shot across the past. As if by a sudden revelation, she saw at a glance all its mistakes. Days, months, nay, years, were marshalled before her; through all of which she had been the sick, complaining, inefficient wife and mother. She was almost overwhelmed; she had never seen it so before. Scene after scene crowded upon her mind, in which she had taxed her husband's patience to the utmost. And what had she given him in return for all his kindness? Nothing. His home had been uncomfortable, and his money had been wasted. Now she could see plainly enough why he left her. Now she felt how deeply she had wronged him. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. All her early love for him revived in its intensity. "O my God!" she exclaimed, in a burst of grief, "spare him, O, spare him to return, that I may make some amends for the injury I have done him, and that he may know of my penitence and love!"

For many days after this, Mrs. Warren carried with her an aching heart. It required a prodigious effort for her to make exertion, in this state of feeling; but it must be done. Even sorrow could not be indulged in selfishly.

She sought some comfort by writing to her husband, stealing time for this from her sleep. These letters, by the way, never reached him; neither did his reach her.

At this time, also, she formed another plan, which was a comfort to her. She determined to lay by every cent which she could possibly spare from her earnings, hoping to collect at least a small sum towards assisting her husband in setting

up in business, should he come home as poor as he went. This gave her a new motive for exertion. She gave her whole mind to her business. Her house was popular; her table was filled to overflowing; her affairs were well managed. She was, as she deserved to be,—for there were not ten ladies in the city who made more effort,—she *was successful.* Her children were put out to the best schools. They improved rapidly in mind and manners. Henry was a great help to her; he was a manly little fellow, with his father's kind heart.

Betty continued to rule in the kitchen, though a stout girl was brought in to serve under her. The boarders always knew Betty's cooking,—no one else made things taste quite so well; so she kept on her way, doing her full share of the fretting and scolding, and her full share of the work, too. She never let her mistress go ahead of her; on her feet she would stand "as long as *Miss* Warren, she knew," if she was tired enough to drop.

One morning Mrs. Warren was presiding, as usual, at her cheerful breakfast-table. She looked the personification of health and neatness. Her soft, glossy hair was brushed back under an embroidered cap, which was tied with rose-colored strings, deepening a little the shade of the peach-blossom on her cheek. A neat morning dress, fitting her trim figure, was finished off at top by a white collar, which encircled her white throat. She was handing a cup of coffee, when she heard the front door open. As her table was full, she set down the cup to listen. Steps were heard on the stairs. Mr. Morton entered the dining-room, and a gentleman followed.—A stranger, was he? His sun-burnt face was almost concealed by immense mustaches and whiskers. He was stout and short, and singularly dressed.—A stranger, was he? Eye met eye and heart leaped to heart, and with a scream of joy she sprang to meet her husband. Yes, it was he. There he was, safe and sound, toils and dangers notwithstanding,—safe in his own home; the wife of his early love restored to him; his children, boys of whom any man might be proud, shouting around him; and there, in the rear, faithful old Betty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, and crying, because "she did not know what on airth else to do."

As we are strangers, it would be polite for us to withdraw, with the boarders, and leave the family to their well-earned joy; but we cannot refrain from stealing, by and by, away from the children, up stairs with Harry Warren and his wife, into the old chamber. No camphor and ammonia are there now, I promise you. They sat down in the old arm-chair together, and Juliette told over her story, showing the purse, which, when empty, with gaping mouth, preached to her so loudly and fearfully one day, and what effort and toil it cost her to fill it, and how much good the toil had done her. Then, with trembling voice and bowed head, she lingered on that night of bitterest sorrow, when Betty gave her the key of the past, and she saw how, through excessive selfishness, she had sinned. She told, too, how her heart had asked for her husband's forgiveness. Then came the plan she had found comfort in. With glistening eye and trembling fingers, she snapped open the purse before him, and showed to him her little treasure of hoarded gold, hoarded for him alone; she poured it all out into his hard, brown hand, while the tears, big tears, rolling down his swarthy cheeks, dropped upon it. He, weeping over a little heap of yellow dust, who, in California's mines, had gathered it by the spade-full! Yet not California, with all her golden treasures, could have purchased for the grateful man what this had given him.

We must not linger over the opening of the old chest, which was so well freighted with native ore; enough for all, Betty included, and enough, we presume, to have set Mr. Warren up in that very handsome store where last we saw him.

Juliette Warren is still in comfortable health, an energetic woman, and a first-rate housekeeper. If ever she finds herself "*running down*," as they say, she takes to her old *Doctor Have-to;* and if no necessity is laid upon her for exertion, she lays it upon herself. Long life and happiness to them and their children!

Should there be any wives who have not yet been able to find out what sent their husbands to California, Juliette's history may give them a little light on the matter.—*Selected.*

THE DROPPING WELL.

Spring-water, even that which is the most transparent, generally contains certain mineral substances, gathered from the soil through which the water flows. The substances are often so completely dissolved as to leave the water clear and sparkling, while they add to its wholesome qualities, and also render it agreeable to the taste.

It is owing to these mineral substances that many springs have the property of petrifying objects,—that is, covering them entirely with a stony crust, which makes them appear as if changed into stone. Such springs are seen in several parts of our own country; but far more strikingly in foreign lands, in the neighborhood of volcanos. The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, is one of our most noted petrifying springs. It rises at the foot of a limestone rock on the south-west bank of the river Nidd, opposite to the ruins of Knaresborough Castle. After running about twenty yards towards the river, it spreads itself over the top of a cliff, from whence it trickles down in a number of places, dropping very fast, and making a tinkling sound in its fall. The spring is supposed to send forth twenty gallons of water every minute, and while in rapid motion, the fine particles in which it

abounds are carried forward, or very slightly deposited; but as it approaches the cliff, or rocky elevation above named, it meets with a gentle ascent, becomes languid in its pace, and then deposits abundantly on grass, twigs, stones, &c., a petrifying substance which renders them exceedingly beautiful. The cliff is about thirty feet high, forty-five feet long, and from thirty to forty broad, having started from the main bank, upwards of a century ago, leaving a chasm of two or three yards wide. The water is carried over this chasm by an aqueduct; but there is sufficient waste to form beautiful petrifactions in the hollow. Small branches of trees, roots of grass and other objects, are incrusted with spar, and, together with pillars of the same substance, like stalactites, fringing the banks, form an interesting sight. The top of the cliff is covered with plants, flowers, and shrubs, such as ash, elder, ivy, geranium, wood-anemone, lady's mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, meadow-sweet, &c. Pieces of moss, birds' nests, containing eggs, and a variety of other objects, are exhibited to visitors, as proofs of the petrifying qualities of the water. The weight of the water is twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than that of common water. The top of the cliff projects considerably beyond the bottom, and the water is thus thrown to some distance from the side of the cliff, which is of a concave form.—*Selected.*

AN EPICEDE.

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."—Our Saviour.

Dear though thou wert to me, much more beloved
Than all the other valued gifts bestowed
By the rich hand of free beneficence
Upon my varied lot, yet will not I
Mourn o'er thy early loss, deep though thy worth,
Thy unassuming virtue, thy pure truth,
Thy firm fidelity and constant love
Had wrought themselves into the very core
Of my heart's best affections; though thou wert
The child of many hopes, the staff and stay
Of my declining years; and though thy place,
Now vacant, whether in my home or heart,
Can never more be filled, I will not grieve
As those who have no hope. 'Tis true I thought

That when my years were wearing to a close,
And health and strength gave way
Before the hand of time, that thy kind arm
Would then sustain me,—and, when sickness came,
Thy hand would then support my throbbing brow,
And thy sweet voice would pour into my ear
The promises of truth, and guide my thoughts
To mansions glorious, full of light and love,
Beyond the solar walk or milky way.
Though such my aspirations were, and though
My hopes and joys lie buried in thy grave,
Yet will I not resign myself to grief;
For I have hope, that thou art even now
A seraph with the choral throng on high;
And when I backward look upon thy worth,
(And memory loves to trace again the scenes
When thou wert with me), thy unchanging love,
Thy gentle meekness, unpretending faith,—
Yea, more, thy quiet life and tranquil death
Convinces me, beyond the reach of doubt,
That thou art now a dweller in those realms
Where pain, or care, or sorrow cannot come.

And when I stood beside thy open grave,
Saw the cold earth upon thy coffin fall,
And heard the "dust to dust" repeated, then
I felt that even thy faded form would rise
A glorious body, meet for the abode
Of such a pure and sainted soul as thine;
And further still, when o'er thy silent dust
We placed, with cautious hands, the unsculptured stone—
I then believed, and ever shall believe,
The grave had over thee no victory gained—
That death had lost the venom of his sting;
And I am comforted with thoughts like these:—

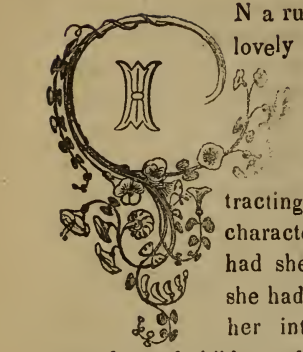
Would that my death may be as calm as thine,
Or rather, that the few remaining days,
Or months, or years of my fast fleeting life
May be as thine was, tranquil and serene—
Full of meek piety, and fervid love,
And resignation to the will of heaven;—
Would that the staff of Israel's Shepherd King
May stay the parent as it stayed the child,
Even in the dark and shadowy vale of death,
And through the gloomy portals of the grave.

T. H.

Vankleekhill, August, 1853.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE EXILE'S DAUGHTER.



N a rude hut on the banks of the Obi dwelt a lovely child. Her dark blue eyes were full of expression, and her soft golden curls fell round a brow of intellectual beauty. She was one of those happy spirits who seem to flit round us, extracting joy from scenes which an ordinary character would not notice. Small material had she for improvement, it is true; but these she had thankfully embraced, and consequently her intelligence far exceeded that of many more favored children of her age. Her happiest moments were those which she spent studying the few books which her father had brought with him into exile. He was of noble birth, and Franziska had known the tenderest care, until in an evil hour the Emperor, with Russian despotism, banished her parents to the wilds of Siberia. Despair overshadowed their hearts at first, but the sweet flower of their love was still left to them, and bloomed as freshly amid those frozen wastes as when nurtured in a St. Petersburg conservatory. They lived for their child. To instruct and train her mind formed the delight of their evenings. Their home was small, but scrupulously neat. True refinement of character cannot exist allied to untidiness of person, where there is power to better one's condition, and accordingly it often happens that noble exiles engage at once in the most servile employments rather than suffer the misery of living in wretchedness; indeed, they often become far more expert than common laborers, since their superior intelligence enables them to work to advantage.

The situation of the Siberian exile is much more endurable than it used to be years since. The descendants of former exiles have settled in villages, and many of them enjoy considerable comfort; they hunt the wild beasts that roam the forests and plains, and keep up a brisk trade in furs, dried bear's meat, reindeer flesh, &c., which they take to Tobolsk, Omsk, and other cities, and receive in exchange articles that they need.

The hut where Franziska lived was built of pine logs. No plane or saw shaped them into fair proportions. The trees were

simply felled, then the branches were lopped off, and the trunks drawn to the place destined for the house. These were then placed one above another, and a thatch, or roof, covered the whole. The bark on the inside was stripped off, and the crevices between the logs were nicely stuffed with moss to keep out the wind. A floor of rough boards was daily scrubbed by a little Siberian maid, and fresh juniper boughs decorated the windows. In this uncouth place Count Soloski (Franziska's father) dwelt for several years. The sentence of banishment still hung over him, but through the intercession of friends at St. Petersburg, his sentence of labor in the mines had been repealed.

The sunny-hearted Franziska grew with passing years, and at the time of which I write, had attained her sixteenth year. She was happy and joyous as the little birds that twittered around her in the short summer. She trained creeping plants up a kind of trellis work which her father constructed for her; tended her tiny garden with childish eagerness, watching the few plants that came to maturity with a jealous care; and gathered pretty mosses from the rocks, or cones of pine, to ornament the shelf where her treasures were deposited. In winter she tied on her long snow-shoes and accompanied her father into the forest, or walked along cheerfully beside her mother when they visited the poorer and more desolate people who lived in Stradi, a little village near them.

It was winter in Siberia. Unrelenting cold swayed the sceptre over lake, and river, and plain. Through the tops of the dwarf pines and sturdy hemlocks, the wild winds made mournful swelling sounds; now shrilly whistling, now sweeping over the country in one grand blast, and again roaring and crackling by with harmless zeal. Clear lights beamed in the wintry sky, streams of the richest hues darted up to the zenith, and thence, swaying and rolling like a vast curtain, faded into space; figures appeared in the sky moving up and down, or chasing each other across the horizon like parts of a pursuing army; the beauteous aurora borealis held sway, the roar of elements ceased, and electricity displayed fantastic shapes, and cast glowing colors on the white snow sheets that enveloped the earth.

Count Soloski was absent at the Judge's office, in Tobolsk, and the Countess, with Franziska, anxiously awaiting his return, sat knitting and conversing near the fire.

"Dear mother," said Franziska, "when I think how much we have to make us happy even here in this land, I long to do something for those poor children in Stradi. I can remember how you used to gather poor children and have them taught. What merry times we used to have in our pleasant home on Christmas, and other festivals when we packed baskets for the poor, and, jumping into our warm sledge, drove away to deliver them. I remember the English gentleman who visited us and told me so many anecdotes of his country, and that pious American minister who felt so much interest in everything good. It is pleasant to have something to remember; is it not?"

"Oh yes, my dear," replied her mother; "but you can realize very little what effect these pleasant memories have upon your parents. The change from security and luxury to anxiety and privation such as the most fortunate exile feels, the longing for home and society, and intellectual food, all wear upon us. We live too far away from the world; we feel not the throbbings of its great heart here; we cannot sympathise in great events, for before we hear of them they are old."

"It is true, dear mother; but may we not return home some time?"

"We have many kind friends who watch our interests. Your dear grandfather hopes to get a favorable opportunity to represent our case to Nicholas, and procure our return. Your father's estates were large, and government will not readily restore them; mine are all you can depend upon when you are of age. But we will not talk of this now. The subject is very painful; we spent so many happy hours in our home. There, too, your baby brother, my lovely little Alfred, died, and we laid him to rest beside my mother in our family tomb; still I would not repine, the consolations of the Gospel are neither few nor small; they ever remind me of that glorious land where I hope to meet the loved and lost, and be united to them forever."

Thus conversing, time passed. The mournful whistlings of the northern blast suddenly changed to a sort of shriek. The cheek of the Countess paled with fear, and Franziska started to her feet, crying in distress, "My father! my father!" Her fears were happily groundless. In another moment the door opened, and Count Soloski entered, received into the arms of wife and daughter.

"We thought we heard wolves, dear father," exclaimed Franziska.

"You were mistaken. Wolves do not often venture so far." He shuddered, as if some dreadful scene was before him, and then exclaimed, "It is a fearful sight to see a pack of wolves. I have never recovered from my horror of them, since my poor cousin Alexis fell a prey to their fury."

"How was that?" asked the young girl.

"Years ago I was driving along a lonely road which led through a forest. Night drew on before we came in sight of Dnilhis, the place to which we were bound. All at once a pack of wolves rushed from the borders of the wood and pursued us. Our frightened horses needed no spur to urge them forward. We almost flew over the ground; but it was in vain that our noble steeds strained every nerve, the fierce animals gained upon us rapidly. My cousin, who was with me, seemed paralysed with fear; our driver held the reins firmly while I attempted to fire at them, but before I could raise my pistol, a violent jolt threw cousin Alexis out of the carriage—may I never again hear such a wail of anguish as burst from his phrensied soul at that awful moment. The famished wolves rushed upon him, and for an instant ceased their pursuit. Our horses fled away like spirits, for well they knew the wolves would be on them again.—Death seemed inevitable. The fierce howls of our pursuers sounded more and more distinctly, and it seemed as if our horses must soon drop down; just then, a sudden turn of the road brought us almost in contact with a band of troopers from Moscow. They were fully aware of the danger, though hidden from the foe, and as soon as the wolves appeared, discharged their loaded carbines amongst them, and in a moment so many lay bleeding and dying that the rest of the pack fled with the utmost precipitation. That was many years ago; but I shall never forget my sufferings, or the death struggle and awful end of my relative. Such scenes are more rare in Russia than they used to be when I was young, still there are districts where it is dangerous to travel unless well protected, hunger makes these animals so desperate."

"Is it true that our government offers a bounty to those who kill wolves, as they did in England?"

"I think not, you know that the Russian Empire is so extensive that it would be difficult to manage such a thing."

"And yet the Emperor seems anxious to gain more territory, and even tries to subjugate petty nations."

"That is true," said the count, "he hopes, no doubt, to establish a splendid empire whose power shall extend from the Arctic Ocean on the North to the Indian Ocean on the South; he may find, however, that there must be bounds to his ambition, and become convinced at last, that the internal improvement of the immense territory he already possesses, and the mental and moral elevation of his people, are nobler objects, and more sublime in their results, than mere physical prowess, or military display.

Not many days after this, Count Soloski was called away to Tobolsk, and Franziska accompanied him. She wore the short full skirt and fur leggings of the country; a cap of the richest martin contrasted finely with the glowing health of her complexion, and set off her beauty to advantage. They both carried knives in their girdles, for it was not safe to venture far away from dwellings unarmed. The black bear inhabits the middle and Southern parts of Siberia, and is often formidable to the inhabitants, while farther north in the frozen zone, the white bear maintains fearful warfare with the animals he meets.

Franziska was a brave girl, but her father's story of the wolves had impressed her, and she felt a spasm of terror when she thought of the bears, but she determined to banish such thoughts, and give herself up to pleasanter associations. They passed on, gaily conversing, admiring the glittering snow wreaths which hung upon the trees by the road side, or remarking the beautiful colors produced by the sunbeams upon the frozen expanse before them. The cold was intense, but long exposure to the climate had accustomed them to its rigors. The latitude of this region is not essentially different from that of St. Petersburgh. Franziska remembered how they used to brave that; and she remarked to her father that she had read that civilization, numerous large cities, and dense population in older settled countries cause the air to be milder than in those which are uncultivated.

Franziska and her father enjoyed the journey exceedingly, and wondered to find themselves after a few hours in sight of the distant spires of Tobolsk. They quickened their speed, however, as a long line of woods yet lay between them and the city.

They were just emerging from the gloomy depths of this forest, and congratulating themselves upon their good fortune, when all at once they heard a hoarse growl, and before they had time for thought, a large bear suddenly sprang towards them, and throwing his paws completely around the young girl, would have torn her in pieces, but her father instantly drew his knife and plunged it up to the hilt in the huge creature's side. Giving one fierce howl the beast quitted its hold to turn upon its assailant; wounded, though it was, it rushed upon the Count, who stooped to raise his fainting child, and it would have gone hard with him, but for the timely appearance of a large sledge, in which were several persons. One of them, a young man of elegant appearance and fine military air, jumped out quickly, and flew to his assistance. They soon dispatched the bear, when, turning to Franziska, they assisted her to rise, and as she appeared weak, the stranger offered to drive them to Tobolsk, saying that his business was of such a nature that an hour's delay would not make much difference. "I am going," said he, "to find my uncle, a noble exile, and though the tidings I bring from fatherland are good, I am sure he will forgive my delay;" so saying, he carefully lifted the frightened girl and placing her in the sledge, assisted her father to a seat beside her, while his attendants surrounding the bear drew it to the carriage and secured it.

"This is a real adventure," exclaimed the young gentleman, "not one of your manufactured horrors. Here, in Siberia, have I rescued a lovely lady and her noble sire, as the Poets would say;" and bowing low, he continned inthe same strain, "I claim the skin of the monster as a trophy, I will employ a painter to delineate this scene, especially dwelling upon the fair form of the rescued."

His spirits were just about to effervesce in a joyous laugh, when turning to Franziska, whose pale countenance betrayed the anguish she had suffered, he continued in a more subdued tone, "Pardon my mirth, dear lady. I am sure it is a serious thing to be embraced so tightly by that shaggy monster; do not be alarmed, we have force enough now to ward off two or three such." Franziska tried to smile while thanking him for his kindness, but the rescue was too recent for that, and observing her feeling he turned to arrange the fur robes around her, and

soon the whole party, flying over the snow, entered the city, and at Soloski's request stopped at the principal inn. Having seated his daughter in the parlor he hastened to the kind stranger in order to pour forth his thanks for the assistance he had given him. There was something about the young man that reminded him so much of home that he determined to urge him to remain awhile, at least, until he could glean tidings from Russia. He found the young gentleman giving orders to the attendants to take away his sledge. "I am glad to hear your decision," said Soloski, "I wish much to see you; though a poor exile, I have not lost my love for home, nor a hearty interest in those who come from my native land. You have rendered me a service for which words cannot express my gratitude. May I not know the name of our deliverer that at least we may remember him him in our prayers?"

"Do not mention my assistance," replied the young man, "I should not deserve to live if I could fail to assist any one in distress, more especially a young and lovely female."

"But cannot I do something to further your plans? Command me, if I can."

"I do not know, my dear sir; I have made this long journey to convey news of pardon to my father's cousin, who was banished for his liberal principles some ten years since."

"Who was this exile? What was his name?" demanded the Count in hurried tones, while a deep pallor overspread his countenance.

"Count Imen Alexis Soloski." Before he could finish the sentence his companion staggered to a seat, and in another moment was completely insensible. The youth was shocked at this effect, and rang the bell violently for help. Restoratives were immediately applied, and the sufferer soon breathed more freely. Looking wildly upon those around him, he murmured:—"Ah, was it a dream; shall I never again see home or kindred?"—then checking himself he closed his eyes and continued, "Oh, Father in Heaven, Thy will be done—yes, may I say Thy will be done."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "I am indeed fortunate. That Being who watches over the good and virtuous is merciful to you, rouse yourself and enjoy the news I bring, news of pardon and restoration to your home and inheritance."

Our little sketch wears to a close—we draw a veil over the scene which took place when Soloski with his daughter, and the young and noble Imogen Herwaldisch drove up to the humble exile home, and presented themselves before the astonished countess, and hasten to say that preparations were soon made for the departure of this interesting family. Deeply as they had suffered in their exile, they had not neglected the duties and charities of life, and now on leaving, the count promised his daughter—who felt much for the poor with whom they had often divided their little store—to send a pious missionary to reside in Stradi, and be his agent in distributing an annual sum for their benefit."

"Our banishment shall do them good," said he; "perhaps we were sent here for that wise end, and to be the means of interesting Christians at home to seek the instruction of these desolate people. No doubt, He who 'sees the end from the beginning,' sends his blessings in ways strange and wonderful to us, for what would be our few years of trial in this lone region to the amelioration of the condition of hundreds of our fellow beings by means of our experience?"

Their friends had provided everything for their comfort, and they had little to do, except to divide their household effects among their neighbors, and take their leave.

Franziska's cheeks soon regained their hue of happiness amid the exciting anticipations of home, and a happier party could not have been found. The subdued thankfulness and sober sense of peace felt by the count and his lady, were constantly tinged with cheerfulness caught from the merry tones and pleasant conversation of their young relative, who having travelled extensively drew constantly from his store of information for their amusement; and as to Franziska, she was too happy to ask what made up the sum of her joy—it may be that her young heart even then yielded to those secret sympathies which entwine themselves around spirits in unison. It is true that the stranger's eyes never beamed so brightly as when fixed upon her,—and a stranger to the party might have detected a peculiar gentleness of voice and kindness of manner when he addressed her, or endeavored to explain some of the many useful and instructive topics which formed their subjects of thought during the long journey.

Montreal, Dec., 1853.

LIFE, LOVE, DEATH,—WHAT ARE THEY?

The first is but "a vapor, which appeareth for a little season and then vanisheth away." We open our eyes on the glorious sunlight, and revel in the beauteous tints of nature. Suddenly clouds overshadow us, and anon all is gloom. Then the world, which *had* appeared so beautiful, seems dark indeed. But, amid the clouds and the darkness, shadowy forms of strange beauty hover around us, and sweet voices greet our ears. Then Love salutes us; soft, starry eyes beam kindly through the darkness; the clouds vanish, and again all is bright and joyous.

Thus we journey on, and on,—now in light, and now in shade,—until at last, just as the rose-hues are gathering in the horizon of life, Death, like an ever deepening sunset, spreads his pall over the fresh green boughs, and fragrant blossoms of Love.

EDLA.

Montreal, Dec. 29, 1853.

[For the Maple Leaf.

SUNSHINE.

How glorious on the laughing earth
My golden mantle falls;
How many a lovely thing to birth
My touch, like magic, calls.
I enter not the loneliest spot,
The gloomiest recess,
That, in an instant, teemeth not
With life and loveliness.

There's a wailing sigh in the summer breeze,
As it[sweeps o'er the parched-up plain;
There's a moaning voice through the forest trees,
To tell of the coming rain.
It comes with a crash and a thunder peal,
And a flash from a lurid sky,
Till the broad earth seemeth to rock and reel,
And quiver in agony.

My touch hath scattered the thunder cloud,
And the darksome veil is riven
That hung awhile, like a musky shroud,
O'er the fair blue summer heaven;

And a golden glory again is spread
O'er the glancing forest stems,
And the tears that the vexed storm-spirit shed
Are turned into burning gems.

"Come forth," says the school-boy, "this sweet spring day.
Hark! heard ye the wild bee's hum?
The hedges are white with the beautiful May;
The birds and the butterflies all are at play;
Come forth to the sunshine, come!"
The ancient crone, as she spins her thread
In front of her cottage door,
She blesses the equal light that I shed,
Alike upon rich and poor.

The earth is clad with a robe of white;
The leaves and flowers are dead;
The birds that sang on the tall tree's height,
From the keen cold blasts have fled;
But over the pure new-fallen snow
My dazzling light I fling,
And the diamond-mine can never show
A pomp more glittering.

Oh! many a strange and varied scene
In my daily round I find;
I kiss the cheek of the sceptred queen,
And the brow of the toiling kind;
I touch the deep, and the glad waves leap
And laugh in the welcome light,
And the nautilus, frail, spreads its tiny sail,
And glides o'er the foam-bells white.

I summon the hard-worn sons of toil
From the pallet rude and low,
And away to the shuttle, the loom, the soil,
With my earliest beam they go;
Fondly I rest on the wind-bleached hair,
The labor-roughened hand;
Earth hath but few bright things to spare
For the poor and the lowly band.

"Oh! bury me not," saith the dying one,
"In the shade of the church-yard tree;
Let the broad warm light of the blessed sun
On my grave fall, full and free,
Let the first warm kiss of his morning ray
On my home of silence rest,
And the last faint flush of the dying day,
As he sinks in the crimson West."

My touch hath lightened the peasant's cot,
The noble's lordly hall;
No nook or corner I enter not,
A welcome guest in all.
Many a pleasure, and many a joy,
May vanish with youth's warm bloom,
But the sunshine gladdens the infant boy,
And brightens the old man's tomb.

R. A. P.

Cobourg, Dec. 28, 1853.

RIDDLE.

MONTREAL, 9th Dec., 1853.

Perhaps the following Riddle may puzzle the readers of the *Maple Leaf*. I give it as it was given to me :—

"A man coming to Montreal for a supply of whisky with two kegs of the size respectively of 5 and 3 gallons, meets another on the road with an eight-gallon keg filled with the precious article, and requests of him *four* gallons. How can these four gallons be measured *exactly* without a gallon measure ?"—A. T. C.

Reply to Riddle in December number :—The adjective "Empty"(M—T.)

EDITORIAL.

The gay holidays are passing rapidly away. The young and happy strive in vain to detain the fleeting moments; like golden sunbeams they will soon fade, and be numbered with the past. Conscientiously and cheerfully, with high hopes and high aims, ought we to spend each day, for its last moment flying from us, carries a record of our conduct to the Court above.

Our city has been unusually lively, and it is to be feared that more frequent devotion has been manifested to Bacchus than to the genius of benevolence, or simple good cheer. It is a sorrowful sight to see the gifted and noble-minded yielding to temptation, and forgetting the pure enjoyment to be derived from the society of the excellent and virtuous. The ladies of Montreal and of Canada ought to exert themselves more and more to improve society,—to throw around home and social scenes a lovely intellectual charm, that their husbands and brothers may be less inclined to find happiness in convivial parties,—an enjoyment which, at the best, cannot be dignified as a "feast of reason," or a "flow of soul."

We thank "R. A. P." for her *sunny* poem, and trust she may again throw out some beams of light for our illumination. We love sunshine all the more, because deep shadows sometimes steal over our pathway.

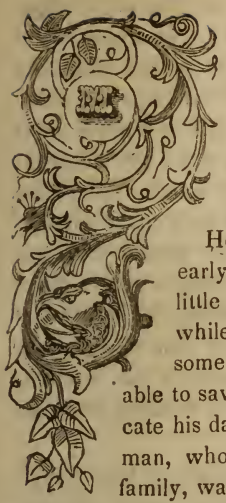
"T. H.," of Vankleek Hill, will please receive our welcome to a place in the list of our contributors.

"The Exile's Daughter" was written expressly for this number.

We have received a package of beautifully printed cards from DeMontigny & Co., 125 St. Paul Street.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

ANNIE GRAY.



EMORY is ever busy with the past, and it is well for us that she loves best to linger on our joys. The year which has just fled, and which has accomplished so much in the destinies of the world, has been an eventful period in the history of my friend, Annie Gray.

Her mother, Mrs. Gray, was a widow, and early left to provide for the wants of three little children. She was born to affluence, but while yet a child, her father lost his fortune in some unsuccessful speculations, and was only able to save enough from the general wreck to educate his daughter. Early in life she married a young man, who, while struggling to maintain his little family, was seized with that dreadful scourge, consumption, and in a short time his weary frame yielded to the influence of the disease, and he was borne to his last resting place, leaving stricken hearts to bear the trials of life unaided by his sympathy and care.

Mrs. Gray's parents had been dead some time, and she knew that her sole dependence, under God, was upon her own exertions. Still, she did not despair; she felt a new impulse to energy and activity as she looked upon her fatherless children.

They lived in a small cottage, upon the banks of the Connecticut, with a neat little garden in the rear. Her eldest daughter, Annie, was a sweet child of eleven years, but very efficient of her age, and quite able to assist her mother in caring for the younger children, and attending to the house and garden. Mrs. Gray engaged, with a courageous heart, to obtain a livelihood for herself and children, who looked to her for daily bread. She had been so well educated, that she was able to instruct her children, and was, therefore, at no expense for this important part of family training. She resorted to her needle as the means of support, and this, with the fruit of her garden, proved barely enough.

Mrs. Gray's children were loved by every one. There was a gentleness and grace in their whole aspect, which won all hearts. Mrs. Gray was a Christian, and her children were early taught to fear God and keep his commandments; they knew it was their duty to be cheerful, and to put their trust in their Heavenly Father. As they always appeared happy, none knew the struggles in that widow's cottage; but anxiety and care made great inroads upon Mrs. Gray's health, while she toiled day and night to maintain her children. Mrs. Gray was aided in all efforts by her daughter Annie, who seemed, as she grew up to womanhood, to imbibe all her mother's energy, and to possess those excellencies which impart dignity to the humblest, or shed a lustre upon the most exalted condition. She assumed the burdens of life as if they were her highest pleasure, and went cheerfully to the severest duties, with the sweet consciousness that she was lightening the cares of her dear mother, and blessing the home of her sister and brother.

Nearly eight years had elapsed since the death of Mrs. Gray's husband, and it was with great sorrow that we beheld her footsteps verging on the brink of the grave. The scene which I witnessed at her dying bedside will never be forgotten. Her children were around her, in an agony of grief that melted the feelings of all who saw them. The neighbors came in to proffer kindness, and the pastor was there to offer the consolations of the Gospel to their breaking hearts. Before her death, she took her children, one by one, and gave each a mother's dying blessing; and to Annie she committed the care of Ella and Charles. Never did Annie appear so beautiful as when she restrained her own measureless grief to soothe the sorrow of her sister and brother. It was evident, now that the energetic head of the family was gone, that their small property would do little towards their support; they determined, therefore, to lease the old homestead. Annie hired a small room, and with the aid of her needle, as her mother had done, she took care of her sister Ella. Her brother Charles, a bright boy of fourteen, urged on by affectionate motives, entered a country store in the village, determined in some way to add to his sister's comfort. Hardly a day passed without Annie seeing her brother, and every Sunday they spent in her room and at church, cherishing the memories

of maternal instruction, and strengthening each other in holy purposes of living.

While Annie was pursuing her daily routine, she was loved by the son of a rich merchant, Mr. Mertin, who immediately offered her his hand and fortune. She frankly told him that she had promised her dying mother, to be a mother to her sister and brother; that they were dependent upon her for counsel and care; and she would not forsake her trust. Mr. Mertin, upon hearing this distinterested resolution, immediately proposed such arrangements that they were all included in the general provision for happiness.

They now spend the winter in the city, and the summer in the country, in the midst of old friends, and none of her neighbors envy her happiness, but think Mr. Mertin was fortunate to win such a prize, although he was worthy, elegant, and wealthy. I have seldom met a more beautiful illustration of the care Providence takes of those who put their trust in Him, than is shown in this happy family. I have long known my friend Annie Mertin, and have admired the way in which she has been led through the paths of simple duty, and along the way of self-denying labor, to the wealth and influence which virtue only merits, or can appropriately enjoy.

GENEVIEVE.

Montreal, January 14, 1854.

HAVEN'T THE CHANGE.

It was house-cleaning time, and I had an old woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint.

"Polly is going, ma'am," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall.

"Very well. Tell her that I shall want her to-morrow."

"I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl.

I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a sovereign.

"How much does she have a day?"

"Two shillings, ma'am."

"I haven't the change this evening. Tell her that I'll pay for both days to-morrow."

The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea-time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me:

"I don't think, ma'am, old Polly liked your not paying her this evening."

"She must be very unreasonable, then," said I, without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect I could pay her?"

"Some people are queer, you know, Mrs. Graham," remarked the girl, who had made the communication more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else.

I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind.

"I wish I had sent and got change," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of money intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble."

This was the beginning of a new train of reflection, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor woman away, after a hard day's work, without her money. That she stood in need of it, was evident from the fact that she had asked for it.

"How very thoughtless in me," said I, as I dwelt longer and longer on the subject.

"What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious.

"Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied.

"Yet you are troubled."

"I am, and cannot help it. You will perhaps smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came, she asked for her wages; and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I hadn't the change. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out to daily work must need her money as soon as it is earned. I am very sorry."

My husband did not reply for some time. My words appeared to have made considerable impression on his mind.

"Do you know where Polly lives?" he replied at length.

"No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew.

"It cannot be helped now," said my husband, in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a boy. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old, and she was poor. It was by the labor of her hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones.

"Once, I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday, we were out of money and food. At breakfast-time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little while longer, until she finished the garment she was making, when she would take that and some other work home to a lady who would pay her for the work. Then, she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with my mother to help carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden fatigued her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want unmet that money could supply. When we came into her presence, she took the work, and, after glancing at it carelessly, said,

"'It will do very well.'

"My mother lingered; perceiving which, the lady said, rather rudely,

"'You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?'

"'Six shillings,' replied my mother. The lady took out her purse; and, after looking in it, said,

"'I haven't the change this evening. Call over any time, and you shall have it.'

"And without giving my mother time more earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room. I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make known her want.

An hour after our return home, she sat weeping with her children around her, when a neighbor came in, and, learning our situation, supplied the present need."

This relation did not make me feel any the more comfortable. Anxiously I waited, on the next morning, the arrival of Polly. As soon as she came I sent for her, and, handing her the money she had earned on the day before, said,

"I'm sorry I hadn't the change for you last night, Polly. I hope you didn't want it very badly."

Polly hesitated a little, and then replied,

"Well, ma'am, I did want it very much, or I wouldn't have asked for it. My poor daughter Hetty is sick, and I wanted to get her something nice to eat."

"I'm very sorry," said I, with sincere regret. "How is Hetty this morning?"

"She isn't so well, ma'am. And I feel very anxious about her."

"Come up to me in half an hour, Polly," said I.

The old woman went down stairs. When she appeared again, according to my desire, I had a basket for her, in which were some wine, sugar, fruit, and various little matters that I thought her daughter would relish, and told her to go at once and take them to the sick girl. Her expressions of gratitude touched my feelings deeply. Never since have I omitted, under any pretence, to pay the poor their wages as soon as earned.

A DISCOVERY.

In a narrow street in Paris, called Rue St. Eloi, stood the shop of a petty broker. Among the articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age, that no one would give forty cents for it, being all the poor dealer asked. Tired of seeing so long a useless encumbrance, he resolved to beat it to pieces, and convert the horsehair to some more profitable purpose. On proceeding to do this, what were his joy and surprise to find, concealed in the seat, a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 1,150 francs, or 225 dollars!

TO EDLA.

* * * * "Holy be the lay
Which, mourning, soothes the mourner on his way."—ROGERS.

In letters, and in studied phrase unskilled,
I cannot gild and polish simple thought;
Wilt thou not kindly then
Accept, tho' rude, my thanks.

I'm grateful, Edla, and would have thee know
How joyously thy gentle words have stirred,
And woke the fondest hopes
Within my drooping heart.

The brightest orbs that deck the firmament,
When most they glad us with their heavenly light,
Are but the ministers
Of soothing sympathy.

The blooming earth,—yea, the whole universe,
In an accordant song, loudly proclaims
Jehovah's general law
Of our affinity.

Teaching, that he who dries the mourner's tears,
And soothes the parched fever of his heart
With fitly spoken words
Of Him who loveth us,—

Even he himself shall feel within his soul
The freshing influence of the "tender rain;"
He, gently watering,
Himself, shall watered be.

Believe me, Edla,—choice have been thy words,
And for my sake,—that "Angel-sister" shall,
In all thy darkest hours,
Brood o'er thee lovingly.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, 24th Dec., 1853.

SPONGE.—Opposite Rhodes is a little island, called Himia. At the bottom of the sea, sponge is found in greater abundance than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make a good living by fishing for this sponge, of which an immense quantity is bought by the Turks, to be used in their baths. In this island, no girl is allowed to marry before she has proved her courage and dexterity by bringing up a certain quantity of sponge.

A CHAPTER ABOUT BEES.

A most charming and interesting work concerning "Bees; their Habits, Management, and Treatment," has recently been published in London by G. Roulledge. The author is a clergyman, and must have devoted a good deal of time and research to these sagacious and useful little creatures. Perhaps many of our readers are bee-keepers, and they would like to know something of the wonders of the hive-workers in other countries. We shall give a few extracts from this "book for the country," believing that our many friends will thereby be both delighted and profited. Mr. Wood, the author, has entered with nice distinctness into the intricacies and mysteries of the bee kingdom. He thus speaks of "Queen bees and their subjects:"—

The people thus rapidly coming into existence, where are its future governors? Watch the old queen as the spring advances, the period when all these changes are at their climax, and you will be more than ever astonished at the wondrous phenomena of the bee-mind. See how restlessly she runs about. Now she seems about to go on laying eggs; but hurriedly withdraws without doing so. No wonder she is agitated. She is about to abdicate; not about to lay down the cares and glory of sovereignty, certainly; but about to quit her established, peaceable, and quiet kingdom, to go she knows not whither, with a part of her subjects, exposed to she knows not what accident, before she may again find herself by her comfortable, regal warm comb (her fire) side. But she respects the laws of nature, and obeys them. In those cells which she runs over in so much agitation, lurks her successor, waiting but for the proper hour to ascend the throne. How easily she could tear open the cells and destroy her! But a power greater than ambition withholds her. The bees no longer pay her their usual attention. An idea of divided allegiance seems troubling them. They get as excited as their queen. Some terrible calamity—civil war, perhaps—impends. Oh, no! the bees are at once too sensible and too unselfish. They divide—perhaps take leave of each other affectionately—and off goes the first swarm, led by their reluctant but duty-obeying monarch.

The swarm does not go off at an early period of the day, or

at a very late one, but generally starts from its parent hive between ten in the morning to three or four in the afternoon, although instances have been known of swarms starting as early as seven in the morning, and as late as five in the afternoon. This instinct is useful enough to the proprietor who is anxiously expecting a swarm, as he need not commence his watch before seven or eight, and is released about four. It seems rather strange that the rightful queen should always go off with the swarm instead of remaining in office and sending the newly emancipated princess, if she may be so called, to take charge of the swarm. But so it is, and almost every queen-bee owes her throne to usurpation, and will in all probability, if she lives long enough, be dispossessed of it by the same means. She makes a terrible disturbance, though, before she does set off; and were the bees possessed of reason, we might almost think that they left the hive for the sake of peace and quietness. At all events the old queen uses her experience to some purpose, for she will not leave her former kingdom unless the day is a very fine one.

* * * * * *

So, gradually, quiet is restored. And then we may see the nurse-bees once more at work, engaged not only in tending the ordinary young, but in what may be called the culminating point of their annual labours, the helping forth into the world the royal scions, and from which they will supply their own queenless realm. They accordingly scrape away from one of the royal cells the wax that has been so lavishly bestowed upon it. Doubt not but they know which is the right one, that is to say, where lies the oldest of the young unborn queens. And here is exhibited another remarkable example of the bee-provision. The eggs in the royal cells were all laid with an interval of at least a day between each. Now that they are coming to maturity accordingly, they come not altogether, but in due succession, by which means the bees, as we shall see, have time to know how many of them they shall want, and be able to provide accordingly. In due time the royal pupa within obeys the stirring influences that call upon her to burst her cerement, and she would at once emerge into perfect life, but that the nurse-bees, who keep watch and ward over her, knowing what is good for her better than she does herself as yet, imme-

diately solder over the top of the cell with wax, and keep her prisoner for about two days. Why? In order, evidently, that she may not, like the young bees, be unable to fly when she emerges from the hive. And that is not left to guess-work. The bees know accurately when she is prepared, and most likely, by means of the quality or nature of the sounds she emits, which to man's grosser ears come in the shape of a number of monotonous notes, so rapidly repeated as almost to combine into one continuous sound. At last she comes forth in her perfect beauty and power. * * * But it is in every sense a spring season, with its changeable weathers and moods. The young queen learns—how, we wish some one would tell us—that there are other young queens, successors and possible rivals, in the hive. She, too, grows excited, whilst, unlike the old queen, she knows not what to do between conflicting impulses. She rushes to the cells—she will tear them open—she will sting the tenants to death—she will—but no; the cells are powerfully guarded, it is for the community to determine in a legitimate mode how these vast questions are to be dealt with; they warn her away; they bite her if she resists. She would even be in danger, but that, in case of extremity, she is in possession of some magical words (we tell no fairy-tale) that in an instant render the sentinels motionless. But if, taking advantage of this calm, she again approaches the forbidden ground, they recover themselves, and, in military phrase, do their duty. Huber witnessed this most interesting scene more than once. He describes the young queen at such a time as standing with her thorax against a comb, and crossing her wings upon her back, keeping them in motion, but not unfolding them, whilst she emitted the dread mysterious sounds, which were responded to by the weaker and hoarser cries of the yet pent-up unborn queens that she seeks to destroy. And what is it the bees want her to do, but learn the lesson bequeathed to her by her predecessor—leave the hive with another colony, and relinquish the rights of sovereignty over the parent community in favor of one of her helpless sisters. And so, at last, she departs, and a second colony is speedily in course of establishment. Possibly a third, and yet a fourth, and a fifth, may follow; the number of swarms being determined, no doubt, in ordinary cir-

cumstances, by the number of the bees, and the heat of the hive. But when the last swarm has departed, and the number of the inhabitants so lessened that the guards of the royal cells can no longer preserve their efficiency, the remaining young queens emerge as they please, two or three at a time, and civil war, alas ! does at last take place. But what an admirable mode of making civil war it is. It is the monarchs who fight, and who are but few in number, and must therefore, soon bring the contest to an end ; it is the bee people that look on, quite content to pay allegiance to the conqueror. Of course no bee-subject can thus be in danger, by espousing the wrong side, of losing his property, or his rank, or have his temper exasperated by defeat and humiliation : the contest affects none of these things. Let us, too, watch the contest. Two young aspirants for the throne are meeting ; they rush at each other ; each seizes with her teeth the antennæ of her rival ; they cling in mortal combat so close together that head, belly, and breast are mutually opposed. But nature has made them aware of the danger of instant death to both, should they in that position launch at each other the fatal dart. So they separate by a tacit mutual consent, and would apparently leave the combat to be determined at some other time. But that will not do for the bees. They can stand no shilly-shallying in the matter. They must and will know who is to be their ruler. Is government to stand still because the would-be governors are cowards ?— Certainly not. So the rivals are again driven together into the arena, no matter how often the queens seek to evade the mortal issue, until at last the stronger one seizes the other and inflicts the death-pang.

Bees' loyalty is no lip loyalty. Dr. Warder once tested this with cold-blooded cruelty : —

DEVOTION TO THE QUEEN.

" Having shaken on the grass all the bees from a hive which they had only tenanted the day before, he searched for the queen by stirring amongst them with a stick. Having found and placed her, with a few attendants, in a box, she was taken into his parlour, where the box being opened, she and her attendants immediately flew to the window, when he clipped off one of her wings, returned her to the box, and confined her there for above an hour.

In less than a quarter of an hour the swarm ascertained the loss of their queen, and, instead of clustering together in one social mass, they diffused themselves over a space of several feet, were much agitated, and uttered a piteous sound. An hour afterwards, they all took flight, and settled upon the hedge where they had first alighted after leaving the parent stock ; but instead of hanging together like a bunch of grapes, as when the queen was with them, and as swarms usually hang, they extended themselves thirty feet along the hedge, in small bunches of forty, fifty, or more. The queen was now presented to them, when they all quietly gathered round her, with a joyful hum, and formed one harmonious cluster. At night the doctor hived them again, and on the following morning repeated his experiment, to see whether the bees would rise. The queen being in a mutilated state, and unable to accompany them, they surrounded her for several hours, apparently willing to die with her, rather than desert her in distress. The queen was a second time removed, when they spread themselves out again, as though searching for her. Her repeated restoration to them, at different parts of their circle, produced one uniform result ; and these poor, loyal, and loving creatures always marched and countermarched every way as the queen was laid ! The doctor persevered in these experiments till, after five days and nights of fasting, they all died of famine, except the queen, who lived a few hours longer, and then died. The attachment of the queen to the working-bees appeared to be equally as strong as their attachment to her ; though offered honey on several occasions during the period of her separation from them, she constantly refused it, disdaining a life, that was no life to her without the company of those which she could not have." What did Burke mean by saying the age of chivalry was gone ? Had he forgotten the bees.

It seems that some bee-proprietors, after a good deal of experience, become quite indifferent to the sting :—

There have been several instances of bees choosing to make their nests in the roof or tower of a church, and an instance came very recently under the writer's notice. For several years the congregation had been considerably annoyed by the presence of bees during the service, but had made no particular endeavours to rid themselves of the plague. One summer, however, brought

with it such an increase of bees that it was deemed necessary to institute an inquiry ; for the winged intruders came in such numbers, and buzzed about so loudly, and frightened the juvenile portion of the congregation to such a degree, that the service could not proceed with any comfort. After some search a hole was discovered in the roof of the church, through which the bees were constantly passing. This was accordingly stopped up, and the workmen retired congratulating themselves on getting rid of their winged enemies so easily. They were, however, quite mistaken, for the bees descended in undiminished numbers. The roof was again examined, and found to be in such bad repair, that the colony of bees, who had taken up their residence between the roof and the leads, had found numerous openings, which they had enlarged for their own purposes. How to eject this formidable band was now the subject of deep consultation. Sulphur smoke would not answer, because it would soon pass out through the apertures in the roof, and besides, there was a very prevalent alarm lest the church should be set on fire. At last a veteran epiarian was sent for from the next village. He immediately planted a ladder against the exterior wall, and examined the stones until he discovered the entrance to the bees' habitation. It was a mere fissure between two stones, where some of the mortar had fallen out, and the remainder being extracted by the bees for their own convenience. After surveying the prospect for some time, he declared that a stone must be taken out before the bees could be dislodged, and immediately began to loosen the stone which had already been partly deprived of its mortar. The bees, of course, were highly indignant at such an assault, but the man coolly proceeded with the work, not heeding their anger in the least. When the stone had been completely loosened, he laid by the crowbar, and deliberately pulled it out with his hands. Out rushed a perfect cloud of bees full in his face ; but he quietly laid the stone down, and contented himself with brushing them off his face until he had made further investigations. All the spectators took to flight at the first appearance of the enraged bees ; but their imperturbable enemy remained quietly at his post, and after descending the ladder pulled some eight or ten bees out of his hair, and remarked that they had not stung him so much as he expected. It turned out that the man was almost invulnerable to stings; and

although several dozen stings or so were in his face they did not leave the slightest mark, and certainly did not appear to inconvenience him in the very smallest degree. He afterwards in the same cool manner extracted the greater part of the combs, and the bees taking the hint speedily evacuated the premises. There was but little honey, but abundance of black worn out combs, and plenty of young bees in every stage of advancement.

Many of the operations connected with bees require both firmness and delicacy in the operator. The bee-history has the following record, and parallel scenes have occurred within the last two or three years. Thorley writes :—

" In or about the year 1717, one of my swarms settling among the close-twisted branches of some codling-trees, and not to be got into an hive without more help, my maid-servant, hired into the family the Michaelmas before, being in the garden, very officiously offered her assistance, so far as to hold the hive while I dislodged the bees, she being little apprehensive of what followed.

" Having never been acquainted with bees, and likewise afraid, she put a linen cloth over her head and shoulders, concluding that would be a sufficient guard, and secure her from their swords. A few of the bees fell into the hive ; some upon the ground ; but the main body of them upon the cloth which covered her upper garments.

" No sooner had I taken the hive out of her hands, but, in a terriblé fright and surprise, she cried out the bees had got under the covering, crowding up towards her breast and face, which immediately put her into a trembling posture. When I perceived the veil was of no further service, she at last gave me leave to remove it. This done, a most affecting spectacle presented itself to the view of all the company, filling me with the deepest distress and concern, as I thought myself the unhappy instrument of drawing her into so great and imminent hazard of her life, which now so manifestly lay at stake.

" It is not in my power to tell the confusion and distress of mind I was in, from the awful apprehensions it raised ; and her dread and terror in such circumstances may reasonably be supposed to be much more. Every moment she was at the point of retiring with all the bees about her. Vain thought ! to escape by flight. She might have left the place indeed, but could not the

company, and the remedy would have been much worse than the disease. Had she enraged them, all resistance had been vain, and nothing less than her life would have atoned for the offence. And now to have had that life (in so much jeopardy) insured, what would I not have given !

" To prevent, therefore, a flight which must have been attended with so fatal a consequence, I spared not to urge all the arguments I could think of, and use the most affectionate entreaties, begging her, with all the earnestness in my power, to stand her ground, and keep her present posture ; in order to which, I had encouragement to hope, in a little space, for a full discharge from her disagreeable companions ; on the other hand, assuring her she had no other chance for her life. I was, through necessity, constantly reasoning with her, or else beseeching and encouraging her.

" I began to search among them for the queen, now got in a great body upon her breast, about her neck, and up to her chin. I presently saw her, and immediately seized her, taking her from the crowd, with some of the commons in company with her, and put them together into the hive. Here I watched her for some time, and as I did not observe that she came out, I conceived an expectation of seeing the whole body quickly abandon their settlement ; but instead of that, I soon observed them, to my greater sorrow and surprise, gathering closer together without the least signal for departing. Upon this I immediately reflected, that either there must be another sovereign, or that the same was returned. I directly commenced a second search, and in a short time, with a most agreeable surprise, found a second or the same ; she strove, by entering further into the crowd, to escape me, which I was fully determined against ; and apprehending her without any further ceremony, or the least apology, I re-conducted her with a great number of the populace into the hive. And now the melancholy scene began to change, and give way to one infinitely more agreeable and pleasant.

" The bees, presently missing their queen, began to dislodge and repair to the hive, crowding into it in multitudes, and in the greatest hurry imaginable. And in the space of two or three minutes the maid had not a single bee about her, neither had she so much as one sting, a small number of which would have quickly stopped her breath.

"How inexpressible the pleasure which succeeded her past fears! What joy appeared in every countenance upon so signal a deliverance! and what mutual congratulations were heard! I never call to mind the wonderful escape without a secret and very sensible pleasure. I hope never to see such another sight, though I triumph in this most noble stand and glorious victory."

[For the Maple Leaf.

FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

In this world of trial and sorrow,
We meet but to love and part,—
What to-day is a joy,—to-morrow
May rend, with a pang, the heart.

We meet, and the years of our absence
Are lost in the joy of sight!—
We forget, in the lov'd one's presence,
The sorrows that mark'd their flight.

Oblivion, with hand of kindness,
Lets fall a veil o'er the strife,
And we gladly cherish the blindness
That sees but the charms of life.

We revel in hope and in gladness
Till, swift as night, or a cloud,
The grey-tinted mantle of sadness
Falls o'er our hopes, like a shroud.

We arouse from a strange, sweet slumber—
We wake to part, and to weep,
And to muse with sorrowful wonder,
On the dreamy joys of sleep.

But, thanks to the Glorious Giver,
It need not *ever* be so,
Beyond Death's dark, billowy river
We shall hear no plaint of wo.

We shall wander together, fearless,
On that verdant thither shore,
Our eyes will forever be tearless,
We shall meet, to part *no more*.

Oh! *worth* all our sorrow and sighing,
Oh! *worth* all our toil and care—
Is the hope that we, after dying,
Shall dwell with our lov'd ones there.

Then, as we climb over life's mountains,
With faith, let us fix our eyes
On the beautiful vales and fountains
Of the land beyond the skies.

EDLA.

Montreal, January 18th, 1854.

ICE BERGS.

Cohesion is that force by which the particles of matter are held together. That the particles of a solid are more closely bound together than those of a liquid, and the particles of a liquid than those of a gas, is quite evident, and, consequently, the cohesive force is greater. All substances, or substances with but few exceptions, may assume any one of the three states already mentioned, lipuidity being the intermediate. Heat acts as an antagonist force to cohesion, and hence it is that, as the temperature is raised, the cohesive power is overcome, and expansion, the effect of increased temperature, becomes more evident.

That liquids expand most as they approach the boiling point, and contract most as they are brought nearer to solidification, is true as a general rule; but there are some partial exceptions, of which water is the most remarkable.

The French, anxious to have a standard system of measures, founded upon some natural principle, incapable of change, so long as matter and its laws exist, have taken water in its greatest state of condensation, as giving an opportunity of attaining this desirable object. The unit of weight, called a gramme, is the weight of a cube of distilled water at its point of greatest condensation, and the centimeter is the length of the side of the cube, or one hundredth parth of a metre, equal to 39,3702 English inches.

It would be easy to select many instances of the effects produced by the contraction of water in freezing; one or two may be mentioned. The glass bottles in our bed-rooms are, after severe frosty nights, frequently found broken, and the water converted into ice; water-pipes are burst, and great damage is done to newly constructed buildings, when the mortar, plaster, or cement contains much water. In nature the same agent is active. Rocks are not unfrequently torn asunder, in mountainous districts, by the freezing of the atmospheric waters which fill the fissures. The exterior of rocks and soils is crumbled in the same manner, and made fit for vegetation.

On one fact, however, we must more particularly dwell. Water expands by heat, and, to a certain point, contracts by cold. The coldest portions of the fluid are, therefore, so long as the cold remains within this limit, in the lower parts. If the contraction by cold continued until the water became ice, the lower parts of the liquid would be first frozen, and when congealed, scarcely any heat applied at the surface could melt the mass, for the warm fluid could not descend through the colder parts. To show that this is the case, Count Rumford made water boil at the top of a vessel, while the ice at the bottom was not thawed.

Suppose, then, the same law that is thus apparent, had prevailed in our lakes and seas. Each of them would have had a bed of ice, increasing with the continuance of the cold, till the whole was frozen. On their surface there could only be such pools of water as could be produced by the thawing of the summer sun, and these would be congealed again on the return of frost. And so the process would advance, till all the water of these reservoirs became ice. Such a change would be fearful indeed; how, then, can the evils of it be averted?

God who enacted the law, to which reference has just been made, has modified it for our existence and welfare. As cold increases, water contracts; but after a certain diminution of temperature, though there is a further increase of cold, so far from contracting, it actually expands till it reaches the point at which it becomes ice. The greatest density of water is at forty degrees, and when at or near this point, it will lie at the bottom with cooler water, or with ice floating above it. The cooling process may go on at the surface, but water colder than forty degrees cannot descend to displace water that is warmer. At the bottom of deep water, ice, therefore, can never be formed. The coldest water, in approaching the freezing point, rises to the surface; there ice is formed, and there it will remain till the air and the sun restore it to its fluid state. Every winter we have some proof of this in the ice that floats for a time on our ponds, lakes, and rivers. What, then, must be the evidence afforded in the polar regions on which the eye of the poet was fixed when he said:

> ——————The muse
> Then sweeps the howling margin of the main;
> Where, undissolving, from the first of time,
> Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
> And icy mountains, high on mountains piled,
> Seen to the shivering sailors, from afar,
> Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
> Projected huge, and horrid o'er the surge,
> Alps frown on Alps; or, rushing hideous down,
> As if old Chaos was again returned,
> Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
> Ocean itself no longer can resist
> The blinding fury; but, in all its rage
> Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
> Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd.

Ice-bergs are islands of frozen water, considerably elevated, generally perpendicular on one side, and sloping gradually down on the other. They are sometimes two hundred feet in height. Floating ice has about one-seventh of its thickness above water; but ice-bergs are sometimes aground, and therefore show a greater proportion of their height. They are formed either by the pressure of large masses of ice upon each other by winds and currents; or are detached by their own weight, or the action of

waves, from the vast glaciers which abound in Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is to be observed, that sea-water requires a lower temperature, by three degrees and a half of Fahrenheit, to freeze, than is necessary for common water. Man often employs rafts for his safety and convenience, but here the Arctic bear sometimes takes his stand; and, doubtless, to his surprise, is left to the wide ocean, as the ice-berg melts beneath him. The masses of ice which have been frozen together, gradually separate as summer advances, and clear spaces of water are left; but these begin again to be frozen over as early as the end of September. When, then, we look on ice in the water of our own land, or on representations of it on the mighty deep, let us remember that here a law operates without which the whole economy of the material world would be disarranged. Thus as we trace the operation of natural causes, we find that a knowledge of God's works, even in the inanimate world, affords new sources of gratitude; nor can we sufficiently adore his wisdom and love who has so amply provided for the existence and comfort of feeling and thinking beings.—*Selected.*

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply, "two on earth, two in heaven."

Here spoke the mother, still hers, only "gone before." Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth, and at the board; their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!" Safely housed from storm and tempest, no sickness there nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven." Earth less attractive, eternity nearer, invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards, "still, small voices" ever whispering "come!" to the world-weary spirit!

"Two in heaven." Mother of angels! walk softly—holy eyes watch thy footsteps—cherub faces bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth's taint, so shalt thou "go to them, though they may not return to thee!"—*Fanny Fern.*

IMPROMPTU.

METRICAL REPLIES TO "EDLA'S" QUESTIONS—"LIFE! LOVE! DEATH! WHAT ARE THEY?"

I.

"We might be happy, but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."—BYRON.

LIFE!—'Tis a fretful, feverish dream
That plays upon the brow of time—
A vision shadowy, which seems
Too evanescent for our clime;—
A paltry nothing, fraught with pain;
In strength 'tis weakness,—only vain.

II.

"Oh, if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too?"—HEMANS.

LOVE!—What is it? Keen desire,
Memories of sunny youth,
Kindling of celestial fire,
Imaged in eternal Truth;—
Thoughts which love from earth to roam,
Seeking Heaven, their native home.

III.

"One struggle more, and I am free."—BYRON.

DEATH!—Oh, death, how fearful thou,
Motive power of fear and dread,
Tyrant of the moment, "now,"
Easer of the aching head;—
Ruthless cause of bitter tears,
Gentle soother of our fears.

PERSOLUS.

10th January, 1854.

I dwell less on the disappointments of life, and shelter myself less amid its deep shadows and funereal glooms, because my eye is always detecting stray rays of celestial glory that come treading their way through the dark clouds of earthly sorrow, and my ear often hears the strains of sweet melody that are wafted from angelic lyres.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE DYING WIFE.

In a steamboat on the Mississippi River, the saloons and berths are all above water, and fitted up with every accommodation for passengers who may require to be on board several days. The lower deck is generally filled with flat-boatmen, or dealers in western produce, who, having disposed of their stock, take passage back. A motley assemblage they make,—smoking, drinking, gambling, playing the violin, and other amusements follow each other in rapid succession, or prevail at the same time. Often five or six hundred persons occupy this deck, which extends the whole length of the boat, except where the machinery of the engine fills a space; and around the glowing furnace faces may be seen begrimmed with coal dust and marked with passion lines. The noise and confusion of this part of the boat is horrible, so many desperadoes are always among them, that the Captain seldom hazards an interference with their revels.

The flat-boatmen are known to have money,—their rafts of produce raised on the fertile plains of Indiana and Illinois, meet with ready purchasers in the southern cities, and the flat-boats are sold to wood merchants: thus these men turn their faces homeward with well filled pockets, little dreaming of the keen eyes that watch them, or the allurements they may meet to draw them to the gaming table, where they seldom fail to lose much of the fruits of their hard-earned toil. The love of gaming, like the passion for intoxicating drinks, excites in its victims a frenzied fever; they rush on madly until certain ruin stares them in the face, and then they are ready for any deed of desperation. It will be a happy era for the ignorant and unsuspecting passenger when wholesome, efficient laws shall oblige steamboat Captains to search out, and land all gamblers, as soon as detected.

It was in the crowded saloon of a steamboat bound to Cincinnati that I first met Henrietta B——. Her large mournful eyes attracted my attention at once, and my interest in her was increased on observing that she was evidently in a deep decline; an elderly lady busied herself in arranging some cushions for the invalid, who looked anxiously around as if expecting some one else.

The variety of faces and characters, which are to be seen in such a place furnish fine studies for the philosopher, and as I was

fresh from a devoted attendance on "Stewart" and "Brown," I thought it a suitable time to apply the principles I had learned. I soon, therefore, gave causes for the lines of thought and sorrow that seemed to be traced on that fair young face, and wove quite a history of blighted hopes and joys to match the touching tones of her voice, and the deep feeling looking out of her eyes. I little thought while lost in my reveries, how much my skeleton history was like life. It wanted only a name and reality. Some movement made it necessary for me to change my seat, and I, fortunately for my infant romance, was obliged to take one near the lady, in time to hear her anxiously inquire of her companion if she thought Ernest would soon be back; "I do not know my child," said the lady, whom I then observed particularly for the first time, and noticed the strong resemblance between the two, except that the elder lady was taller; "I do not know what detains him, perhaps the baggage; he surely will not stop long." The object of this solicitude soon afterwards appeared, and I understood at once the nature of the trial that was breaking the heart of that young wife. Her husband approached her kindly, but it was evident that he had first attended to his own taste and feelings before coming in, as a slight unsteadiness in manner, and an unnatural glow on his countenance betokened. The hectic deepened on her cheek, as with the penetration of a fond heart she discovered his situation, and turning quickly she made room for him near her, evidently desirous of keeping him from returning to the charmed circle in the gentlemen's saloon, where he might be tempted to take the intoxicating glass.

Day after day I came in contact with this little group. I watched them with a kind of feverish anxiety, for I saw that the lady's strength failed: soon she was obliged to keep her state-room; then she became quite ill, and at last a medical man, who was among the passengers, advised that she should be removed to a hammock which had been suspended in the cabin, where she could get more air, and feel the motion of the boat less.

My sympathy was strongly excited when I learned her history, as fragments of it were related to me, by her almost heart-broken mother. Henrietta B—— was a native of F—— in Virginia, where she was reared with all the tenderness and care that affluent circumstances could afford. Before she completed her eighteenth

year, she became attached to Ernest B——, a young lawyer of promising character; brilliant in talent, and well cultivated in mind, he seemed just the one to make her happy. Shortly after their marriage, the settlement of some important business called him south. In the gay society of a large southern city, he was not proof against the insidious advances of a predisposed taste for excitement. He returned to his bride much altered, and though she strove to hope for the best, and cheerfully accompanied him on a second journey, continued disappointment, and sorrow in regard to him, seemed to wither her heart; she faded rapidly, and her mother hastened to her, hoping yet to save her by bringing her back to her native air; now it seemed evident that she was going home to die. What a lesson! thought I, as I saw the effects of intemperance in the disappointed hopes of that young heart. She grew very weak, and seldom spoke except to her husband, who hung over her in intense anguish, and when remorse, or sorrow for her whom he had wronged rose too high, he tried to brace himself to bear his trial by occasional absences at the "bar" of the boat.

At last, however, it appeared doubtful whether she could live to reach Cincinnati: her eyes looked like fawn's eyes, so large and mournful, and followed her husband's every movement, as if loth to lose sight of him for an instant. They seemed to say, "Oh! let my death be your life."

It was the Sabbath; never shall I forget it,—sounds of shouting and laughing, mingled with the lively tones of a violin, reached our ears from the babel of confusion in the lower deck. The uproar startled her spirit, and disturbed the solemn thoughts that filled her mind. One ever ready to act and sympathise in a good cause, ventured down among the noisy revellers, to try and induce them to be quiet, both for the sake of the day, and the poor sufferer whose hours seemed so nearly numbered. Then as the day advanced we gathered round her cot, and sang. Ernest B—— had a rich voice, and he appeared to forget everything but the holy solemnity of the scene; his deep feeling lent a pathos to his tones, that went to my heart. We sung of the parting spirit soaring to its eternal home, of faith in that Saviour who has lighted the tomb with beams of heavenly glory; and as the melody rose and fell round the couch of that dying one, I re-

ceived impressions and experienced emotions that have never been effaced; and though when we arrived at Louisville, the poor sick lady was carried on shore, and I saw her no more, I have no doubt that she was indeed done with earth, and that our songs and prayers were among the last things of which she had any consciousness.

Oh! mournful are the histories of the young and gifted, the happy and the good, who have suffered, and died victims of intemperance and its effects! Mournful! that is, indeed, too sweet a word to express the idea,—a rounded, graceful period to a naked truth, set forth, skeleton-like, without drapery;—rather, I should say, bitter, bleeding, despairing histories, written in ears—baptized in blood.

Montreal, January, 1854.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A group of happy children stood round a Christmas tree,
And the mother's heart beat joyously her beauteous ones to see;
The boys so brave and noble, with their gladsome air and mien,
And between them, smiling sweetly, an angel form was seen.

The only little daughter, in her innocence how gay,
Had hailed with child-like rapture, the dawn of Christmas day;
And as she stood among them, with her golden locks so bright,
She well might be mistaken for a form of angel light!

And others too were gazing down the happy scene above,
Well pleased to mark the gathering of innocence and love;
But sorrow mingled with their joy, for they knew the fairest there,
Would ne'er again a Christmas day on earth be there to share.

The green boughs of the Christmas tree are sparkling bright and rare,
With pretty gifts and pictures gay, for each to have a share;
And eagerly are little hands held out to take the prize,
Of far more worth than costly gems in fairy childhood's eyes.

Save one, and her soft eyes are bent where on his mother's knee,
The holy babe of Bethlehem is sleeping peacefully;
She sought nor toy, nor trinket, from among the many there,
But the picture of the holy child was in her eyes more fair.

Then from the radiant branches, all joyously she sings,
(An angel form one well might deem, naught wanting but the wings);
The hymn by her so cherished, hark! hark! the angels sing,
Glory to God the Highest! and to the heaven-born King!

What thought thou then, fond mother, as wildly to thy heart,
Thou clasped that lov'd one in thy arms, as thou would'st never part;—
Didst think that e'er another year, of that young cherished life
Had passed away, that she would sing beneath the tree of life?

And Christmas came,—but now no tree lights up the gladsome hall,
A gloom, a deep and fearful gloom, has fallen over all;
The angel band who hovered o'er the little daughter fair,
Have taken her from her home below, their home above to share!

Gone! gone! the many day-dreams of the future bright and fair,
Which with the fondly loved one, thy mother hoped to share;
Thy downy bed is vacant, where with untired delight,
She watched thee sleeping sweetly, as night succeeded night.

Hushed! hushed! the voice whose accents soft like gentle music stole,
As grateful dew from heaven above into the weary soul;
Still! still! the fairy step which once did glide around the hearth,
And made the home thy presence blessed, a Paradise on earth!

And wildly throbs the yearning heart, with sorrow none can tell,
Save those alone, upon whose hearts like anguish hath befell;
A sorrow, such as he alone, who sent it e'er can still,
A blank no future joy on earth can ever, ever fill!

The angel child has vanished, and in her stead is there,
Brooding above the stricken one, the angel of despair;
Suggesting fearful, harrowing thoughts of sorrow and of dread,
The past! the past! fond mother think, thy darling's with the dead!

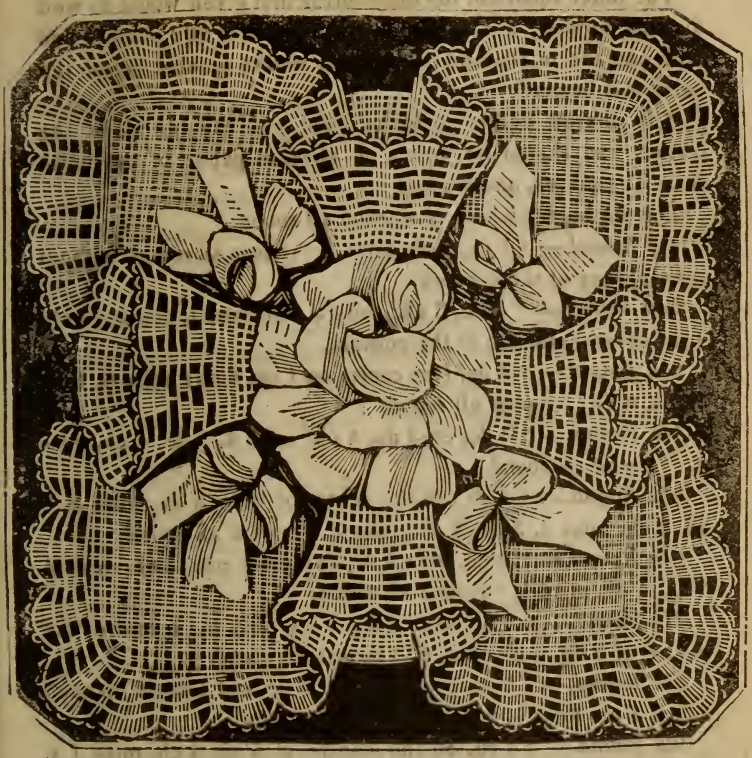
Away thou cruel tempter, from the sorely tried, away,
Yes even through this bitter grief, faith pours a heavenly ray;
Raising the hope so crushed to rest, upon that better shore,
Where safely dwells that precious one with God for evermore.

Then upwards gaze, earth's sorrowing ones, where sweetly she does rest,
Secure from evil, strife, or woe, upon her Saviour's breast;
Who to the fold has taken this lamb, so free from sin,
That those she loved on earth so well, may strive to enter in!

C. H.

Ravenscourt, 12th Dec., 1853.

CURIOSITY OF A SPIDER'S WEB.—The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins his web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united.—*Selected.*



CHESTNUT BASKET FOR THE DESSERT TABLE.

MATERIALS.—Half a yard of pink glazed calico; ditto of flannel; 3½ yards of pink satin ribbon, 1½ inches wide; and seven reels of Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar Head crotchet cotton, No. 12. An average worker will use W. Boulton and Son's crochet-hook, No. 16.

This elegant novelty for the dessert table consists of a square of crochet, edged with lace, which is afterwards folded into the form seen in the engraving. It is lined with pink glazed calico and flannel, (the former being on the outside); a knot of pink ribbon is placed at each corner, and in order to cover the opening in the centre, a double round of flannel, of the proper dimensions, is quilted with a similar piece of pink calico, and tacked so as to form a lid. It is decorated with bows of pink ribbon, which entirely covers it.

The inner square of the toilet-cover first given would do well for this purpose, working it on a foundation of 262 stitches and with one row of Dc, and one of open square crochet before the pattern is begun.

The nearest centre is to be filled with the initials of the owner, and should be drawn on checked paper, of not more than 31 squares, and worked in.

For the border which is worked all round.

1st Round.— * 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1 * repeat all round, without missing any at the corners.

2nd Round.— * 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 3 * all round, missing only 1, in several stitches at the corners.

3rd Round.— * 3 dc, (the centre on 1 dc, 6 ch), miss 6, 1 dc, on dc, 6 ch, * repeat all round.

4th Round.— * 3 dc, on 3 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, 5 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat all round.

5th Round.— * 1 dc, on the centre of 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, 3 dc, 3 ch, miss 3, * repeat all round.

6th Round.— * 3 dc, over 3 dc, in the 4th row, 4 ch, miss 4, 5 dc, 4 ch, miss 4, * repeat all round.

7th Round.— * 3 dc, over 3 dc, 6 ch, miss 6, 1 dc over the centre of 5 dc, 6 ch, miss 6, * repeat all round.

8th Round.— * 5 sc, (coming over 3 dc, and 1 chain on each side), 4 ch, miss 4, 5 dc, on 3, 4 ch, miss 4. *

9th Round.— * 3 sc, on the centre of 5 sc, 4 ch, miss 1 s, and 3 ch, 10 dc, over the 5 dc, and one chain on each side, 4 ch. *

10th Round.— * sc, on centre of 3 sc, 5 ch, miss 4, 1 sc, 5 ch, miss 3, 1 sc, 5 ch, miss 2, 1 sc, 5 ch, miss 3, 1 sc, 5 ch. *

Cut out the rounds of flannel and calico nearly of the diameter of the square of crochet, not including the edging. Fold it into the form seen in the engraving; then make it up as directed.

I SEE A MAN.

I SEE a man.
I do not see his shabby dress,
I see him in his manliness;
I see his axe; I see his spade;
I see the man that God has made.
If such a man before you stand,
Give him your heart—give him your hand,
And praise your Maker for such men:
They make this old earth young again.

NIL DESPERANDUM—NO NEVER!

Every cloud has a silvered lining; and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. So, after every night, however long or dark, there shall yet come a golden morning. Your noblest powers are never developed in prosperity. Any bark may glide in smooth water with a favoring gale; but that is a brave, skilful oarsman, who rows up stream against the current, with adverse winds, and no cheering voice to wish him "God speed." Keep your head above the wave; let neither sullen despair nor weak vascillation drag you under. Heed not the poisoned arrow of sneaking treachery that whizzes past you from the shore. Judas sold himself when he sold his Master; and for him there dawned no resurrection morning! 'Tis glorious to battle on with a brave heart, while cowering pusillanimity turns trembling back. Dream not of the word "surrender!" When one frail human reed after another breaks, or bends beneath you, lean on the "Rock of Ages!"

The Great Architect passes you through the furnace but to purify. The fire may scorch, but it never shall consume you. He will yet label you "fine gold." The narrow path may be thorny to your tender feet; but the "promised land" lies beyond! The clusters of Hope may be seen with the eye of faith; your hand shall yet grasp them; your eyes revel from the mountain top, over the green pastures and still waters of peace. You shall yet unbuckle your dusty armour, while soft zephyrs shall fan your victor temples. *Nil desperandum.*

FANNY FERN.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and the spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combinations in burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen the stomach, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to consist of the same materials.

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

[SELECTED.]

The soul has its green fields, and waving woods, and running waters, and in and beside them can refresh itself with perpetual delight. Without fatigue it can ascend mountains, and gaze on illimitable scenes of air and earth, or stray through grassy meadows, and feel no languor from the noontide heat.

A simple glance at the powers of the mind,—its capacities, store-houses of memory, range of thought, taste, refinement, capabilities of happiness, and exquisite organization,—affords strong presumptive evidence that it was not made to perish with the body. So wonderful a structure, animating this living material organization, connected with all external structures—with the earth, sun, and stars;—so Godlike a substance,—united to the great God, soaring for companionship with angels, capable of loving and adoring the Supreme Being, could not have been made to sport here awhile, amid an ocean of mysteries and uncertainties, to be at last flung as a worthless wreck upon the shores of eternity.

There are some beautiful appearances which frost frequently assumes, to cheer us, as it were, and give an agreeable exercise to our taste in the absence of that loveliness which the hand of an indulgent Creator sheds so profusely over our fields and gardens in the genial months of spring and summer. Hoar frost is occasioned by the freezing of mist or dew. It forms elegant and varied foliations on the glass of windows;—this happens when the air within the room is impregnated with moisture. The coldness of the glass causes the floating vapor to be condensed on its surface, where it shoots out, as it freezes into those flowery crystals which excite our admiration.

Damascus is a celebrated City of Asia Minor, frequently mentioned in the Bible. It is situated about one hundred and thirty-six miles north-east of Jerusalem, and contains a population of about one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. The situation of the city, in a beautiful valley, well-watered, and surrounded by orchards, has been celebrated with enthusiasm by Oriental writers. The city was formerly famous for the manufacture of sabres, or swords, of a peculiarly fine temper; and the beautiful figured linens and silks called damasks take their name from this city. It was on his journey to this city that St. Paul was converted.

The Danube River is the largest in Europe. It rises in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in Germany, runs through Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, to the Black Sea, into which it empties by five mouths. Its whole length is about eighteen hundred miles, and, in its course, it receives the waters of about sixty rivers.

In Cordova, in Spain, there is a Cathedral which is divided into seventeen aisles, by rows of marble columns, of which there are seven hundred and seventy-eight.

Persian painting is so purely mechanical that even those unacquainted with drawing and coloring will find no difficulty in it. It differs from painting generally in this particular, that no attempt is made to copy from

nature; it is rather a mosaic work of colors, consisting of quaint scrolls and arabesques, flowers of extraordinary hues and forms, birds of marvellous plumage, and devices which have only their oddity to recommend them. It does not require, as other kinds of painting do, those delicate touches, and that softening and blending of color and shade which is considered the beauty of a flower or landscape drawing generally. Its outlines are all abrupt, its colors contrast, and not blend with one another, and brilliancy rather than delicacy is the effect aimed at.

A Warm Remonstrance.—An Englishman and a German were travelling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose. At one moment he would, with superabundant politeness, apologise for drawing his attention to the fact, that the ashes of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length, the Englishman exclaimed, "Why, my friend, can't you let me alone? Your coat-tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother *you* about it."

Shadow Buff.—Hang a sheet across one end of the room, and place a table with a lighted candle upon it, about a yard behind the screen. Choose "buff" from the party, and place him in front of the screen, with his face towards it; then let each of the party pass between the table and the screen in any way they please, such as on tip-toe, or on their knees; and, as the shadow of each will be disguised by their gestures, "buff" must endeavor to name each person as they pass behind the screen; and, if he is successful, the person first-named correctly becomes "buff," and the game commences again.

RECIPES.

Boiled Plum Pudding, without Eggs.—Pour over twelve crackers, after they have been broken, one quart of milk, let it stand over night; strain it through a cullender the next morning, then add a quarter of a pound of suet, a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, a little salt, and a tea-cupful of molasses. Boil it three or four hours. To be eaten with a rich sauce.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Cut the bread in thin slices, butter them, and put a layer into a well-buttered dish. Strew currants and raisins, and citron or sweetmeats over it; then another layer of bread and fruit, and so on until the dish is filled. Beat six eggs, with one pint of milk, a little salt, nutmeg, and a spoonful of rose water; sweeten it to your taste, and cover it over with bread. Let it soak an hour or two before baking. Bake one half hour.

Chopped Hands.—The following is an excellent remedy for this great inconvenience, from which so many suffer at this period of the year:—Two ounces olive oil, one ounce white wax, one ounce spermaceti, the whole to be dissolved over the fire until all the ingredients become amalgamated; when cool, it is fit for use.

DISTICH.

Montreal, 27th January, 1854.

Dear Editor,—The subjoined distich was penned in "the golden days of happy memory, the reign of good Queen Bess;" indeed they are, I believe, very generally accredited to Queen Elizabeth herself, who, it appears, perpetrated the satire or pun upon one of the Mordaunt family; perhaps it may, with propriety, fill a corner of the "Leaf."

"The word of denial, and letter of fifty,
Makes a gentleman's name that never was thrifty."

Will any of the juveniles be kind enough to tell me what the gentleman's name was?

Oscar.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.

Montreal, 12th January, 1854.

Dear Editor,—In answer to "A.T.C." I beg to state, that I should find no difficulty in dividing the eight gallons of whisky into equal parts as required. For his information, I will proceed to explain:—First, fill the three gal. cask, empty that into the five, fill the three gal. cask once more; from that fill up the five (5); which when done will leave remaining in the three gal. cask, one gallon; then empty the contents of the five gallon cask into the eight gallon cask; next pour the gallon still remaining in the three gallon cask into the five; then fill the three from the larger cask, and from the three fill into the five, and you have four gallons.

Jeamie.

EDITORIAL.

The articles and selections for this number are quite varied in character, and will, we trust, be found interesting. The fact that there are those who take an interest in our labors, and send contributions for our pages, is cheering; and though all of these articles are not inserted, the mental effort is beneficial to the writers, who should not be discouraged, but write again—a second or third trial may be more satisfactory.

We miss our friend Mrs. Traill's pleasing articles for the young, and gladly receive her assurance that she will try to find some moments from her literary engagements to devote to the readers of the *Maple Leaf*.

The Riddle which appeared in the last number, seemed to excite much attention. We have received a number of answers, and select one of the shortest for insertion.

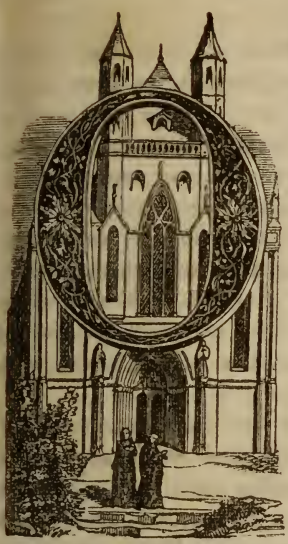
The weather has been very severe lately, the mercury fell as low as 26° below Zero. This intense cold does not continue many days at a time, or it would be very trying.

We should like to induce some of our correspondents to give a lucid explanation of the thermometer, and the principle upon which mercury is employed to show the various degrees of heat and cold.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE FIRST TRIP BY RAILROAD.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.



H! Marion, how I wish I had told Cecil I could not do it.

"You must not say that dear Helen, or look so despondingly; pray let Mr. Seymour see you can control your fears when needful; you know how serious he looked, (I had almost said sternly) when you said yesterday you never *could* travel by railroad."

"I know it, Marion, and will indeed try and behave bravely, however frightened I may feel; for neither the grave look or tone were lost upon me, when he said, 'I trust if it were necessary for you to travel by railroad you would have the good sense to do so without hesitation; fear, unless kept in subjection, unfits us for our duties in life, though I make much allowance for your natural timidity, I trust to see you overcome it.'"

Marion laughed. "Yes, I overheard that grave unlover-like lecture, and thought how good you were to take it so humbly."

"Indeed, dear Marion, I only felt how truly he loved me, in saying that which might have offended. True love shrinks not from speaking truth to the object beloved, and it was that which made me accede so readily to his wish, that we should travel by train to London to-day; but see, it is actually ten o'clock; one more hour and the carriage will be here, and arm in arm the sisters hurried down stairs."

Our readers will perceive by the foregoing dialogue, that Helen was betrothed to Mr. Seymour; he was that morning to meet them at Handsell by the 12 o'clock train. Their union was to take place the following month, and the sisters had been paying a farewell visit to friends who had treasured and loved them from their earliest childhood. Two young

girls about their own age sprang up to meet them as they entered the pleasant morning room, perfumed with the odour of fresh flowers from the open windows, and they stepped out on the smooth lawn to take a last stroll through the well known and dearly loved garden.

The house itself was one of those old fashioned country houses which gives to England that fame for its *home* happiness, which in vain is sought for in other less favored climes. The latticed windows covered with the luxuriant vine; honeysuckle, mignionette, sweet pea, and roses, all united in filling the air with fragrance, from the lovely garden in which that old home stood. A winding river threaded its way through beautifully diversified scenery, of that quiet kind which generally denotes the agricultural districts of England. Hill and valley, with rich pasture meadows and patches of woodland, and the spires of some four or five village churches, pointing heavenward, all rendered it unmistakably English.

Poor Helen, her heart was full, as they found awaiting them on their return, the carriage to convey them to the station. In vain she tried to check the rapidly falling tears, as clasped in the loving arms of those whom she was leaving, she heard again and again, "You must never change, dear Helen, but be our Helen always."

"John, tell Mr. Seymour we say so, said one of her young friends, as her brother handed the weeping girl into the carriage, and they drove off."

Helen, in imagination, had conjured up so many horrors attendant on railway travelling, that even the beauty of the bright spring morning, and the lovely scenery through which they passed, could not chase away the unusual depression of her naturally high spirits, and the fear also of paining Mr. Seymour by her fears added to her discomfort. As they drew near the station, her sister, and the friend driving them, tried to laugh away her gravity, but at that moment the shrill whistle of the train was heard, and her sister laughingly said,

"Pray, Helen, look more composed; if you gaze about you in that wild way the passengers will really imagine they are going to have the pleasure of some liberated lunatic from the Asylum, which we are now passing, and see who is that stepping out of the train?"

Helen looked up; fear, dread, all were for the moment forgotten as her eye rested on the noble, manly bearing of her betrothed, who was advancing rapidly to meet them.

"This is very good, my dear Helen, you know not how much gratified I feel; my heart misgave me for a moment, till I saw your carriage drive up; I feared I should have my trust in your strength of mind shaken; but, how is this,—such pale cheeks, ah! and tearful eyes; this must not be."

And he looked earnestly and anxiously upon her. That loving, searching look soon brought back the warm blood to the fair face he gazed on, though she had ventured to give but one hasty glance at his.

"I feel better already, now I am with you, and will try and do my best. Do you not believe me, Cecil?"

But the bell rings warningly, passengers hurry to their seats, and before she realizes the fact, Helen finds herself in the dreaded train. Mr. Seymour is seated between the sisters.

In the compartment, immediately opposite, is a portly, stately looking old gentleman, apparently too well cased in a sense of his own dignity and importance, to notice either train or passengers. In the other remaining compartment are two ladies, with a decided frigidity of manner, which at once reveals to Helen, she has no sympathy to expect from them, in return to her startled look as the train moves on. Poor Helen, no sympathy for you there, or in the stoical face of the old gentleman, which if any change at all was discernable in it, only gave token of something very much approaching to contempt, as at times an irrepressible start of terror proceeded from the poor girl, to the astonishment of the stiff lady passengers, and the vexation of Mr. Seymour.

He in vain sought to reassure her, her bowed head prevented him from knowing the full extent of her terror, yet he felt annoyed at the strange fixed gaze of her startled countenance, which certainly looked wilder than he would have approved, and which was not unlikely from her having entered the train near the Lunatic Asylum, to create some very unpleasant suspicions with regard to that establishment. Added to that, Mr. Seymour's military appearance, his commanding look, and imperturbable gravity, as from time to time he gently but decidedly spoke in low tones to Helen, over whom for the moment he seemed to have a magical power, added to the uneasiness of the strange ladies.

But onward, onward speeds the train, and to the relief of Helen, Mr. Seymour announces they are approaching the terminus. It will soon be over, and as yet she hopes he is unconscious how vividly her face has expressed her inward terror. She looks for a moment at the stoical old gentleman opposite, and resolutely determines no outward appearance of alarm shall again escape her, unless he gives some; surely then, she will behave heroically. At that moment the shrill startling whistle breaks in on her newly formed resolutions, and in uncontrollable terror she starts from her seat. In vain Mr. Seymour insists on reseating her. "O, what is it! what is it! I see even those ladies are terrified." Little thinking she herself was the innocent cause of their alarm, as they shrunk back from her excited appeal.

But once more the dark speaking eye of her betrothed rested on her, and under its influence she became calm.

Bitter self-reproach mingled with her regret at having thus given way to her fears, but all will soon be over. Yes, poor Helen, the climax is approaching. Slower, slower, the train is stopping; puff, puff, bellows the engine; another moment you will breathe freely, and the smile on that bright face will return to chase away the passing frown on the brow of him seated by thy side.

But, ah! what is this? The old gentleman opposite is looking fearfully excited. He, so cold, so stoical, on whom neither the whistle, or engine, or the red flag (sign of caution) seemed to have any effect. With what a wild, eager look he glances from the train to the platform they are approaching, renewing (and no wonder) all the uneasy apprehensions in Poor Helen's mind, who watches his every look with panting eagerness. A convulsive movement on the part of the old gentleman—a similar one from Helen—one more wild, eager gaze he gives at the platform, and a still more piercing shriek from the steam whistle; and he flings himself partly out of the carriage window.

Life or death, thought poor Helen, or, more probably, thought was swallowed up in amazement and terror. At that moment, *sauve qui peut*, was uppermost in her mind, as with reiterated shrieks she clung to the tails of his coat which had not yet disappeared through the window; in vain, with one hand, he used his utmost efforts to release his unfortunate coat,—she clung to it

with the despairing grasp of a drowning man. Shrinking into the farthest corner, the strange ladies set up a simultaneous shriek at this new vagary of the supposed lunatic, whilst Mr. Seymour, between indignation and yet laughter at the absurdity of the scene, could only by main force prevent the terrified girl from springing out of the window, when at last the old gentleman had effected his escape, bearing in his torn coat unmistakable marks of the conflict.

At that moment the door was unfastened, and alighting, Mr. Seymour carried the sisters into the hotel, while he went in search of the carriage their fond mother was to send to convey them to her house at Richmond. He gave no answer to Helen's thankful expressions of escape from the evils which she imagined awaited them had they not at that moment left the train, but she attributed his silence to the anxiety he felt about their fellow-passengers who might not have been thus rescued, and great was her surprise, when on being left alone with her sister, the latter gave way to uncontrollable laughter. But how much more was she horrified, when Marion was at last able to tell her the only reason for the old gentleman making that hasty exit was, that most probably he had very important business to attend to at a certain house, and fearful of the cabs in waiting being engaged before he could secure one, he had in that way sought to make sure of a conveyance; and then told her she doubted not the ladies felt assured she was a liberated lunatic.

Poor Helen! tears of bitter mortification streamed from her eyes, and as Marion concluded, she sobbed aloud.

"O Marion, do not laugh. What shall I do? How can I see Mr. Seymour again? Ah, now I know how it was he made me no answer in reply to my questions and congratulations on our safe escape. O Marion, he can never again respect one so weak and foolish."

Marion in vain tried to comfort her, though herself unable wholly to refrain from laughing at the remembrance of the ridiculous scene.

Mr. Seymour soon returned to announce the arrival of the carriage, and turning coldly away from Helen's timid look, offered his arm to the sisters.

In rising, Helen attempted to speak; a smothered laugh from Marion alone broke the silence of the party.

They entered the carriage, and, with a beating heart, Helen saw him close the door. She could no longer control herself.

"O Cecil!" she could say no more.

"I shall see you safely at Richmond before I leave you," and mounting the box, he ordered the servant to drive on.

"O do not cry so, dear Helen, it will be all right soon. He is not really angry, and you would believe me if you had only looked up as he spoke."

Helen shook her head, but a secret hope that Marion was right, gradually brought back again her usual happy smile.

(*To be continued.*)

[For the Maple Leaf.

SONG OF THE SLIDERS.

The moonlight, brightly beaming,
Shines on the snow-sheets clear;
The stars above are gleaming,
Like a glit'ring chandelier;—
Away, away to the mountain side,
With joyful hearts we go,
Up and away, for an evening's slide,
On the white and dazzling snow.

We start from the dizzy height,
And swiftly down we glide,
And we laugh in the merry light
The moon sheds far and wide;
The bells, with tinkling voices,
Ring out on the frosty air,
And every heart rejoices,
For we never *dream* of care.

We climb the slip'ry steep,
And our blood flows warm and free,
Then down again we sweep,
With a grace 'tis rare to see.
The nights are frosty and keen,
But we never mind the cold—
Our furs from the frost-king screen,
And our hearts are light and bold.

Oh! others may praise the sun-light,
And the trees with their robes of green;
But *we* care more for the moonlight,
And the *snow*, with its sparkling sheen.
Then hie away to the mountain-side,
While the argent moon is clear
And ne'er forget, as we gaily slide,
We've winter but once a year.

EDLA.

Montreal, Feb., 1854.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

"The wind has veered round to the east, sir," said a young sailor, putting his head in at the door of the cottage belonging to his captain, "and I think we are going to have a dirty night."

"Veered round to the east, has it, Jack!" said the man in authority, looking up from the enjoyment of his tea; "then we must be off directly. Order all hands on board, and then bring the boat round for me."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boy, touching his hat, and instantly departed; while Mr. Kendal, turning to his wife, said: "You see how it is, Mary—I must go. I was hoping to have stayed with you for a little time; but no vessel of the *Daring's* size can live here in an easterly gale; so we must be off to Stanlynch Bay, and there's no knowing when we shall be back, for they say an easterly wind has as many lives as a cat."

"God will watch over you, I hope, John," was all she could trust herself to say, as she retired to prepare for his departure, while he finished his meal.

At this instant the door was thrown open, and in sprung a boy of about twelve, in a sailor's dress, exclaiming, "Is tea ready, mother? see what luck I have had," holding out several fish that he had just caught."

"Sit down, Harry," said his father, "and get your tea as fast as you can, for we must be off: don't you see it's coming on to blow great guns?"

"Then I won't stop for tea," was the quick reply; "but I'll go down to the spring, and get all the water up that mother is likely to want, else she'll go wearing her dear self out with fatigue;" and without waiting for a reply, he dashed off with a bucket in either hand.

While he is gone, we must introduce the reader to the principal personages of our little tale. Mr. Kendal, who, having been in the cruiser *Daring* from a boy, had at length risen to the highest rank on board, was a short, stout man of fifty; his face was of a bronzed hue, from constant exposure to the weather, but still bore traces of considerable personal attractions, added to a brilliant good humour, that would have rendered the

plainest features agreeable. His wife, several years his junior, was as slender as her husband was stout, and as fair as he was brown. Constant ill health had given her a singularly soft and delicate appearance, and left on her countenance that look of meek resignation, so generally found with those taught by affliction to look above the present world. Their family consisted of the son before mentioned—who acted on board the *Daring* as his father's cabin-boy—and two girls.

The dash of oars soon gave the signal for parting, and as the boat pulled up a small river that ran along the side of Mr. Kendal's house, Harry appeared on the opposite side with the buckets filled, and stepping into it, was pulled across to the door of the house. "Now then, mother, look here," said he, panting with exertion, "you are to promise me that you won't go once to the spring yourself, while I'm gone; I've brought up enough to last you for some time, and if you want more, ask George Dowling, and he says he'll get it for you."

"Bless you, my Harry! you're always thinking how you can spare me," exclaimed his mother, kissing him—a process repeated by each sister—after which he sprung into the boat, soon followed by his father, and in a few minutes more they were alongside the *Daring*.

Perhaps, to an eye capable of appreciating it, there is not a more beautiful sight than a vessel, well manned, and her crew well disciplined, getting under weigh on a sudden emergency. Sail after sail appears to fall into its proper place of its own accord; and yet to a landsman, when on board, what a labyrinth of ropes seems to belong to each!

Mrs. Kendal and her daughters stood on the beach, watching each sail set, till the boat was hoisted in, and the beautiful vessel, released from her moorings, was gracefully ploughing her way through the waves which now dashed furiously around her; still they continued silently standing together on the highest point near their house, till the cliffs hid her from their sight, and then they returned to their home.

The gale rapidly increased; the wind howled fearfully; and the river that ran by the side of the house—swollen already by previous rain—being met by the advancing waves, was unable to empty itself as usual into the sea, and, in consequence, rose to a fearful height. The two girls, terrified at the noise of the

contending waters, crept closely together by the fireside ; but their mother heeded not their terror ; her thoughts were with her husband and her son ; she trembled lest they should be unable to reach the harbour of safety, and be driven back on the rock-bound coast, where she too well knew no earthly power could avail to save them from destruction. Hour after hour the trio sat silently in their little room, each too much occupied in her individual anxieties to speak, until at length Mrs. Kendal said :—" It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sarah ; get me the Bible, and we will now commend our absent ones to the care of Him, who said to the raging sea, ' Peace be still.' " The girl obeyed, and in a clear, though trembling voice, the mother read a chapter and prayer, and then retired to rest.

Mrs. Kendal occupied a room facing the sea, and whenever her husband was afloat, she was accustomed to place a light in the window, as a beacon, that if he entered the bay at night, his eye might rest on his home. As she placed it on its usual stand this night, she looked out on the boiling waters beneath, and was startled to see how high they had risen above the water mark. Alarmed as she felt, she determined not to breathe her terrors to her children, who slept in a room opening out of hers, so she quietly laid down, but sleep she could not. She thought of her husband, and the dangers he was then exposed to ; even at that moment he might be struggling with the stormy waters, or dashed against the unyielding rocks. As every fitful gust moaned along, and shook the casement, she trembled so violently, that she feared every instant she might be obliged to rouse her daughters. They had by this time forgotten all their previous terrors, and were buried in slumber. Youth sleeps soundly, when more advanced age lies wakeful. An overruling Providence does not allow care to press heavily upon the young, until the bodily frame is matured and strengthened enough to bear it. So it was with Mrs. Kendal and her children ; while she was racked with tormenting fears, they were sleeping as peacefully as though above and around them shone the soft brightness of a summer light. Suddenly, a fearful blast shook the house from its foundations ; the candle was extinguished, and the window forced open with a violence that threatened to tear it from its hinges. Mrs. Kendal sprang up ; and, at the same instant, her daughters, roused by the noise,

rushed shrieking into her room. "Be calm, my children," said the trembling mother, "and fetch me a light; we are in God's hand, and he will watch over us." Almost dreading to move, the girls obeyed, and as they returned with the light, another and more awful blast again shook the house. The candle was placed in the mother's hand, and as she turned to the window to replace it, with a sudden crash the whole side of the house gave way, carrying her with it into the waters which raged furiously beneath! The affrighted girls' first impulse was to rush down stairs, to endeavour to alarm their neighbors; but to their horror they discovered that the staircase, and the whole of their own room, which they had so lately quitted, had been carried away with the wall. Cautiously they laid themselves down on the floor, and crept along to the edge of the boards, straining their eyes over the foaming torrent beneath, and shrieking out in the most piteous accents their mother's name. Vainly they looked; for the long pent-up waters had at length found an outlet as the tide receded, and now swept along with such overwhelming fury, that every fallen stone had been whirled away in their mad career, leaving only the ruined walls of the cottage, which still remained standing, supporting the small piece of flooring where crouched the hapless children, as a monument of their destructive power.

It is impossible to picture a more fearfully desolate condition than that of the two girls at this moment. They saw and heard the force of the torrent too plainly to dare to hope their mother might yet live; and saved as they felt themselves to be as yet, by almost a miracle, yet the remaining walls were rent by such wide fissures, that they expected every moment to be crushed beneath their ruins. All means of escape were cut off from them; and although the wind fell rapidly, yet the ceaseless roar of the contending waters effectually prevented their cries from being heard.

In the mean time, as morning dawned, and the storm abated, the fishermen rose early to examine the extent of injury sustained by their boats during the night. As a party of them were walking over the high bank of sea-weed thrown up by the gale, the foremost struck his foot against something, which caused him to stoop down and remove the mass in which it was enveloped, when to his horror, he disclosed the body of a wo-

man. Calling to his companions, they removed the long wet hair that streamed over the face, and in the dim twilight, recognised the features of the unfortunate Mrs. Kendal. Wrapping it carefully in one of their pilot coats, they carried it to a cottage close by, and then determined to proceed to the house which she occupied, to see if her children had shared her fate. As they neared the spot, they passed a quantity of stones with mortar adhering, boards, and two or three broken chairs, thrown up on the beach by the tide. With their fears doubly excited by these symptoms of ruin, they quickened their pace, and in turning an angle of the cliffs, they came suddenly upon all that remained of the once neat and pretty dwelling of Mr. Kendal. The whole of the wall fronting the river was torn away, leaving the remains of the rooms exposed. The little kitchen, and, indeed, the whole of the ground floor was filled with water, and the work of destruction so complete, that all the fragments had been carried away, leaving nothing but the shattered wreck. One of the party had provided himself with a ladder, which they now planted against the upper windows, and one of the foremost ascended. The poor children, who were almost stupefied with cold and watching, no sooner heard the voices of their preservers, than they endeavoured to reach the window ; but the terrors of the night had been too much for the youngest, and she fell fainting on the floor. Her sister knelt by her and chafed her icy hands, and at this moment the hardy fisherman, bursting in the window by a blow of his powerful fist, sprung into the room. " Thank God, you're alive !" he exclaimed ; then calling to one of his companions to help him, they wrapped blankets round each, and carefully carried them down the ladder. The inhabitants of a cottage not far off were aroused, and the fainting, exhausted children carried to it, where the kindness of the owners soon restored them sufficiently to tell the events of that fearful night. The next thing to be done was, to apprise the husband and son of the catastrophe ; and the old fisherman who had discovered the body, undertook to walk over to Stanlynch, and break the dreadful news as gently as possible to them. Like the martyr who covered the mourner's face in his painting, we leave the imagination of our readers to picture to themselves the feelings of the bereaved ones on hearing it—though communicated with all that tender

sympathy which is generally to be found in sailors, looking sometimes even under the most unpromising exterior—nor will we relate the circumstances connected with the funeral; but close our little narrative with the text selected by the clergyman on the following Sunday, when he alluded to the fatal event—"Watch, therefore, for in an hour when ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—*Selected.*

DELIRANTIS SOMNIUM.

* * * * * * * "I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling was the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the minds of man!

WORDSWORTH.

A wild wood waste
Is round me, and I keenly feel,
And strive, and haste
To issue thence—deep shades conceal
My path, stampt with night's ebon seal.

Wearied I sink
Upon the cold and dewy sward,
While o'er me blink
Two fiery stars—myself their ward,
O'er whom they keep malignant guard.

Childish I weep,
And but this tottering feeble clay
Forbids, and keeps
Me bound to earth, I would not stay.
Oh! for release from dull decay.

Thou ebon muse
Of virtuous face, of anger rare;
Wilt thou refuse
To listen to my ardent prayer?
Oh! grant relief from earth-born care.

Come thou to-night
With ample garments waving free,
On footstep light
Oh! quickly come, and thou shalt see,
How drear a thing it is to be.

With closed eyes
I musing wait, and faintly hear
A sound arise,
Is it a sound of potent fear?
Why start I, as it swelleth near?

The sounds have ceas't,
They fainter grow and die away.
Just now at least
I hear not. Yet a moment stay?
Again returns the moving lay.

List those deep notes;
Those low muffled tones of sadness
Which round me floats;
Breathing away all earthly badness,
Weaving around me spells of gladness.

What is the theme?
A plaintive song of bleeding love;
A love which seems
Too pure for earth, yet from above
Broods o'er me like a fond white dove.

Its fluttering wings
The fondest melodies awake;
Hopeful it sings,—
I thirst—Oh! vain attempt to slake
That thirst with water from the brahe.

Vainly I seek
And strive to find myself a way;
A mountain's peak
Rising, divides the realms of day.
Night clothes—fit garb—the child of clay.

Again, that voice,
In murmuring tones of quietness,
Bids me rejoice!
Nor yield myself to wretchedness,
For the soul lives in faithfulness;—

But that I ought
To Him who habiteth eternity,
With power fraught.
Bow down with faith and fear in unity,
And thus secure a bright infinity!

PERSOLUS.

December, 1853.

DO WE EVER FORGET?

Is no idle question. "Do we ever forget?" from the German of Seyguera. Among the interesting facts bearing upon this important question, *Cist's Advertiser* tells the following anecdotes, as to the powers of memory in drowning :—

"An accident occurred some time since at New York, which threw a number of persons into the North River. Among others were Mr. ——— and his sister, the first named editor of a weekly paper in Philadelphia. They were both finally saved. Mr. ——— describes the sensation while under water, and in a drowning condition, to be pleasant but peculiar. It seemed to him that every event in his life crowded in his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to regret that such an interesting item as his sensations would make should be lost.

In noticing this statement, I am reminded of an incident which dissimilar as it is to the one narrated, in its general features, had the same remarkable awakening of the memory which cases often exhibit.

I can vouch for the truth of what follows, as well as testify to vivid recollections in my own case when exposed to hazards of drowning, reproducing in a few moments the events of my entire past life.

Some years since A. held a bond of B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew that it had not been paid or traded away. In this dilemma he called on B., related the circumstance of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a receipt as an offset to the bond, or rather an indemnifying bond against its collection, if ever found.

To his great surprise, B. not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but positively denied owing him anything whatever, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to endure the loss of his money, and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim.

Several months passed away without any light in the nature of the case, or its facts as above given, when, one afternoon, while bathing in the James River, A., either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore. Usual efforts were made to resuscitate him, and although there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for many days. On the first return of strength to walk, he left his bed, went to a book, opened it, and handed the long-lost bond to a friend who was present. He then informed him that when drowning, and sinking as he supposed to rise no more, in a moment there stood out distinctly before his mind as a picture, *every act of his life*, from the hour of childhood to the hour of sinking beneath the water; and among them the circumstance of his putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place where he had put it in the book-case. It is needless to say that he recovered his own with usury."

INDIA.

India, the title by which the British possessions in Asia are most familiarly known, extends from Cape Comorin on the south, to the Himalayan range on the north, and from the delta of the Berrampootra on the east to the Indus on the west. It includes within its limits 1,200,000 square miles of territory, and has a coast line of 3200 miles, 1800 of which are washed by the Indian Ocean, and 1400 by the Bay of Bengal. From this description it will be seen that both from the size of its territory and its great coast extent, it is worthy of being ranked among the most important states upon the globe. It is intersected by vast ranges of lofty mountains producing a remarkable variety of table land, delta and valley; and its extent from 34 degrees north latitude to within 8 degrees of the equator, aided by the diversity of its surface, afford almost every variety of climate, from the freezing cold experienced at the base of the Himalayan range, to the heat of

the tropics at the southern extremity. The natural productions of the soil embrace all the tropical fruits, as well as those of more temperate regions, while immense forests clothe the sides of the mountain ranges, conspicuous among which towers the lofty teak tree, affording in its almost imperishable wood an admirable material for all constructions requiring durability or strength. In some portions immense and almost impenetrable growths of grasses, bamboos, prickly shrubs and creeping plants spring up, forming what are termed jungles, which afford covert and shelter for wild beasts, from whence they issue to prey upon the herds that feed in their vicinity, or even upon the inhabitants of the neighboring villages who may by any unlucky chance come within their reach.

In mineral wealth it is very rich. The diamond mines of Golconda have from time immemorial been famous for the extreme beauty and great value of their yield. The celebrated Koh-i-noor, shown in the Great Exhibition, no less than others of immense value in the possession of native princes, testify to the richness of India in precious stones. The ruby, the emerald, the topaz, the sapphire, the turquoise, and indeed almost every known gem, are to be found in various parts of the many mountain ranges and elevated table lands of Hindostan, and often of great purity and beauty. In the province of Cashmere are manufactured the world-famous Cashmere shawls, wrought from the long silky hair of the Cashmere goat, of such elaborate fineness and design, that years are consumed in bringing a single article to completion. Even in India it is no uncommon thing for a rajah to pay ten thousand rupees ($5000) for one of the finest of these productions, and which, in all probability, will have cost the labor of a whole family for a life-time.

Its fauna is as various as its climate. At the head stands the Royal Tiger, who divides the empire of the animal kingdom with the lion himself. In the forests are to be found rhinosceroses, buffaloes, bears, lions, wolves, foxes, &c., while the jungles are the haunts of tigers, jackals, leopards and panthers. The elephant and the camel, both of which abound, the former occupying with vast herds many portions of the country, make up to a great degree the want supplied in other parts of the world by that most useful of animals, the horse.—*Boston Transcript.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

INDIAN SLEIGHING AND SNOW SHOEING.

I know a pretty little song devoted to rich eulogies on the "merry, merry sunshine;" but if I were a Poet—which I am not—I would write an ode to winter, and its "merry, merry moonlight." I know quite well that such a production would be a novelty in poetic literature, and I almost think I see the indignant frown of those sweet singers, who would "lisp in sweet numbers" of the "pensive moon," and tell us of her "pale brow," and "silvery light." Well, all this may be strictly true, poetically speaking; but, unromantic youth that I am, I like to contemplate the moon's light as a means of enjoying our Lower Canadian winter sports! The moon never makes me sad; on the contrary, I never feel in such good spirits as when a clear frosty night sets in with a round full moon, and the prospect of a snow-shoeing or toboggan party.

There is no season of the year that brings with it so many hearty enjoyments for keen youth as this hoary winter. It is'nt fair to talk so lugubriously of its "winding sheet of snow;" call it rather a table-cloth, spread for the feast of sport and healthy exercise. It is truly a season of fun—although the poets again seem to differ from me, when they sing so cheerfully of the "summer of life," and so mournfully of its "wintry aspect." Christmas opens the game, New Year's keeps it up, and the votaries of pleasure in every shape bend their energies to keep it alive as long as possible.

Our Lower Canada winter is regarded by the inhabitants of milder climes as so very Arctic in its character, that no winds blow, but north winds, and that, whenever we incautiously venture out, we get frozen, and entail on ourselves an infinite amount of friction in order to become thawed again. Perhaps, too, Dr. Smallwood of St. Martin's, will confirm these good people by his meteorological observations, which discovered the thermometer so low as 34° below zero. But I beg to inform all those "whom it may concern," that Montreal February weather is just the thing for bracing the constitution after the fatigues of the past, and preparing and strengthening it for the lassitude of the coming summer. Of course, fully to appreciate the delights of this sort of winter, I presuppose plenty of firewood, and something warm in the shape of clothing—a blanket coat and *capuchon* say.

A beautiful writer in the "Maple Leaf" has drawn a gorgeous picture of winter and its enjoyments. One instinctively wishes he had been in the same sleigh on that lovely morning, for few things are more exhilarating than a sleigh drive in the woods, with a large party and plenty of buffalo robes. Country sleighing is so different from prim, stiff city driving.

But I am going to speak of my favorite kind of sleighing—Indian sleighing, which, in the months of January and February, the Montreal youths are so fond of. Just about this time they are wonderfully curious on the score of Almanacs. What do you think they can find there?—Astronomical calculations? Possibly, but I suspect they only want to know when the moon rises, as they are bent upon "sliding," or "snow-shoeing."

To the uninitiated I ought to explain this *toboggan*, or Indian sleigh, and snow shoe. The Toboggan is an old contrivance of

the red man's, invented for very useful purposes. It combines lightness with utility, being made of a long thin strip of wood, varying from a foot to two feet in width, sometimes seven or eight feet in length, and turned gracefully at the front. This savage vehicle has been turned by us white fellows to very fashionable purposes. We, of course, don't require to use it for carrying our marketing, in the shape of a moose, or our travelling equipment, in the shape of a blanket and rifle, as the red man of the forest was obliged to do ; but we have taken the liberty to make an innovation in the style of freight, and now load the Toboggan with our own precious selves, and, peradventure, with some other more precious form, too. A very gradual descent is sufficient to give the Toboggan great velocity, so that it requires some dexterity to guide it safely to the bottom of the hill, but practice and a steady hand will do this, and the experienced steersman may be seen lying on his back guiding his Toboggan down the most precipitous spots, with a bold *nonchalance* which defies tumbles, and smiles at *cahots* ;—an innocent species of *backsliding*.

Indian sleighing is a favorite amusement of young ladies, too. On a clear moonlight night the numerous hills, in the vicinity of the mountain, echo with their merry laughter, and the tinkle of the Toboggan bell sounds so sweetly in unison, that the scene becomes positively bewitching. I am almost tempted to become poetical on the scene I have just sketched, in my own way, of course ; but I prefer to climb McTavish Hill with an Indian sleigh, to mounting even the heights of Parnassus itself.

Like the Toboggan, the Snow-shoe is also a savage, but very ingenious and necessary invention. Without the Snow-shoe, the Indian would be obliged to stay at home in winter, and either hibernate, like his neighbours the bears, or starve. As either alternative is rather uncomfortable, and as some five or six feet deep is not an easy thing to step through, Kata Houxsta has provided himself with a pair of shoes that enable him to walk on the top of the snow. As a very short promenade in deep snow would suffice to extract any amount of strength, even from an Indian's nerves, and, as "necessity is the mother of invention," the child of the forest has succeeded in patenting an article which shall prevent the pedestrian from

sinking in the treacherous snow. This invention consists of a frame, a little in the shape of a boy's kite ; the frame is covered with strong deer's sinews, beautifully woven together in a varied net work. The front part of the foot only, is strapped down, and the shoe is so balanced that, in taking a step, the front part of it is lifted from the snow, while the back drags along it.

The ladies of Lower Canada are excellent snow-shoers. On a fine night, after a good fall of snow, various merry parties sally forth for a walk, and, I venture to say, enjoy themselves infinitely more, than if the scene were transferred to a sultry evening in July or August. For my part I would greatly prefer to join this merry party out in the clear frosty night, *sans ceremoni*, than to be heated in a crowded ball room, although roasted in ever so polite and fashionable a manner. There are neither head-aches nor "to-morrow mornings" incurred by the snow-shoeing party, and I can assure you that each and every one of them will rise next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, invigorated and strengthened.

If our youth would only "slide," and snow-shoe oftener, and dissipate less, there would be a great falling off in the sales of Plantagenet and Soda Water.

There has been a fine fall of snow to-day, which, I hope, has added a foot or two to the three feet already covering the hills. The moon is now in all her lunatic splendor,—I never felt happier in my life, and I bid you good bye, as I am just starting for a slide.

A. T. C.

Montreal, 14th February, 1854.

AGREEING WITH HER.—We are reminded of an anecdote of a clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist. He once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was also addicted to the common trick, of depreciating her viands to her guests. As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the reverend gentleman, she said—"They are not very good," she was "almost ashamed to offer them," &c. The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied—"They are not so good as they might be!" The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed—"They are good enough for you!" Nothing further was said about the biscuit.

IMPROVISATORY.

' Thro' nature up to nature's God."—JUDGE HALIBURTON.

I.

The heaving ocean,
In muttering tones of might,
Calls forth its billows,
And they come, each cap't with white;
And like free steeds, gallantly
Tread the bosom of the sea!
Mighty they—and yet how soon
Yield they to the gentle moon.

II.

The blue starry vault
Of heaven is o'er me bending;
Soft—the night bird's song,
With zephyrs low is blending,
And the busy sounds of life
Sleep—unconscious—void of strife,
Aptly teaching there's a clime
Far beyond the bounds of time.

III.

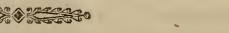
Gentle flowerets bloom,
Breathing perfume o'er the lea;
And the evening air
Rustles in the aspen tree,
With a low wild melody;
Luring *home* the soul astray,
To those pleasant pastures, where
Fruits and flowers eternal are!

IV.

Beauteous is nature,
At all times, in every part;
Her mute language fills
With hope the weary heart.
Fair and holy—pure and true,
Most so, when to mortal view,
She displaying—we can see
In her face the Deity!

PERSOLUS.

January, 1854.



He who lies in bed during a summer's morning, loses the best part of the day; he who gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE TWO WIDOWS OF HUNTER'S CREEK.

It is now forty years ago, that the two ruined block-houses, the decaying beams of which may be seen on the edge of the little clearing on Hunter's Creek, near the old mill-dam, were occupied by two families. The one on the side of the hill, near the group of scrubby pines, belonged to Aaron Hartley; the other, on the low ground by the Creek, near where you see the birch trees, was inhabited by one Miles Bridge. The boundary tree that marked the side-line between the lots, may still be seen, though the blaze on the old hemlock is nearly worn out.

Miles and Aaron were good neighbours on the whole; and their wives the best friends possible. The wonder, indeed, was, that the men agreed so well together, for Miles was a staunch Loyalist, and a regular Briton in all his tastes and feelings, aye, and in his prejudices too; while Aaron was the descendant of one of the New England Puritans, and a devoted adherent to the new order of things in America. Sometimes they quarrelled a little about politics; but they were both quiet, good men on the whole, and their disputes seldom interfered with their neighbourly intercourse with each other. Most thought it was Aaron's peace-loving wife, Thyrza, who made things go on so smoothly. She was a meek and holy-minded woman, this Thyrza Hartley, a Christian both in heart and practice.

It was God's will to afflict Aaron Hartley with a long and sore sickness, which wasted his substance and was the cause of his death. During his illness, Miles and his family showed much kindness and sympathy to the sufferer, and after death to his sorrowing widow.

Thyrza was left with one child, a bonny little maiden, about thirteen years of age. She was neither like her mother in person or character, for Thyrza was gentle and quiet, and there was a meek, subdued look in her soft hazel eyes, that had something almost heavenly in it; while the young Rachel was beautiful to look upon, with a face as sunny and gay, as bright looks, blue eyes, and a light heart, could make it; but she was vain of her beauty, and wild and wilful in temper. Her

poor father, though a sober-minded man, had been all too proud of his little daughter, and Rachel's vanity and waywardness often caused a pang of anxious foreboding to the heart of her mother.

It was just a year after Aaron Hartley's death, and Thyrza was making up her mind to gather all she possessed of worldly gear together and sell them, that she might journey back to her own people in New Hampshire ; but her good heart clung to the old log-house and its little clearing, and the garden ; all made by the industry of him whose bones lay silently mouldering beneath the elms at the foot of the hill, and she feared to undertake so long a journey alone, with no one to guide her. The country was then less settled than it is now, and not safe for an unprotected female to travel through : though in truth I believe that God helps the weak, where the strong are left to battle with danger. Perhaps it is, that women knowing their own weakness, cast themselves and their burden upon the Lord, and He careth for them.

About this time Miles Bridge's cattle were lost in the woods. Many days passed, yet they did not return ; and Mary who was an anxious woman for the live stock of the farm, fretted a great deal for the absence of her cows, for she was afraid they would be spoiled by remaining unmilked for so long a time. Miles had been out several days in search of them, and little Anne and her brother Michael, had searched the clearings and all round, day after day, to no purpose. The children had just taken their breakfast, and Mary was urging Michael to start again, when Rachel Hartley came in to return a bag of meal which her mother had borrowed some weeks before.

" No sight of the cows, neighbor ?" said Rachel, as she marked the troubled look that Mary wore.

" No, child, none ! and I am thinking that small will be the store of winter's butter I shall make after this," said Mary. " I would give any one a York shilling (7½d) if they could tell me of them. Nay, if I had them safe in the clearing, I would make it a whole quarter dollar, scarce as money is with me," and she took the coin from her little leather purse, and held it up as she spoke.

Rachel nodded, and shook her bright curls at the sight of the

silver. "And that," she said, "with what I have laid by," would nearly buy a new ribbon for my bonnet."

I was by at the time she said this, and could not help remarking the bright flush of anticipated pleasure that brightened up her cheek. "Oh, Rachel," I said, "my girl, what would your mother say to such vanities?"

But the simple girl laughed, and said, "There was no harm in a new ribbon honestly bought."

"Now," said she, "Anne and Michael, I will be with you in five minutes, and I am determined, after we start, not to return until the cows are found. You can each take a piece of bread in your hands, for we may not be back till evening. Mary Bridge, you will not forget the money, if I find the cattle," and off ran the giddy girl.

"Go thy ways, Rachel, for a giddy, good-natured thing," said Mary, as she watched the light form of Rachel running like a deer up the hill path to her mother's door. Her step was slower as she came back, and I saw Thyrza at the stoop following her with her eyes; and little did the poor widow think how long her weary eyes would watch and weep in vain for that beloved child's return.

Well, after the children were away, poor Mary's mind seemed ill at ease. And often, during the course of the day, she would walk to the end of the garden fence and look towards the bush, and listen for the cattle-bell or the sound of the children's voices; but they came not. The evening shut in and no word of them. The loss of the cows seemed nothing in comparison with the loss of the children. Thyrza, too, had been over many times, in the course of the day, to enquire if any tidings had been heard of her child. At last the alarm became general, and many of the neighbours came to assist in the search, with torches and lanterns. Mary rushed up and down the pasture field like a distracted woman, that sad sight. Thyrza sat still and wept, and prayed for strength to bear this latter trial, the loss of her only child. The long night wore away, and still no word of the wanderers. Think of the agonizing sufferings of the unhappy parents, when another day passed over, and still the children came not! At the close of that evening the distant tinkling of a cattle bell was heard, and Mary fled to the fence with a wild scream of joy. The cattle

truly were there; but her eye wandered in vain in search of the children. "Surely they will soon be here," she said, and sat down on the grass to watch for them; but night closed in, dark and rainy, and she returned sick at heart, and casting herself beside the afflicted widow, she said, "I shall see them no more; and you, also, have I bereaved of your only one—wretched woman that I am." But Thyrza did not reproach her, for she saw her trouble was already greater than she could bear.

The dark recesses of the woods blazed with many torches that night, for the country round was roused, and no exertions were spared by young or old to restore the lost ones, dead or alive, to their sorrowing parents; but it was all to no purpose, and at the end of a week the search was given up in hopeless despair. Miles Bridge was never the same man after the loss of his children. He paid little heed to his farm; his fences fell to ruin, and breachy cattle destroyed his standing corn; he hardly cared to gather in the ripening harvest; he labored listlessly like a man without hope or object, for indeed those for whose sake he had labored were lost to him. He seemed to think it little mattered how fast he went the way of all flesh. Before the forest grew green again, Miles Bridge was laid in the cold grave.

I had occasion to leave the neighborhood for two years and upwards, and when I returned, I found that Miles was dead, and that the two widows drawn together by one common lot of affliction, had let their land, on shares, to a farmer in the neighborhood, and were both inhabiting one dwelling.

All hopes of the lost children's return had long vanished from the minds of all reasonable people; but in the heart of Mary, it burned like an unextinguishable and living spark amid the depth of her afflictions, (and many had fallen upon her since that day) The thought that she should, one day, fold her lost children to her desolate heart, sustained her.

"I shall yet behold them," she would say, "before I go home, and be no more seen."

The neighbors would answer with looks of pity and incredulity. Some more stern, strove to tear the delusion of hope from her heart and chid her harshly, bidding her "take her sore afflictions as a punishment from the hand of the Lord for her sins."

"Miserable comforters are you all," she would say, in the

bitterness of her spirit. "Even like Job's are ye; but it pleased God to comfort the sorely afflicted man, and He will comfort me, even me, in His own good time." And so she would busy herself about her household matters, and take no further notice of those about her.

At last, the neighbors left her to her own fancies, for they thought sorrow had turned her brain. But, while the poor, forlorn creature met with little sympathy from those around her, there was one faithful heart, that shared in all her griefs, and tended, and watched, and soothed her unsettled mind with the tender care of a sister, for she was a sister in affliction, since the same sad cause had made both their hearts desolate.

Thyrza, in the meekness of her devout heart, took her trials as chastenings at the hand of the Lord, and when she spoke of her lost ones, she would say, in the words of David, "I may go to her, but she cannot return to me." And she took Mary to her home, and was to her a friend and counsellor, to lead her thoughts from earth to heaven.

"She is more wretched than I am," she would observe of Mary, "for she adds reproach for my bereavement to her own griefs, but far be it from me to break the bruised reed." And this good woman listened to poor Mary with gentle kindness, while she feared to encourage hopes so wild and unlikely to be realised; but sometimes she thought that these thoughts of Mary were like heavenly visitors, sent to reconcile her to life and speak peace to her in her sorrows, without which she might have sunk utterly under the influence of despair.

Five years had passed away since the loss of the children.—Rachel would have been a fine young woman, nearly nineteen, had she been living, and Michael, a lad of seventeen; little Anne, younger by two full years; and Mary would often picture them to herself, and fancy she could imagine exactly what the children would have been, had they grown up.

A change had come over Mary lately, not unnoticed by her friend. Her steps had become more feeble, her voice lower and broken; and she often spoke of weariness and languor stealing over her; so that her household labours became a task, and chiefly devolved upon Thyrza, who redoubled her kind attentions to spare her any bodily fatigue, for she thought the poor pilgrim was drawing near to the close of her earthly journey, and she

noticed, too, that she dwelt longer and more frequently on heavenly than earthly hopes.

One morning, it was just about noontide at that season when the gorgeous tints of our forest trees are at their brightest, when the nights are frosty, and the days warm and even sultry, that Mary begged Thyrza to lead her out into the stoop, where, seated in a high, pillow-backed straw chair, (such as the Irish straw chair-makers manufacture,) she could enjoy the soft sunny air, and look abroad upon the glorious colour of the changing trees that clothed the swelling hills beyond the little settlement.

"Mary," said Thyrza, as she settled a pillow at the back of the poor invalid's chair, "you are more feverish to-day, your hand is hotter than usual."

"I feel a restlessness of spirit," Mary replied, "that I can hardly describe, such as I have not felt for many months. What does it mean, Thyrza?" Then answering herself, she added, pressing her hand tightly on her heart. "It is the old complaint, 'hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick.' I had thought this foolish longing after earthly things had been quelled within me, but the fire was only smothered, it burns—it burns, here."

Thyrza sighed, and gently whispered to her, "My poor friend, lift up your heart in prayer to Him who knoweth and pitieth your weakness. This, Mary," she added, more gravely, "is a temptation and a snare from the evil one, to draw off your thoughts and affections from better things."

Mary seemed to hear, without heeding her friend's words; for, suddenly grasping her hand, she said, "Thyrza, I shall see my children, I know and feel I shall."

"Aye, Mary, if it be the Lord's pleasure, in heaven," replied Thyrza, looking upwards.

"Nay, even here, upon earth, on this very spot."

The compassionate Thyrza shook her head, while tears gathered in her mournful eyes, as she gazed sorrowfully on the fond and faded being before her. "Surely," said she to herself, "her reason is wandering, or, it may be, that she has seen some vision of her lost children. I have heard of such visitings before death."

By degrees, she strove to turn her thoughts into other channels. She talked of the warm air and the beautiful scene before them; but the mind of the sick woman seemed abstracted, and

her restless eyes wandered continually along the edge of the forest, as if in search of some lost but expected object.

The sun had reached its meridian height, and poured a strong flood of light upon the hill round which the road wound, that led from the pine wood beyond.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the wood, and the flash of ight from the barrel of the rifle carried by a young man, dressed in the garb of an Indian hunter, attracted the eye of the invalid. A few steps in the rear of the young Indian, were two females, wrapped in dark cloth mantles, bordered with red, folded over on one side, and falling to the middle of the leg, displaying the scarlet leggings pertaining to the costume of the Indian women of that time. The taller of the two, held by the hand a child, apparently about two or three years old, which soon, however, she transferred, Squaw-fashion, to her back. The young hunter wore the blanket coat and red worsted sash, adopted, even in those days, by the Indian tribes who were accustomed to trade with the white settlers.

The party first bent their steps to the cottage near the creek, where they appeared to linger and look around them with doubt; but as they ascended the path that wound up the steep side of the hill, Mary's eyes became rivetted on them with intense earnestness.

"Why do you tremble and quiver all over thus, my poor Mary?" said her friend, anxiously remarking the agitation that shook the frame of the sick creature.

"Thyrza, Thyrza," she said, in hollow, smothered tones; "what mean these strange yearnings that shake my frame?—These are they whom I have watched and longed for with a mother's hope—yea, more than a mother's hope."

She sprang to her feet, as she spoke, and stood with her arms stretched out, as if to embrace the strangers, as they drew near.

Thyrza noticed, that though their dress and carriage were those of the children of the forest, the roseate blood of Europe mantled in their cheeks, and the fair hair and blue eyes of the elder female contradicted her Indian costume.

The young hunter came forward and asked a cup of water. "For," said he, "we have travelled far, and are in want of food and water."

The cup of water was filled, and given with a murmured blessing by the hand of Thyrza, as she scanned the European features of the strangers.

"Are you from the Credit?" she asked of the young man.

"We are from Lake Huron," he replied; "we are strangers. Can you give these women shelter for the night?"

"We are two lone women," replied Thyrza, evasively, "and she is sick unto death," she added, lowering her voice.

"What ails her?" asked the stranger, turning an eye of troubled enquiry, now for the first time, upon the invalid.

"A broken heart. She lost her children some five years ago. One sad day saw us both childless."

"Did your children die of disease; by fever or accident?" asked the elder female, now pressing forward.

"Nay," said Thyrza, "they perished by a yet sadder fate than these. They were lost in the depths of yonder gloomy forest."

"My mother! they were preserved by a merciful Providence to return to you, and bless your eyes once more," burst from the lips of Rachel, as she cast herself weeping into the arms of her weeping parent.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," murmured the dying Mary, as she sunk into the arms of her two children. She had waited, as it were, for this moment of overpowering happiness, but its joy was too great for her weak frame, and she only lived to bless her children. Her remains were laid by their hands in the grave beside her poor husband.

Thyrza had many years of peace and happiness in store, and was a second mother to the children of her lost friend; and when they married and settled in life, she, with her widowed daughter and the child left Canada, and returned to their native country.

All I know of the wanderings of the young people was this, that they were found on the third day after they were lost, not far from the river Credit, by a party of Indians, who, unable or unwilling to take any trouble about restoring them to their distant homes, carried them far to the westward; and they lived with these people, learning their language and sharing their wild, wandering mode of life; but ever remembering the lost home of their youth with sad regrets. The

beauty of the fair Rachel won her much regard; and at the end of a year, she was married by a French Missionary to the son of a Chief of one of the Huron tribes. The sight of a party of English fur-traders awakened all the love of home and parents in the minds of the poor exiles. Rachel, though a mother, was now a widow, for her husband had died of a fierce lake fever, shortly after she had given birth to her second child, which had died also; and under the guidance of the fur-traders, who had been made acquainted with their singular situation, they had returned back by a long and devious way, to the home from which they had so long been separated.

Such, in point of fact, was the history of these young wanderers. There are few now that remember the circumstances, for strangers fill the place they once occupied, and the old block-houses are fallen to decay, and I only am left of all whom they once knew as friend in the place. And the old man rose as he finished his recital, and walked thoughtfully away, his head bent down, and his thoughts evidently busy with scenes and friends of past days. C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THERMOMETERS.

The word thermometer is derived from two Greek words *thermos*, signifying warm, and *metron*, meaning measure, and is used for the purpose of indicating the temperature of the atmosphere. It is said to have been invented about the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century; and, like a great many other equally good inventions, several claim the honor, but no one knows the actual inventor. The general opinion, however, is, that the idea first originated with Galileo, who, in the year 1597, was said to have first made the instrument, and that Saqudo, at a later period, perfected it; although many years elapsed before the instrument reached its present state of perfection. It is not unlikely, however, that it might have been invented by a great number of different individuals in the same period of time.

At first they used what is called an air thermometer, in which air supplied the place of quicksilver, then oil, and lastly alcohol was tried. Dr. Haller first made use of mercury, which was

found to rank superior to either of the above mentioned fluids. Mercury was found to answer best, for the reason that it is the most sensible fluid to heat and cold, even air not excepted, and of all liquids this is the most easily freed from air. Count Rumford discovered that mercury was heated from the freezing to the boiling point in 58, water in 153, and air in 617 seconds.

The thermometer consists of a glass tube, at the bottom of which there is a bulb, which is generally of a spherical form; in this mercury or quicksilver is placed, and the atmosphere affecting this, causes it to rise or fall in the tube. In order to mark the rising of the atmosphere, a scale of figures is marked along the tube, and by this simple way we can always discern the temperature of the air which we are at any moment breathing. At first great difficulty was experienced in order to obtain the proper scale. In the present scale of figures, 32 is marked at the freezing point, when water congeals; when the quicksilver falls to 0, it is said to be at zero; and then, as a matter of course, the further the mercury descends below this point, the more intense is the cold. In our rigorous climate the thermometer very frequently ranges as low as 30 below zero; however, in Great Britain the cold is never so intense. When the quicksilver is at 60, the air is said to be temperate, and now when we are experiencing this intense cold, we ought to be careful that the mercury of the thermometer in our room is never above this point, as nothing is more hurtful to the constitution than to sit in too warm a chamber. When the mercury rises as far as 98, it is the heat of the blood in the average of living men, and 212 is the point when water boils.

The simplest mode of filling a mercurial thermometer is to put the mercury in a paper funnel, tied round the top of the tube. This must be done very cautiously, by alternately heating gently and then cooling the bulb, and at last making it boil in such a manner as to completely expel the air. To close the extremity of the bulb, it is first softened by heat, and drawn to a capillary surface. Then, in order to free the tube entirely from air, the bulb is heated intensely, and whilst in that state, the mercury filling the whole tube, the capillary point is to be heated in the flame of a lamp.

The thermometers used now are Farenheit's in Britain, Holland, and America; Reaumier's in France; and Celsuis's in Sweden.

This instrument, besides being of use in the way I have mentioned, is of service in many other ways; in the arts, for example, in which the temperature of the air or liquids requires to be attended to, and also for many other purposes. In short, this is as useful a little instrument as the art of man has ever invented, and although since then a great many other inventions have fallen under our notice, this one, though little in itself, will equal in point of utility any of the later great inventions.

Montreal, February, 1854. ISIDOR.

EDITORIAL.

A great pressure of business has prevented the publisher from sending forth this number earlier. We trust the next may not be so long delayed.

We are in receipt of an excellent little work for juveniles, called "The Youth's Casket." It is published in Buffalo, by E. F. Beadle, No. 11, West Seneca Street. It abounds in interesting illustrations, and seems well calculated to improve and amuse the class for which it is designed.

A young correspondent has kindly responded to our wish in regard to the Thermometer.

The communication from "Uncle Tom" is good; but it came to hand after we had accepted another article on the same subject. We shall be happy to receive a paper from him on the subject he mentioned.

What constitutes Poetry? is a question we propose for "Rose Bud's" consideration. It is absolutely important that one should be well acquainted with the rules of Grammar before attempting versification; and we would add to that, a course of reading, comprising works of history, literature, and general information. We do not mean to discourage young poets; but simply urge them to lay a proper foundation for excellence, by cultivating a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of correct writing. "Rose Bud" will see that her poem lacks unity of design, and abounds in grammatical errors. Her time would perhaps be better employed in study for the present, until her taste is sufficiently educated to design and trace out a literary composition correctly.

We were glad to hear from several valued correspondents, whose articles appear in this number.

We mention "Persolus," particularly. His articles are always welcome; pervaded, as they are, by excellent sentiment delicately and elegantly expressed.

A. T. C. has our thanks for his spirited description of our winter sports, and his beautiful drawing of a Toboggan party, which Mr. Walker has engraved with his usual artistic skill. The moon beams seem to have affected other correspondents also. We fancy we shall receive a number of articles distinguished for racy and interesting style: the tide sets that way; "the moon is at the full." In truth, we expect to see articles for our next, that will display more evidences of thorough intellectual assiduity than anything we have previously seen: the age is progressive; mind cannot stand still; thought should spread wide her pinions, and soar high.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

MY OLD MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LEAF NO. I.

ot many days since I chanced to lay my hand on an old Memorandum book, a kind of journalin which, as far back as the year 1838, I used to jot down a few items of personal feeling and experience. The little volume looked so familiar and seemed to speak to me so kindly and tenderly, in voices of those who are gone, never to return, and recalled memories so touching, that, hurried as I was searching for family accounts that had been packed away for years, I could not forbear to linger over it, and at last concluded to put it in my pocket for future perusal. A few of these jottings I have re-arranged and written off, and give them here in narrative form.

At the time to which I refer, I was comparatively a young man, though disappointment in the attainment of many cherished objects had affected the elasticity of my spirits, and given me a tinge of melancholy and sensitiveness that ill-accorded with the constant demands of a flourishing business, upon my time and energies. It seems all like a dream to me as I turn over the pages of my ancient companion and monitor, my private Memorandum book, that so many years have sped their round since I figured in the city of cotton bales, and mingled with her merchant princes on the levee, and watched with feverish anxiety the rise and fall of stock, or the fluctuations of the market. Many changes have passed over me since then ; many new views, and, I trust, more truly elevated motives of action have swayed my heart ; yet I love to recall those earlier memories, and dwell upon those old associations.—But to my subject. The first leaf of my Journal was dated June 1st, 1838. It was about that time that the American community was recovering from a commercial panic, which seized both bank and merchant throughout the land ; I mean the famous money reformation

under President Jackson, and well established were those firms whose resources met the emergency. The firm of B———, in which I had an interest, held its own, and came up equal to the test; in consequence of this, money flowed in rapidly, and prosperity crowned our affairs. The hurry of the spring trade sales was rapidly giving place to the usual re-action in our large warehouse. Hogsheads of sugar, and barrels of molasses, with bags of coffee, chests of vanilla and cocoa, had been shipped in large quantities, and invoices for purchasers, invoices for Customs, calculations of nett profits, and other kindred subjects received their full share of attention. The season had been very prosperous, and I felt that it was a propitious time for me to put my long cherished design of travelling north, into execution. My health was suffering much from close confinement, and so, leaving our sage senior partners to conduct business, brave the yellow fever, musquitoes, and heat, I sailed to Boston, from which place as a centre I made journies to the principal cities and villages of New England. Never shall I forget my sensations as I beheld the hills and mountains of my native State, rising grandly in the distance. I had grown to manhood beneath the fervid rays of a southern sun, and my eyes had been accustomed to the gentle features of a warmer clime; still a natural swelling of strong admiration filled my heart to overflowing amid these scenes of my early childhood, and I hurried on to the White Mountains, where, joining a party, we proceeded to visit several beautiful lakes and spots of wild grandeur, with which the Granite State is so plentifully sprinkled. There is a kind of enthusiasm imbibed and breathed in with every breeze that rustles the massy foliage, and sounds through the wilderness of trees, amid the deep glens and mountain passes of picturesque New England, that animates the whole man, if he has a soul to enjoy the grand and beautiful. The pure mountain air acted upon me like exhilarating gas, and soon my blood, which had been long accustomed to a sluggish flow, quickened its course, and my health improved, while my spiritual man expanded day by day. I no longer wondered at the bravery and fearless attachment to truth which so many of our northern statesmen have displayed, or at that indomitable spirit of freedom which has caused the halls of legislation to resound with their eloquence and manly zeal. Nature seems to compensate for the roughness and even sterile quality of the soil

which often overlays hilly countries, by giving the inhabitants strong frames and unconquerable energy of body and mind—an energy which is developed in overcoming obstacles; and from the fact that greater exertions must be made, they rise to a higher grade of intellectual attainment than the inhabitants of places possessing more natural advantages.

Some weeks of my proposed absence still remained, and I felt no inclination to shorten my stay and resume business. I, therefore, procured a light carriage in Concord, and resolved to drive leisurely through this Switzerland of America, this lovely region of the White and Green Mountains, and send it back from Lake George, where I expected to meet some friends, and return with them to New Orleans. Pursuing my intention, the close of a day in the latter part of August found me not far from the lake shore in Vermont. A lovely sunset shed its golden radiance athwart distant mountain summit, and spread its variegated hues broad and generously over each gentle slope and waving grain field, and lighting upon the placid lake, gilded each dancing ripple that broke upon the shore. The eye could linger upon such a scene, taking in at a glance the swelling hills towards the east, the varied colourings of the harvest fields near, while upon the west extending widely, rolled gently the beauteous Champlain, gemmed with green islands, and dotted with white sails. The reflection of the glowing clouds rested upon the waters; roseate and violet-hued imagery, castellated piles, towers, and lofty battlements, found answering forms in the crystal surface beneath. While gazing, one might well indulge in poetic visions, and imagine the land of the blessed near those bright openings which I saw in the clouds far to the north-west. To a native of the Granite State, or her sister realm, Vermont, the pure air, the vivid green of the landscape, the abrupt summit of the mountains, the craggy steeps, up which wind narrow roads, the succession of undulations in the surface, are features of constant interest, and call forth the fondest attachment. I well remember my sensations while viewing the last rays of sunlight on this particular evening. A gush of glory seemed to settle over the scene, a sweet repose fell upon the farm houses, whose casements glistened in the sunset; the voices of the animal creation grew fainter—a solemn hush fell upon my spirit. I held my breath. I cannot express the intense longing I felt to sympathise with the spirit of

beauty that hovered there in those rays of dying daylight. How thankful we sometimes are to hear a human voice give words to the very emotions that are upheaving one's spirit. I was alone. I drove on in silence; no voice of appreciation or quick look of earnest feeling met my surcharged heart. Soon distressful emotions struggled in my breast, mingled with my love of the beautiful. I realised that man is the marring spirit in the world. I felt most deeply that I was not perfect; that tokens of a degenerate nature were within me, and I sighed as recollections of wasted time and misimproved talents came to mind there, in the silence and holy beauty of that sunset scene. Quick as thought, as if to still the sorrow which I felt, my mind turned from material forms of loveliness upon which I must so soon close my eyes, to those pure waves that flow fast by the tree of life, and those angelic spirits who welcome the Christian to the society of Heaven; and then and there, while passing along, did I resolve to bring my future nearer the high standard of excellence which the Creator requires, and looking upward I prayed as I never prayed before, that He would enable me to live to His glory. Then I realised that to have lived for naught, to have frittered away an existence worth untold gold, to have floated along the current of time, scarce rising with its flowing tide, is a record most sorrowful, fearfully sorrowful, and fraught with weight of woe, and anguish to be borne from these scenes of hope, to the lowest depths of hell! I asked myself the question, is man made to bask in sunshine only? Is immortal energy given him to be expended on trifles, to grasp at straws? Is it enough that I am a successful business man, a kind friend to those who are kind to me in return? The echo of my own dissatisfied experiences, ever resounding in my ears, the thirst of my craving spirit always urging me to try the "broken cisterns" of earth, the longing of my soul to sympathise with something in itself higher and nobler than mere worldly gain, were the silent responses I received to my earnest self-questionings, and they were not without effect. * * * *

I had driven very near a beautiful village, and finding myself somewhat fatigued, I determined to remain there for the night. The village of C. is situated on both sides of a small but beautifully winding stream, and the white houses with their green blinds peeping out, so tastefully, from the shade of elm and

beechen trees, looked inviting, giving one an image of home comfort, such as is to be found generally in the modest villages of that part of the country. The hotel was near the water, and after tea, I sat down by the open window in my room, where I could hear the subdued sound of its wavelets, and drink in the flood of beauty, with which the moon had mellowed the scene, and so absorbed was I in my own reflections that I did not at first hear voices near me. I soon, however, became conscious that there were others in the world besides myself. The tones seemed to come from the next room. A voice of singular sweetness, and of that peculiar pathos that touches the heart seemed to answer some one.

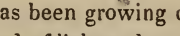
"I cannot, dear Albert, overcome my belief that our search will prove successful. I feel a strange drawing to this quiet little village; let us remain here a few days at least, until we can make minute inquiries."

"Oh yes, Eveline, I like the spot; there ought to be fine fishing up here in these pure streams; and Vermont fish may perhaps be attracted by Virginia baits. I have ordered the carriage to be put up, and mean to ransack the whole vicinity, not excepting "the fishing grounds," if there are any, and you can have ample time for your object."

"Bless you dearest, you are too good; I try to find words to express my love for your patience with me; if I do find my sister, how happy I shall be; it seems to me, that this intense desire will break my heart if it continues."

Here the voices seemed to move away; but I had heard enough to set a train of thought in motion, and taking out my pencil I noted the incident, hoping sincerely that the amiable couple might ever be as confiding and devoted to each other as now; little thinking how my own future was to be entwined with theirs, or how our paths, hitherto so divergent, were so soon to meet. * * * * * *

Montreal, March, 1854.



The plant that for years has been growing distorted, and dwelling in a barren spot, deprived of light and nourishment, withered in its leaves, and blighted in its fruit, cannot at once recover from so cruel a blast.

LINES

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

I.

Oft when my spirit falters
Along the path of life,
And tries to rise, then flutters
Mid scenes of mortal strife;—
Winging from realms of glory,
The dove, of heav'nly birth,
Whispers to me the story
Of joy beyond the earth.

II.

Upon my heart's deep yearnings
Fall voices from above,
Stilling the mystic burnings—
The central fires of love;—
Calling my wand'ring spirit
To cease its wayward flight,
And purest joys inherit
In homes of fadeless light.

III.

Oh! could those sounds angelic,
That spell of beauty stay—
Those gleams of life ecstatic
Burst ever o'er my way;—
Then wrapt in an Elysian,
My soul would upward soar,
Catching from ev'ry vision
Bright rays forever more.

IV.

Alas! the soul's bright pinions,
Sin-stricken now, are bound;
Its noble aspirations
Are fallen to the ground;—
Longing, forever longing,
For higher, happier life,
It waiteth for the dawning
Of a day with glory rife.

V.

That day beyond the mountains
Shall streak the Eastern sky,
Where purling rills and fountains,
Lave trees that never die;—

And there beneath its splendor
The Armies of the Blest,
In peace and joy most tender,
Shall own a sacred rest.

VI.

Oh! life henceforth be holy,
Be glorified to me,
My views of self most lowly,
And those of God most free;—
Then shall my path be upward,
Tho' often fac'd with thorns,
And onward, ever onward,
Above life's darkling storms.

E. H. L.

Montreal, March, 1854.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

It was one of those soft, golden days of autumn, which seem like returns of Eden, that a party of young persons assembled in an open field for the purpose of hop-gathering. Nothing could make a prettier rural picture than this grouping of bright-eyed girls and gay young beaux beneath the large arbor they had formed of the graceful and luxuriant vines. There was scarce a girl among them that had not some green sprig or purple aster, or crimson cardinal-flower twisted among her silken locks; scarce a boy that wore not in his straw hat a drooping cluster of hops, or a bright plume of golden-rod.

Protected from the sun by their canopy of vines, and fanned by the breeze that rustled through it from the neighboring woodland, nothing could be pleasanter than their rustic employment. So many diversions, too, were contrived to lessen its monotony! One told the tale of Cinderella, a hundred times heard before, yet ever interesting and ever new; another sang one of Burns' little songs, so appropriate for a scene of rural labor and festivity; the pitcher of cool root beer was brought, and handed about; old jokes were revived, and laughed at as heartily as though now for the first time invented; a sly kiss was stolen by some roguish boy from the strawberry lips of the maiden at his side; and then, to check the uproarious merriment, a ghost story, such as Tam O'Shanter reduced to prose, or the old ballad of "Margaret's Ghost," was related

with due solemnity by some damsel, whose story-telling talent made amends for the homeliness of her face.

Among the party was one who, though sharing cheerfully in these sports, did so more through benevolent sympathies than from any hearty gayety of feeling. He was a lad about fifteen years of age, possessing one of the sweetest and most intelligent faces in the world, but bearing in his person the curse of incurable deformity. All were kind to him, and all loved him; but neither their kindness nor their love could drive away the sadness at his heart. It was not merely his deformity that made him miserable; it was the feeling that he was spiritually *alone* in the world; that the sympathy of his race was for his *misfortune*, and not for those high aspirations and holy emotions which were shrouded in his weak, misshapen frame.

There was, however, one in that merry group who knew him better than he thought. This was Ellen Mayland, the daughter of our late physician; a girl noted in Newburg for the sweetness of her temper, and the warmth of her attachments. She had known Otis Wendell all his lifetime, and was one of the earliest supporters of his little hobbling, awkward steps. The attachment formed between them then, had been a lasting one; but Ellen, quite a woman now, saw much less of him than when they were schoolmates together, and used to sit under the green oak during the long summer noontime, telling each other stories of fairies, and crying over the hapless fate of the "Children in the Wood." Otis feared that, now she had become a beautiful young lady, she would no longer interest herself in the poor little deformed boy who claimed her childish compassion. Tears came into his eyes when, at the close of the day, he saw her, with others, tie on her bonnet, and prepare to depart. Instead of joining the company, however, she turned to him, and said, "It is not night yet, by an hour or more. Let us have one of our old sittings under the green tree. You know we used to be often together at twilight, watching the red rays die off from the hill-top. Go down with me to the old chestnut, and we can see them now, as beautiful as ever."

Otis grasped her hand. "O, Ellen, it will make me too happy!"

The "old chestnut" was the pride of our village, being of enormous size, and growing in one of the pleasantest spots upon the banks of the Kattequissim. Its roots ran along partly above the surface of the ground, and were covered with beautiful green moss, that was kept constantly fresh by the trickling water welling up near the base of the trunk. Here, upon a dry spot of turf, the young friends found a seat.

"Now lay your little weary head upon my knee, Otis, and tell me why you have not felt happy, to-day."

He hid his beautiful face upon the folds of her dress, kissed them rapturously, and then, lying down so that he might gaze up into her eyes, rested his golden curls and glowing cheek upon her knee, as she desired. "How could you know I was not happy, Ellen? Did I not laugh, and sing, and tell stories, as much as any one of the party?"

"As much, but not as heartily. Your gayety, to-day, had no soul. Now tell me, are you sick, or only sad?"

"You know I am never well, Ellen, never *quite* well; and I think these poor feelings often make me gloomy when I ought to be gay. But, O, I felt so lonely, to-day! There was so much in my soul that no one sympathizes with, that no one understands."

"But you will *find* sympathy as you grow older. A very richly-endowed spirit is always lonely and unappreciated in its youth, being far in advance of the generation with which its years would class it, and yet too modest and shrinking to claim fellowship with the ripe spirits that precede it only in age. But in a few years, Otis, your mind will grow so bold and strong, it cannot, like a little bird, sit any longer in its greenwood nest, but will soar up into the eye of day, where all men can see and admire it. *Then* you will have friends among the good and great; you will no longer feel lonely."

"Dear Ellen, your voice has been so long my oracle, I am half tempted to believe everything it predicts. But you forget the great obstacle that lies in my way. My soul *might* fly but for the clog of this poor body. I do not murmur at my lot, Ellen, yet I sometimes feel like a caged lion, strong and furious, but ah, so helpless, so desolate, so full of a great ambition that can never be satisfied! Who ever regards me as anything but a being to be pitied and protected, but whose

life must be always a burden to himself and a curse to his friends? And yet, Ellen, I have a soul within me which tells me that I was made to *act*, and not to suffer; to minister to the multitude, instead of living upon their charity. You will think me vain and foolish, I fear; but if I am so, you have more power than any one else to correct and improve me. Do so, Ellen. Be my monitor. Teach me how to conform myself to my low and miserable condition."

The poor boy clasped his hands, and looked up into her face with an expression so sorrowful and beseeching, it drew the tears from her eyes. She bent over and touched his forehead with her lips.

"Dear Otis, I am going to make you happy, if you will but promise to place yourself in my power, and do whatever I bid you. Will you promise?"

"Promise? Yes, anything, everything that you wish. I am yours. Do what you will with me."

"Well, this is my plan. You must go home to your parents, and get their consent that you shall come and live with mother and me. You shall join Mr. Elliot's classes in Greek and Latin, and become, what I know you wish to be, a scholar. I have a little fortune that is, at present, lying useless on my hands. This I am going to invest in your education. Now, don't look so wild, dear Otis, as though you thought this intention of mine anything out of the ordinary range of kindness. I have consulted mother, and she consents; and you know I shall never be easy or satisfied till my plan is fulfilled."

Otis heard this proposition with the profoundest surprise and emotion. "Are you really in earnest, Ellen. If so, I must be in earnest, too, and tell you that I cannot be so selfish as to consent to your plans. What, Ellen; do all this for *me*, who dare not hope to repay you one half the kindness you have already shown me?"

"Otis, you *must* consent. You are my brother. My heart has adopted you. I wish your life to be a useful and a happy one. To be useful, you must be active. Nature has forbidden you to be so, physically, yet in proportion as she has disabled your body, she has endowed your mind. Now ask your conscience, whether you will so nearly fulfil your duty by deny-

ing yourself the advantages of education through fear of wronging me, as you will by availing yourself of the means offered to render yourself widely useful in the world. Supposing you never repay me, in any way. I shall not suffer by it. I have health, strength, and a love of industry. It would make me a thousand times happier to give all I have to you, without thought of recompense, than to be the mistress of a million, if I could not bestow it as I pleased. Do not deny my will, Otis. You said, a few moments since, that you were mine, and that I might do with you as I chose. I hold you to that promise. You shall come into our family, and remain with us till you are prepared for college; and O, my dear brother, shall we not be happier than we have been before, dwelling under the same roof, studying from the same books, and trying every day to grow wiser and better? *Can* you resist my entreaties?"

"O, no, Ellen, I cannot. God forgive me if I do wrong in accepting such a great sacrifice as you will make for me; but your prayers are a law that I have no power to disobey. I *am* your brother; and I will cheerfully owe everything to you. God grant that I may become all you hope or wish! God grant I may prove worthy of your affection! With your eyes looking into mine, I half forget I am not in paradise. All the angels do not live in heaven. All the bliss is not enjoyed there. I can now realize something of the glories and joys of the upper world. There all are good and beautiful like you; no wonder they say it is a happy place."

Abstracted from all the world around them, full of happy and holy feelings, the young friends noted not the fall of the dew and the increasing dimness of the twilight. They were aroused by a footstep near them. A person approached, whom Ellen recognized as Mr. Elliot, the teacher of Greek and Latin whom she had mentioned to Otis.

"I fear, Miss Ellen," he said, very kindly, "I fear you have been thinking more of poetry and sentiment than of health, in remaining so late abroad. I just came from your mother, who is quite uneasy about you. Will you not take my arm, and return? Otis, my dear boy, you shall lean upon the other. Forgive me for interrupting your interview. I did not know you were together."

Otis declined the proffered assistance, and bidding Ellen good-night, took another path toward the village. "How much that poor boy loves you, Ellen," remarked Mr. Elliot, as he quitted their sight.

"Not more than I love him," replied Ellen. "He has one of the noblest souls and truest hearts in the world; but how little is he appreciated! The world cruelly wrongs those who are physically unfortunate, by looking upon them as objects of pity, merely, when they may have intellect of the loftiest order waiting only to be encouraged to put forth glorious developments. This is the case with Otis. He is painfully sensitive to his misfortune, and has felt chained down by it to helpless desolation. I have been trying to cheer and uplift his spirits, to-night. I believe I have succeeded."

"As you always must, Ellen, in everything you attempt. A dark heart must that be which would not be cheered by your encouragement."

"I have been persuading Otis," she continued, to join your classes in the languages. He has consented."

"Indeed! with what view did you counsel it? I had supposed his parents too indifferent to his fate to make great sacrifices for his education; and, with their poverty, it must require great sacrifices to pay the expense of a collegiate course."

"His parents, it is true, have little feeling for him. They cannot appreciate the jewel God has given them in that misshapen casket. But he has friends who know him better, and who are willing to do everything in their power to assist him. If his parents do not object, he will join your classes next week; and his home he will find beneath my mother's roof, who has the kindest affection for him, and regards him almost as a child of her own."

"This will be a kindness to me, as well as to Otis. Much as you seek to disguise your favors to me, my heart perceives and appreciates them. This is the *twelfth* scholar you have obtained for me, Ellen. Two months I struggled on with but *four;* now I have twenty. O, you are everybody's good angel!"

Ellen deserved this praise. In yielding assistance or relief,

none was so active and willing as she. When Mr. Elliot came to Newburg, and she learned that he had been obliged to give up his studies on account of ill health, and that he was poor, and had no friends to assist him, all her benevolent feelings were excited, and she went about among her acquaintances to arouse their sympathies in his behalf. He opened a school in the village, and Ellen had been unwearied in her efforts to procure him patronage. He was now much encouraged. His health was every day improving, and his school becoming more prosperous. Can it be wondered that he called Ellen a "good angel?"

It may be supposed that Otis did not drink sparingly of the fountain of knowledge that was laid open to him. He devoured books with a most unhealthy appetite. He pored over them till his eyes grew large and bright, and his cheek hollow and fevered. The spirit within him seemed consuming its shrine. Ellen saw the danger, and with her customary resolution, interposed At first, she gently cautioned him; but finding this ineffectual, she spoke out more decidedly. She reminded him of his resolution to become a benefactor to man; to acquire knowledge as an intellectual lever whereby to raise the world. Instead of that he was making a revel of his studies; he was pursuing them to an unhealthy excess; already had they intoxicated him. His brain no longer clearly perceived the path of duty, but was intent only on self-indulgence. At this reproof, Otis wept, and fell on his knees at Ellen's feet, promising to be guided only by her. She did not abuse her power. Tenderly soothing him, as a mother would sooth a nervous child, she brought him back to temperance and calm reflection.

Two years went by, and Mr. Elliot having partially recovered his health, and completed the study of divinity, received, at the marriage altar, the gentle hand of the lovely and gifted Ellen Mayland.

Very soon after her marriage, Otis left Newburg to enter upon his collegiate studies. We select one from among the many letters that he addressed to Ellen during his residence at Cambridge. It was written when he had been there about one year:—

"Cambridge, June 7, 1790.

"DEAR ELLEN,—Your letter came when I was down-hearted, and revived me. How precious were its eloquent words of encouragement! Bless you, my more than sister, that amid all your numerous and peculiar duties, as a wife, mother, and the companion of a Christian pastor, you still continue to interest yourself so warmly in my success. I never can forget how much I am your debtor.

"Because I speak of being down-hearted, you must not suppose I find myself unhappy here. I have many warm friends who do much to encourage and improve me. And books are inexhaustible companions. I appreciate them more truly every day I live. But my aim is not enjoyment merely. I have something to do in the world, and my object here is to acquire intellectual power to fit me for my duties. Others may strive for college honors, *I* will strive for *your approbation*, and to qualify myself for future usefulness in the world. When I was younger, Ellen, I used to mourn over my physical misfortune; but now I rather congratulate myself upon it, it throws me so entirely upon my inward strength. If I had the form of Apollo, I might be meditating how to display it most strikingly in the circles of fashion; but now my thoughts are wholly devoted to the means of making my mental power counterbalance my bodily infirmity. I owe much of my present healthy frame of mind to your gentle and judicious counsel. Indeed, Ellen, what do I not owe to you?

"You wish to know whether I have yet decided on a profession. Yes, Ellen, I will be a lawyer! You will, perhaps, at first, be disposed to doubt whether this opens to me the broadest sphere of usefulness. You, the young wife of a clergyman, will, of course, look with peculiar favor upon the sacred profession. Or, perhaps, you will recall the extensive usefulness and benevolence of your father, and advise me to engage in the practice of the healing art. I disparage neither of these callings, Ellen, but *my* path is to the courts of earthly justice. Shall I tell you in what manner I hope to make myself useful? If there are poor men oppressed by the powerful, I will defend and relieve them; if rich men commit wrongs against the destitute and helpless, I will rebuke them; I will endeavor to conform human law to Divine law, and persuade men to carry their religion about them in their

everyday life. Wherever I find public vice, injustice, and fraud, there will I work with a bold heart, and tireless zeal, till virtue, justice, and integrity, are substituted in their place. Ellen, if God will but bless my efforts, my life shall not be fruitlessly spent.*

"Every day that I remain in college, I grow more in love with mankind. The good traits of human nature are constantly revealing themselves to me. My misfortune, which I once supposed would be a perpetual misery to me, has served me as an 'open sesame' into the hearts of all with whom I associate. I wish you could know them, Ellen, they are so kind to me. But kind as they are, they can never equal you. No, my dear friend, you will always remain queen of my heart!

"Thank you for giving that little one my name. May he do it greater honor than I ever can hope to! Every morning, Ellen, I pray for your happiness, and every evening meditate on your goodness. God bless your husband and child; and, O, my dear friend, most devotedly do I pray, God bless *you* forever!

"Your most grateful and affectionate

OTIS."

(*To be Continued.*)

REFLECTIONS.

The joyous spring-time is coming once more. Nature is preparing to fold away her wintry sheets. Soon the trees will put on their holiday attire, and Flora, with her gay train, will appear, heralded by the song of birds and the hum of insects. The rippling brook and mighty river, with its great palpitating heart, loosed from its strong ice-ribs, unite with the bird and insect to praise the great Creator. Like the ever flowing river, the restless tide of time has rolled on, bearing away many hopes, which were bright when last the spring-sun shed his beams over us. How many, who were then revelling in his light, have passed away to the land of shadows! How many have bowed over the wreck of ruined hopes, with hearts crushed, and bleeding! How many have listened vainly for a foot-fall which thrilled to the heart; for a voice whose lightest tones were music, and have gazed through tears after a form whose *very shadow* was sunlight to them;—all vainly, vainly! The step, which sent a thrill to the heart of love, now echoes on some distant shore, or haply is stilled forever; the voice of earnest melody now sounds for

* The sentiments of this paragraph are not fiction.

other ears, or, it may be, mingled with the notes of the blest; that beloved form no more brings sunlight to the heart—all are gone! The spring-sun will shine as brightly as of old; the trees and the birds will be unchanged; the old river will keep on its course; the great battle of life will go on, and we must arm for the struggle, and though memory may dwell fondly on the past, through whose far-off, dim perspective, the very *shoals*, on which we have grounded, glitter like isles of beauty,—we must remember that we live in the *present*.

Summer, Winter, Fall and Spring,
In the *present* all are lost.
Snow may fall, or birds may sing,
Sunshine glow, or glitter frost;
Friends may crowd about our way,
Hopes may cluster round the hearth,
Love may gild life's op'ning day,
Bringing joys too pure for earth;—

But snows melt, and birds will fly,
Sunshine darken, vanish frost;
Friends may either change, or die;
Love is gain'd at matchless cost;—
Yet there is a world above,
Where the spring is ever bright,—
There undying flow'rs of love
Burst forever on the sight.

EDLA.

Montreal, March 25, 1854.

"There is no place better calculated to inspire melancholy contemplation than a grave-yard. There, in that repository of the dead, the land of silence and gloom, repose the proud and the rich, the poor and the humble. Strife is forgotten, the tongue of slander is dumb, the voice of slander is hushed. All is silence and repose. Kings, heroes, and subjects moulder together forgotten. The fairest sons of genius lie beside the senseless idiot. Titles are unknown, distinctions are annihilated, and all sleep in forgetfulness on the earth's cold bosom.

But is this the end of man? No. There is a fairer world beyond the sea of terrestrial sorrow, a realm of consecrated beatitude; a clime of unspeakable enjoyment. There the countenance of sorrow is changed to smiles, and enrapturing joys will repay a life of pain and sorrow."

HALOS.

In certain states of the atmosphere, chiefly occurring in Polar regions, the sun and moon are surrounded with circles and parts of circles of various sizes and forms, producing the most singular and remarkable effects. All these appearances are called *halos.* The small halos seen round the sun and moon in fine weather, when the sky is partially covered with light fleecy clouds, are also called *coronæ.* Sometimes the image of the sun or moon is repeated several times, producing what are called *parhelia* or mock-suns, and *paraselenæ* or mock-moons. Small halos surrounding the planet Venus have been observed near the Equator. The colors of the solar halo are similar to those of the rainbow, but not so bright, and they do not always occur in the same order. In the halo the red is generally nearest the sun, the exterior of the band being a pale indigo or violet, and in some cases white. Occasionally the inner edge is white, and beyond this are green, yellow, and a pale red. The lunar halo is usually white, but occasionally shows tints of pale green or red. Both the solar and the lunar halo often appear double, consisting of two concentric circular bands; the outer one being broader than the other, its colors fainter, and its distance from the sun or moon twice as great as that of the inner band. The sky within

the halos is sometimes of a deep blue color: but it is frequently gray, on account of a thin veil of clouds covering it.

Coronæ are much smaller than halos. A corona sometimes appears in company with a halo, but such is not often the case. The solar corona commonly consists of three concentric bands, variously colored; in one observed by Sir Isaac Newton, by reflection in a light of standing water, the colors of the three bands proceeding from the sun outwards were blue, white, and red; purple, blue, green, and pale red; pale blue and red.

Mock-suns, or parhelia, are of common occurrence within the Arctic Circle. Their usual appearance has been thus described: —"When the sun is not far from the horizon, one or more luminous circles or halos surround it at a considerable distance; two beams of light go across the innermost circle, passing through the centre of the sun, the one horizontally, the other perpendicularly, so as to form a cross; where these beams touch the circle, the light is, as it were, concentrated in a bright spot, sometimes scarcely inferior in brilliance to the sun itself; at the corresponding points in the outermost circle, segments of other circles, wholly external, come into contact with it."

A beautiful exhibition of parhelia, which occurred in the northern parts of America, has been thus described:—"The atmosphere had been very hazy, but as the haziness cleared off, the first appearance was a brilliant parhelion. "Its form at first was nearly circular, and its apparent diameter a little greater than that of the true sun. Its light, which was of a brilliant white, was so intense as to pain the eyes. In a few moments, another parhelion, of equal brightness, appeared at the same distance on the east side of the sun, and at the same altitude. When first seen it appeared a little elongated vertically, and slightly colored. Both these parhelia retained their size and appearance for a few moments, and then began to lengthen in a vertical direction, and shew the prismatic colors, with considerable brilliancy. Directly above the sun appeared, at the same time with the parhelia, a colored arc, having its centre in the zenith, and its convexity towards the sun. The exterior was red; the other colors were merged into each other, but the blue and green were predominant, though faint."

Paraselenæ are frequently seen in the Polar regions. Captain

Parry noticed several of them during the long winter nights of those dreary abodes. On the first of December, 1819, he remarked one close to the horizon, another perpendicularly above it, and two others on a line parallel to the horizon. "Their shape was like that of a comet, the tail being from the moon. The side towards the moon was of light orange-color. During the existence of these mock-moons, a halo or luminous ring appeared round the moon, and passed through all the mock-moons, at which instant two yellowish-colored lines joined the opposite mock-moons, and formed four quadrants, bisecting each other at the centre of the circle. These appearances varied in brightness, and continued above an hour." On another occasion a circular halo surrounded the moon; part of a well defined circle of white light passing through the moon, extended for several degrees on each side of her, and in points where this circle intersected the halo, were paraselenæ. In the part of the halo immediately over the moon was another much brighter, and opposite to it in the lower part of the circle another similar but much more faint. About the same time on the following evening two concentric circles were observed round the moon, upon the inner of which were four paraselenæ exhibiting the colors of the rainbow. On another evening he saw a halo, which had in it three paraselenæ, very luminous, but not tinged with prismatic colors; and on the following day the same phenomena occurred with the addition of a vertical stripe of white light proceeding from the upper and lower limbs of the moon, and forming with a part of the horizontal circle seen before, the appearance of a cross. There was also at times an arc of another circle touching the halo, which sometimes almost reached to the zenith, changing the intensity of its light, very frequently not unlike the Aurora Borealis.

In former ages the appearance of halos produced great terror; but their cause is now better understood. They are produced by refractions of light in the globules of water which are suspended in the atmosphere; or the vapours of the atmosphere being frozen, innumerable particles of ice, of an angular form, fill the air, and refract and sometimes decompose the rays of the sun and moon. In the arctic regions, at the time when halos are most frequently seen, the particles of floating ice prick the skin like needles, and raise blisters on the face and hands.—*Selected.*

THE GATHERED FLOWER.

"And Death so gently o'er her crept,
We deemed not that she died—but slept."

She sleeps!—upon that lovely brow,
We can trace no sorrow now,
Soft the fringed lids do lie
O'er the closed and loving eye,—
O'er the sweet lips hov'ring bright
There is shed ethereal light,
Telling of that brighter shore
Where our loved one 's gone before.

Tears for us!—the fruitless yearning
Slow the sadden'd spirit learning,
That on earth no more 'twill see,
Joy again, belov'd, with thee!
Vainly comes the summer breeze,
Wafting gladness through the trees;—
'Twill but deeper, deeper press,
Haunting dreams of loveliness.

Softly falls each golden tress
Round thy pure brow's loveliness,
And the parting smile from thee
Still upon thy lips we see;—
From our halls the light has flown,
Since thy gentle, loving tone
Left the home thy presence bless'd,
With its soothing tenderness.

Tears for us!—yet, wherefore flow!
When that blessed one we know,
Has but joined the happy band
In the far off Angel land,
Which on earth she loved so well,
Where her spirit seemed to dwell,
E'en when with her loved ones here,
Pointing to a brighter sphere!

Tears for us!—the broken chain
Ne'er can link on earth again;—
Happy household, severed now,
Well such grief our hearts may bow;
Yet the links tho' scattered here,
In that brighter glorious sphere,
Will be gathered, bound,—O never
Dreaded Death again to sever!

Tears for us, beloved !—but thou
Ne'er shall pain or sorrow know,—
Love's deep fountains, stirred by thee,
Painful from intensity,—
Trembling even midst its joy,
Fearful some unseen alloy,
Should that blissful dream dispel—
Not on earth such love may dwell.

Tears for us ! —our gathered flower,—
Gathered ere the sun or shower,
Or the rude world's blighting storm
Touched thy pure and sinless form ;—
Saved from sin, from sorrow free,
Saved to all eternity,—
Brightly blooms our gathered flower,
Safe in Eden's blissful bower !

C. HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, March, 1854.

A friend has just handed us a number of the *Hipéan*, a magazine which is annually published in a female seminary, some distance from here. We find some fine articles in it, showing the effects of a sound mental training. One of them we give below, not so much for its literary merit, as to show the humorous style in which it is written. Our young friends in school often complain that they cannot write compositions. If they could see this really interesting magazine, made up of original contributions from young girls, they would take fresh courage, we think :—

Correspondence, No. 1.

MISSES EDITRESSES :—

As I am now in a very interesting part of my travels, I thought it would not be unwelcome to you to have a description of the country through which I am now passing.

The kingdom of Humanity is situated in a very pleasant part of the world, and is bounded on the north by infancy, on the east by the Province of Youth, on the south by the republic of Manhood, and west by the river of Old-age. The Kingdom is divided into a number of states, some of which I will endeavour to describe, viz., Decline, Prostration, Convalescence, and Health. The latter is rather the largest, and is considered the most pleasant by every one. The inhabitants being the most agreeable, I spent more time there, than in any other state. I also visited Decline,

which is in the north-eastern part of the Kingdom, and is bounded on the north by Homeopathy, on the east by sympathizing, friends, on the south by inquisitive old ladies and their prescriptions, and on the west by a big rocking chair.

I next went into the state of Prostration, which is a very unpleasant one. The inhabitants are very poor and petulant. This state is bounded on two sides by quack doctors, and on the other two by patent medicines. After remaining in this state a few weeks, set sail on the Hydropathy river, in the ship Allopathy, and soon arrived at the state of Convalescence. The capital of this state is Appetite, which, by the way, is a very flourishing town.

Having stayed here a reasonable time, I entered the state of Health, which, as I said before, is the most delightful. As I entered this state, I noticed that the air seemed purer than in the other states. This state is bounded on the north by much exercise, on the east by frequent bathing, on the south by simple diet, and on the west by cheerfulness.

I am still remaining in the state of Health, and intend to continue my travels, and in about six weeks you may expect to hear from me again. AMANDA R.

Correspondence, No. 2.

MISSES EDITRESSES :—

I still continue my travels in the Kingdom of Humanity. In my last communication, I stated that I had just entered the state of Health. From the capital of that state, on the railroad of time, I proceeded to the state of Single Blessedness. Soon after I entered this state, I passed a small town inhabited entirely by cats and pet dogs. The climate of this state must be very salubrious, for the inhabitants all looked old. I think the youngest of them was over thirty. The state is bounded on the north by Cupid's dominions, on the south by disappointed hope. The stream of young-love formerly made its eastern boundary, but it has ceased to flow, and its bed has long since become dry and dusty. A formidable chasm separates this state on the west from the sunny state of Matri nony ; but I was told, by some of the most reputable inhabitants, that, lured by the pleasant breeze that constantly blows from that state, it is no uncommon occurrence for the inhabitants of the state of Single Blessedness to attempt the fearful leap, and that many succeeded, while a few perished

in the ditch. I went down to view this wonder, just as the honey moon was rising. The chasm looked rather dark, but I saw one, on the other side, who only yesterday left Bachelor's Town, in this state, and made a successful leap, beckoning to his companions to follow; and I thought two or three that went with me, manifested quite a desire to obey.

On my way here I passed through the state of Temperance. This is very similar to Health, both in situation, and the advantages that it possesses, and is bounded on one side by that state. The capital of this state is cold water, situated near the centre, and surrounded by an impenetrable fortification called the *pledge*.

At the south-east corner of this state I saw a turnpike that seemed to be well travelled, called Morning Dream Road, and as I was about to take that direction, to see what of interest I could find, I met a man just coming in, on the road of Reformation, who said that he had just come from the state of Intoxication, and said that if I continued on this Morning Dream Road, I would soon find myself in Gutterville, from which I would not easily escape without the aid of the Marshal.

He gave me such a dismal account of the country and its inhabitants, that it almost made my hair stand erect; but still I don't know but that I should have been silly enough to try and see if I could keep on that road, and keep out of Gutterville too, had I not looked away down the road, and beheld a man, who was the first in the state, before he started on this road, just entering this dismal village; as I continued to look, I saw him lie down in poverty and disgrace, with the grunters, that are very abundant there.

I then asked my adviser his name. He said it was Washingtonian, so I concluded to take his experience for a school master, and not get one at my own expense at this time.

As I took the railroad to pursue my journey, I got into the car of Old age, and there was such a noise about the cars, and so much dust, that I was almost blinded and deafened. And it jarred and shook me so, that I lost all my teeth, while the ashes from the engine completely whitened my hair.

We at last arrived at a small town on the bank of a broad, deep river, inhabited by a few very aged people, where I shall spend the remainder of my days. AMANDA R.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE FIRST TRIP BY RAILROAD.

N exclamation of joy from Marion roused Helen from the reverie in which she had been indulging, and looking up, she saw in the distance, the clustering chimneys and high gables of the happy home they were approaching.

The mansion itself was large and irregular, with deep oriel windows, opening upon a lawn redolent with perfume from shrub and flower, at the foot of which ran the river, and beyond extended scenery of the most sylvan and fertile character. Numerous country seats were scattered around, embosomed in the rich surrounding woods, and the wandering breeze, floating across the river, was laden with the aroma of new made hay. As they entered the pleasure grounds, their beloved grandmother was seen awaiting them at the head of the steps at the entrance hall. There she stood, the very beau ideal of graceful old age. A white crape turban, resting on a brow shaded only by her own silver hair ; her commanding form, unbent by age ; her still delicate complexion, the soft folds of her grey satin gown, the valenciennes lace ruffles,—all bespoke the true gentlewoman. With touching grace she extended her hand to Captain Seymour, thanking him for the care he had taken of her darlings.

" But how is this, dear Helen,—where are my roses gone ?" as she tenderly stroked her cheek. " I expected to see you quite blooming," and she looked inquiringly from one to the other.

" I believe, my dear Madam, the terrors of the train have chased away the roses."

" Ah ! Helen,—what ! afraid with Captain Seymour ! How was that dearest ? I thought you had all confidence in him."

" Whatever Miss Reynolds may have felt heretofore, I certainly was led to suppose she entirely withdrew that honor from me. To-day, it seemed to be concentrated in the person of an old gentleman, her vis-à-vis in the train."

Had Helen but looked up and seen at that moment the gradual smoothing of his brow, and the lurking smile he endea-

voured to conceal, she would not have had cause to hurry away to conceal the starting tears. As she left the room, Mrs. Reynolds turned inquiringly to Captain Seymour, who briefly related the unfortunate occurrence of the journey; and as he did so, however her grandmamma's aristocratic ideas of propriety and lady-like behaviour may have been shocked, it was wholly impossible to forbear laughing at the ridiculous finale of the scene. At the same time she felt annoyed and mortified that, of all people, Captain Seymour should have witnessed such want of self-command in her grandchild; but she could not resist pleading for her darling.

"Ah, Captain Seymour, I am sure Helen feels you are annoyed,—that alone could account for her distressed look as she left the room. Remember this is not a case for a court martial. My heart aches for her."

Captain Seymour rose hastily, but instantly checking himself, he advanced with a calm proud step to the side of the old lady.

"Do you, my dear Mrs. Reynolds, withdraw one iota of that confidence with which you honored me when first you gave into my care the precious gift of your grandchild?"

If doubt had for one passing moment crossed her mind,—a doubt only awakened by her own over-fondness,—it was entirely dispelled as she gazed on the noble form before her.

She extended her hand—

"I was wrong, dear Captain Seymour; I know well how dear she is to you, but my heart ached for her present distress."

"Then you must believe mine does, when I feel obliged from a sense of duty only to prolong that distress. I must now leave you,—believe me it is best,—but I will, if possible, return to-night; but of that I do not wish her to be informed."

As he left the room, her well known step arrested him.

He held out his hand.

She sprang forward—

"O! Cecil, you are not going."

She could say no more. His resolution faltered, as she stood with leaned head beside him, but he felt so strongly the necessity of firmness that he repressed the impulse prompting him to remain. Such firmness, yet such gentleness, poor He-

len could barely comprehend the apparent contradiction, as he tenderly stroked her head.

" Helen, do you trust me ? Then in going, believe that I go in sorrow, and will return soon to realize, I hope, all the pleasure we have anticipated in our visit here.—Farewell !"

Helen came in.

" Do not look any longer after Captain Seymour ; he will not stay away long, I know," said Marion. " The old gardener is wondering why Miss Helen has not been to see his new flowers."

Helen dashed the tears away and followed her sister, and as every new object revealed the untiring love of their devoted relative, her face brightened for the sake of one so dear. How much there was to see and to talk over, sure of sympathy in every joy and sorrow. With a mind fresh, and buoyant as ever, richly endowed with knowledge, Mrs. Reynolds ever entered with true zest into all the feelings of youth, and was in return almost idolized by young people, by whom she was continually surrounded.

" I have asked your young friends, the Stuarts, to meet you this evening ; so I expect quite a concert with such a musical party. We must postpone our ramble now and go and dress," and they returned to the house.

Evening came, Mrs. Reynolds' watchful eye alone, perhaps, could detect the cloud over her darling's apparently cheerful smile ; but she was consoled by knowing Captain Seymour might momentarily be expected. As these thoughts occupied her mind, the sound of carriage wheels caught her ear, and she left the room to find that he had indeed arrived.

" Does Helen know I am here ?"

" No. I have attended to your wish, and she still remains in ignorance of it. I left her singing."

" My dear Madam, have I your permission to speak a few words with her before I join your party ?"

" Certainly. I will send her to you."

Captain Seymour walked round the lawn, and taking his station near the open windows was an unobserved spectator of the scene within. Helen had risen from the harp, and was then the centre of a group proffering their thanks for the song just

concluded. The gaiety of her laugh grated painfully on his feelings, but could he have taken a peep at the heart within, he would have seen it was assumed to conceal the regret she had felt as she remembered that it was for his ear that song had been learned.

" My absence does not weigh very heavily,—flowers, too, in her hair,—and his brow grew dark."

Ah ! look on, and see flowers, 'tis true, but given by Seymour himself that morning. She advanced to the window, and unconscious of the near presence of one so dear, passes swiftly down the terrace to the rich parlour below. He followed. Did his heart reproach him as he saw the joyous creature of the previous moment, her head leaned in uncontrollable sorrow.

" Helen !"

She started up—

" Oh ! Cecil, stay let me tell you, then if you can promise me"—and she forces herself to tell him of the mortifying conclusion to which, Marion had told her, their fellow-passengers in the train had arrived,—of her being a liberated lunatic.

Captain Seymour laughed aloud.

" Then, Helen, you must let me be your keeper. I do not promise not to use coercion, but the chains shall be those of love. Shall it be so ?"

" O ! Cecil, too good and kind."

It is hardly necessary to say Helen's smile, on re-entering the drawing room, was sufficiently bright to satisfy the most exacting fondness on the part of Mrs. Reynolds, and as the wife of Captain Seymour, when fear was likely to get the better of reason, he would say, laughingly,—

" Remember, Helen, the first trip by railroad."

C. H.

Ravenscourt, March, 1854.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it, may possess but cannot enjoy; for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the *indispensable* condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body.—*Dr. Blair.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE PARROT'S LESSON.

A cage of golden wires,
Haste, bring me for my bird,
In forest glades its wilder notes
Shall never more be heard.

But in my casement, twined
With honeysuckles fair,
I'll place it, and it long shall prove
A faithful maiden's care.

Yes, and with patient art
I'll teach it many a word,
And all that go and come shall stay
To praise my charming bird.

The words that I shall teach,—
And these I always meant,
Should find an echo in my heart,—
"Be humble and content."

A simple sentence 'twas,
Upon my sampler wrought,—
I wove it deep within my heart,
My soul its spirit caught.

Now if I sit and sing,
Or if by sorrow spent,
I still shall hear the magic words,
"Be humble and content."

And wiser heads than mine
Might not of this repent,
To teach their proud repining hearts,
"Be humble and content."

S. O.

Osnabruck, Jan. 6th, 1854.

CONVERSATION.—I would establish but one great general rule in conversation, which is this, that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them. This would make them consider whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say; and whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.—*Steele.*

VALETTA IN MALTA.

Although our stay in Malta was so short that we could not do more than see Valetta and its environs, we yet found enough to make us wish that we had more time at our disposal. The city itself is a curiosity in many respects. It is, perhaps, next to Gibraltar, the most impregnable position in the world. It appeared to us, on entering the harbour, that the fortresses which guard its narrow mouth might not only resist, but even annihilate, any naval force that could be brought against them. The frowning forts of St. Elmo on the right, and Ricasoli on the left, could crush the most powerful vessel in passing through the narrow entrance. The city is neat, well built, and contains about 40,000 inhabitants. Its massive walls rise from the water's edge, and are surmounted with heavy ordnance, so that on all sides it appears like a fortress rather than a town.

Such, indeed, its founder, Valette, the most celebrated of the grand masters of the Order of St. John, intended it to be. Driven from Rhodes by the Turks in 1522, the knights established themselves in Malta, and determined to fortify their position against any possible attacks of the Saracens. Solyman the Magnificent, who had driven them from Rhodes, determined, in 1565, to accomplish their expulsion from Malta, and sent Mustapha Pacha, with 30,000 men and ample munitions of war, to execute his purpose. The siege, which is the most memorable, perhaps, in history for its severity, was raised at the end of four months, and the knights were left in peace, but their town and fortress were battered to pieces. La Valette laid the foundation of the new city which bears his name in 1566, and commenced the marvellous fortifications which are still the wonder of the world.

The history of the Knights Hospitallers, up to the seventeenth century, is a splendid one, full of all the elements of romance. After that period their exploits were comparatively insignificant, though their wealth and splendour continued to increase. The city of Valetta contains abundant monuments of their taste and magnificence. Each grand master attempted to excel his predecessors in beautifying the capital, and adding to the strength of its fortifications. The order was divided into eight *langues* or nations—the German, Italian, Castilian, Aragonese, Provencal, Auvergnese, French, and English. The English branch of the

order, however, was dissolved by Henry VIII., and its property in Britain confiscated. Each of these branches had immense possessions in the different countries of Europe, and much of their revenue was spent in Malta. This will account for the enormous forts, the subterranean excavations, and the splendid palaces which remain in the island to attest the wealth and enterprise of the knights. Each *langue* had its separate palace in Valetta, and these splendid edifices constitute the principal charm of the city. These abodes of luxury were occupied by the knights until 1798, when the fleet of Napoleon, on its way to Egypt, appeared before the harbour, and the degenerate descendants of L'Isle Adam and La Valette gave up their stronghold without striking a blow. This was the virtual end of the order; the knights were scattered over Europe, and the island was retained by the French for a year and a half, when they, in their turn, surrendered it to the English, after a most pertinacious and heroic resistance. By the Treaty of Amiens, the English government engaged unequivocally to restore the independence of the island; but it was too important a post to be easily parted with, and the government determined to break its promise. The best English authorities have condemned this breach of treaty; but the great advantage to England of possessing such a fortress in the Mediterranean is too powerful for her sense of conventional honour, and the island still remains under her dominion. The mildness and equity of her administration, together with a great increase of population and wealth, have reconciled the inhabitants to her sway; and civilization in the East may yet be largely indebted to the English occupation of Malta.

But to return to Valetta. The principal street of the city is the Strada Reale, which runs along on the summit of the ridge or promontory between the two harbours, from Fort St. Elmo to the chief gate leading out into the interior of the island. It is a very fine street. The building material is the light yellow limestone of the island. The governor's residence, situated in the Strada Reale, and formerly the palace of the grand master, is a spacious and imposing building. In the same street are the exchange, the library, and the principal hotels and shops. The other streets of the city run parallel to this, and are connected with it by various flights of stone steps, the ascent being too steep on either side to allow of a carriage way.

The Cathedral of St. John is an immense edifice, though presenting no external display of magnificence. We visited it by candlelight, and a most interesting visit it was. As we walked over its rich mosaic pavement, emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the knights who sleep below—wandered through the side-chapels belonging to the different *langues*, adorned with paintings and rich in sculpture, and descended into the solemn crypt, filled with monuments of the grand masters in bronze or marble, and hung with highly-wrought tapestry representing the life of the Saviour, we could not but recall to mind the days of chivalry of which these valiant knights of St. John were so distinguished an ornament. Few edifices in Europe are more impressive than this Cathedral.—*Selected.*

RETROSPECTIVE.

" But she is in her grave, and, Oh !
The difference to me."—WORDSWORTH.

My youth's fond hopes, how bright
They flashed and played, until my future life
Rich promise gave of joys unmixed with strife,
And bathed in golden light;
So fair the prospect was, that life did seem
To mock at death as if 'twere but a dream.

The seasons came and went;
But happiness arose with each new change,
And thoughtlessly I only sought to range,
Where rainbow tints were blent,—
Where the gay sunlight gladdened all the plain,
And the grove echoed every pleasant strain.

I cared not, had not known,
That brightest suns must pale and darkly set,
That fondest friends must part altho' they met,
As *Mother* and her *son*;
That even the strongest bonds of earthly love,
Must 'gainst the power of change but futile prove.

But now, the gold how dim,
Obscurity involves that road so bright,
And I seem lost—Oh ! that I might
With purpose turn to Him
Who was on earth, *thy* ever present stay,
Was more—was all—*thy life ! thy truth ! thy way !*

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, March, 1854.

ENIGMA.

BY ISIDOR.

An eccentric old gentleman in this city ordered his gardener to make a bed for flowers, in which there should be 9 *straight lines*, and he only gave him 9 *flowers* to plant, and there must appear in every straight line, and in every possible direction, 3 *plants*. The poor gardener requests the assistance of some young friend to aid him in his *difficulty*.

CHARADE.

My first is now a part of speech,
My second is for ladies;
My first and second sometimes screech
Another name for babies.
My third's the smallest of the three,
'Tis used for building houses;
My whole is like a tender tree
And sometimes does arouse us.

J. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

What fruit, when divided, is like a divorced couple?
What article of furniture reminds you of vocal music?"

J. A.

EDITORIAL.

We must beg some of our younger correspondents to wait patiently for the insertion of their communications. We sometimes find it difficult to make a selection, especially as our contributors do not send their articles as early as they ought, and justice in that case cannot be duly meted out to the later arrivals, for want of space.

X. will please receive our thanks for his kind interest in the *Maple Leaf*. His article, though not in all respects suited to its pages, shows taste and thought. We would suggest a revision of the subject.

We have received some poetical communications, also, which though pretty in many respects, and abounding in good sentiment, do not quite come up to the standard.

Will some one be kind enough to send us an answer to Oscar's communication in the February number?

We were just now looking over our last month's Editorial, and it occurs to us that our remarks in regard to articles may perhaps, be misconstrued into an undervaluing of our present contributors, than which nothing was further from our thoughts, as we think we are highly favored in that respect. We like to hold up the idea of a high intellectual standard to our younger writers especially.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE VOLUNTEER'S BRIDE.

A TALE OF THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

GEORGE HILTON was one of the smartest back woodsmen in our district; he could turn his hand to anything, and was strong, active, good tempered, and energetic. Before he was three and twenty years of age he had cleared a hundred acres of his farm, brought fifty into cultivation, and built a capital log-house upon his estate. The interior of his domicile was fitted up with with more taste than is usually seen in the dwelling of a bush settler; all the carvings, mouldings, and decorations were the work of his own hands, and he had taken the greater pains with them, because he was preparing for his bride.

A settler is nothing without a wife; and George Hilton was considered an enviable man, when it was known that he had persuaded Agnes Denham, the eldest daughter of an emigrant lieutenant from the mother country to share his fortunes; for Agnes was not only one of the prettiest girls in the Township, but the most amiable and well conducted. Accomplishments are not particularly requisite for the daughters of large families in the bush, and Agnes Denham had acquired quite as many of the superficial graces of life as were necessary. She was well read, wrote a clear, distinct hand, danced with spirit, sang pleasingly without any acquired affectations, and could accompany herself on the guitar. Her stock of useful knowledge was far more extensive; she could make bread, cakes, pickles, and preserves, candles, soap, and maple sugar, and was a proficient in needle work of the domestic kind. She was, in short, the very girl to make a sensible man happy, never having had any time for folly or foolish dissipation. Her parents knew not how to spare her, for she was the sunshine and comfort of their home; but when they were assured of her affection for George Hilton, they raised no objections. The course of true love for once flowed smooth as a summer stream, and it was

agreed that the bridal should take place on the day when she should complete her eighteenth year.

Agnes's cheerful temper and affectionate disposition, had made her a general favorite in the neighborhood where she lived; and her female friends took the present opportunity of evincing the lively interest they took in her approaching happiness, by rendering her every assistance in their power in preparing her wedding dresses, and the thousand and one little essentials for so important a change, as that about to take place.

Agnes was anxious to save her parents as much expense as she possibly could in her outfit, and resolved that there should not be any milliners' bills to pay on account of her marriage,—so it was unanimously agreed by her young friends that they should give Agnes all the help they were able in completing her wedding toilette, and many a pleasant day was passed by the little bride elect, and the chosen few who were admitted into her counsels, in cutting out and contriving, fitting and trimming, and admiring the bridal finery, as each article was completed and consigned to the packing cases that were destined to receive the treasures.

And many were the little offerings of affection that were presented by loving, generous hearts—which, if they lacked something in costliness of material, were rendered charming in the eyes of the little bride, by the kind manner in which they had been wrought and given.

There was the bridal handkerchief, delicately embroidered and edged with the finest lace that gentle and ingenious hands could fabricate; the pretty manchettes and collars, berthés and reticules, were all the work of kind fingers eager to contribute something to please and enrich her little wardrobe,—and not the least admired were the sprigs of myrtle and white rose-buds, tastefully made by George's youngest sister, and which, though from the hands of an amateur artiste in this species of fancy-work, looked almost as natural among the shining ringlets of Agnes and her bride-maidens, as if they had been plucked from the garden and green-house.

But the best of the fun was making the bride-cake. There was a regular 'Bee' for the occasion, conducted, however, with a secrecy and mystery quite befitting so delicate a matter. What will my youthful readers, meet to be made bride's themselves, say to such

an innovation of all rules of orthodoxy in wedding preparations? A home-made bride-cake, and the bride one of the compounders thereof! Whoever heard or even dreamt of such a thing? True for you—as the Irish say,—but remember, ye fair and fastidious critics! Agnes Denham's was a "bush wedding." The grand difficulty was in rising the cake. It was quite amusing for a looker on to watch the curious anxious, faces peeping over one anothers shoulders into the various cooking books, English and American, that had been privily borrowed from the most accomplished house-wives in the neighborhood.

The gentlemen were of course excluded from these mysterious conferences, the only piece of broadcloth admitted into the secret consultations was little Harry—Agnes's youngest brother—who, after having listened with breathless interest to some discussion going on among the fair bevy of confectioners respecting the difficulty of finding some suitable instrument for laying on the icing, hastily retreated to the work-shop and soon returned with a triumphant air, bearing in his hand a sort of flat trowel, which he had fashioned out of a clean shingle,—declaring he was confident it would answer the purpose admirably.

Harry's expedient was highly applauded by all present, and adopted forthwith. Then there was such anxiety about the baking of the precious compound, and the turning it out of the bake kettle, when done, so as not to injure its fair proportions. All the females of the house, from mamma to Betty Fagan, the Irish maid, were in a fever till this important affair was concluded. The cake exceeded all expectations; it was neither broken nor burned, and the ice looked almost like snow itself,—the house was filled with the odour, the cake was indeed rich and rare to sight and sense. In short, it was a splendid achievement in the way of a home-made bride-cake; and as the boys all declared, looked gloriously when decorated with the wreath of white roses which Caroline Hill placed upon it.

It was arranged that the ceremony was to be performed at five o'clock, and arrangements were made for a dance after tea. After supper, the young couple were to go quietly home to their own house, which was scarcely a mile off.

Never did Agnes look more lovely than when she entered the little parlour, leaning on her fond father's arm, dressed in white muslin, white ribbons, and the simple white rose-buds among her

dark and shining locks; these were her only ornaments. Some delay had been caused in the marriage by the unusual absence of Edward, Agnes's eldest brother, who had been dispatched, in the early part of the day, on some errand to the town, having promised to return by dinner-time, and long before the ceremony was to take place; but hour after hour had passed, and at last his place as groomsman was given to his cousin, Frederick Lacy. A vague misgiving that some untoward accident had caused the delay, had at times glanced over the minds of more than one of the party, though no one gave utterance to their fears, lest they should cast a gloom over the minds of the young couple; and the solemn service commenced. Just as the ring was being placed on the fingers of the bride, a sudden bustle was heard in the entrance, and Edward Denham hurried into the room, his cloak and cap covered with snow, for it had been snowing heavily for some time. The clergyman raised his finger as he entered, to enjoin silence, and with more than usual gravity, pronounced the last prayer and benediction. It was over, and then came a buzz and whispering murmur, with sudden exclamations of dismay and terror from the females, of excitement from the men, as they gathered about Edward to hear the news he had to communicate.

Agnes had been so naturally engrossed by her own feelings, and the peculiarity of her situation, that she had hardly noticed her brother's return, till she suddenly found herself deserted by all her companions, and became conscious that she stood alone in the centre contre of the room; even George had left her side. And now she perceived that looks of sadness and interest were directed towards her by several of the group, and a sense of some dreadful calamity, in which she or some one dearer to her than herself, was somehow involved, came over her.

"What can it be? Oh do tell me what has happened!" she exclaimed at last, casting her eyes imploringly upon her father's face.

"Only, my child, that George must leave you this very night, this very hour, were it possible."

She clung speechless with terror to her father's arm.

"Listen to your brother, Agnes; that paper will explain all. It is the Governor's proclamation."

"But George! O how can he be concerned in it?" gasped out the trembling bride.

"We are all, every one, concerned in it my child; not your husband only. Rebellion has broken out in the province. Toronto is threatened with fire and sword; and every man, be his station what it may, is called upon to arm himself and obey the mandate of the Governor, to enrol himself under the banner of his Sovereign, and march to the defence of the capital, or be marked as a coward or traitor. Your brother is the bearer of of this declaration."

Silence was now commanded, and standing forth in the midst of the ring that formed around him, Edward, with loud and distinct voice, read the proclamation of the Governor. Very different was the effect produced on the mind of his audience; for while some of the young ladies wept and turned pale, the servants who occupied the open doorway cried, and almost screamed aloud. The old men and fathers looked grave and stern; while among the young men all was excitement and energy; even the newly-made bridegroom, forgetful of his agonised partner, partook of the general enthusiasm, and stood with flashing eye and animated tone, eloquently declaring his readiness to join the gallant band of loyal volunteers. It was not till he caught the pleading glance of his pale bride's dark eyes fixed so mournfully upon his face, that a sense of her desolation of heart struck him, and, as if to atone for his seeming forgetfulness of her whom, but a few minutes before, he had so solemnly vowed to cherish, in joy or sorrow, he hurried to her side, and tenderly drawing her arm through his, led her to the sofa, and placing himself at her side, strove with all a lover's fondness to soothe and comfort her; but it was a hard trial for them both, and the very suddenness of the shock and the vague notion of the perils that threatened her husband, added to the anguish of the parting.

This was not a time indeed to talk of marrying and giving in marriage. All was now hurry and excitement. Every bosom responded to the loyal appeal—every hand was warmly linked in one bond of loyal brotherhood; young and old, the weak with the strong, swore to fight bravely in defence of their hearths, their altars, their adopted country, and their youthful sovereign.

"Come, my friend," said Capt. Denham, Agnes's uncle, an old veteran N. E. Loyalist, the most collected person in the room, "let us drink health and happiness to our little bride and

her husband, and give three cheers for Queen Victoria, and then for business, for there is much to do."

The toast was given, and enthusiastically drunk by every one present ; even the women caught the spirit of loyal feeling, and forgot their fears and griefs, while the rafters of the old log-house rang with the auspicious name of their beloved Queen.

"Now, girls," said the old veteran, "no more tears, no more doleful looks. Come quick, bestir yourselves, and get us a good cup of tea, and then look to your brothers' knapsacks. And you, my little bride, come hither, and stand by your old uncle. Remember that your are now a soldier's bride, as well as an old soldier's niece, and you must overcome all childish regrets, and be my own brave girl ; you are not the first young couple that has thus rudely and suddenly been separated by the mischances of war ; let me see that you are not unworthy of the high character that you have so long held in your uncle's opinion ; and hark you, Agnes, when George comes back we'll have a good frolic, and you shall dance the First Set with uncle Fred."

The clear full tones of this dear old relative, whom Agnes loved almost as a father, did more to cheer and quiet her disturbed spirits than even the tender soothings of her young husband, and Agnes soon busied herself in the requisite preparations for the evening repast, and tried to forget the singularity of her position ; and well and bravely did she battle with the choking sighs and tears.

The evening meal was hastily concluded ; and now so changed was the scene that you would have supposed there were preparations making for a seige rather than a bridal. Guns, pistols, old rusty firelocks that had hung for years unheeded upon the rafters, more for ornament than use,—every weapon of offence or defence,—was handed forth ; rifles that had only been employed against the wild animals and feathered game of the woods, were now to be employed in more deadly warfare, and it was astonishing with what coolness and determination these things were examined and discussed by the young people.

As to the females, they were deeply occupied in selecting such changes of linen and other matters as could be collected at so short a warning ; and uncle Frederick's advice and opin-

ion were continually in requisition to decide upon the necessary articles to be packed up. Nor was Agnes idle. She sat down to fix the thongs to a pair of moccasins for George, and assisted him in adjusting the wrappings for his feet, as familiarly as if she had been a wife of years' standing; and a pretty picture she would have made, as she sat on the ground at George's feet, bindiug the strings round his ankles, while her bridegroom bent down with admiring fondness on her slight form, set off as it was by the full, flowing muslin dress, her pale cheek shaded by the clustering ringlets of her dark glossy hair, among which, half hidden, peeped forth the simple emblem of her bridel state—the pure white rose.

The morning broke through heavy snow-drifts, and piercing winds; a day as melancholy as the hearts of the mothers, wives, sisters and friends, who were then about to part with those so near and dear to them, perhaps never to meet again. It was not till the last waving hands could be no longer distinguished through the blinding snow-shower, and dim gray twilight, that the anxious household felt how really terrible the seperation was under such circumstances as the present. Their very ignorance of the state of affairs in the country increased the feeling of uneasiness that prevailed. All was horrible uncertainty and fearful conjecture.

And how fared it with our poor Agnes at this trying moment? She had borne up couragiously, beyond even her old uncle's most sanguine hopes, till the last; but when the object of her affections was no longer visible to her aching eyes, she flung herself into her mother's arms and wept, till worn out with excess of grief, the more violent from having been so long repressed, she at last sobbed herself to sleep upon her mother's breast, like an overweaned infant. Her young companions laid her upon the sofa, and sorrowfully went to their task of restoring all things to their former state, and assumed once more their every-day garments, laying aside the bridal finery for some more auspicious day.

And now it was that the family, like hundreds similarly situated at this period, began to feel the helplessness of their condition. A second peremptory summons hastened the departure of all the men servants. Nor did Mr. Denham and uncle Frederick hesitate to obey the call; they were neither too old, nor too

infirm to carry arms, and leaving the family to the care of female servants, and old Michael Regan to tend the cattle, and be their hewer of wood and drawer of water, they also departed.

But, unfortunately, old Michael was seized with a very inconvenient fit of military ardour, and hurried off to join the volunteers at H———, seeing afar off visions of plunder and visions of glory; his departure was a signal for the two faithless damsels, Biddy and Catherine, to depart also; declaring that they dared not stay for their lives, now all the men folks were gone, for they were sure the rebels and Yankees would be up as soon as they heard the master and all the men were away—so off they went and returned no more.

In this dilemma it was in vain to look for help from neighbors or friends; all that could be done was to rely on their own unassisted efforts. Harry now found himself a person of no small importance; on this little fellow devolved the heavy tasks of supplying the house with wood and water, feeding the cattle and many other things; and in these matters he was often obliged, though reluctantly, to accept the help of his sisters and the other brides-maids, who had remained from the day of the wedding, not deeming it safe to return to their more distant homes. There were other girls in the neighborhood whose unprotected state had moved the maternal compassion of Mrs. Denham to offer them an asylum, till they should be enabled to return to their lonely and desolate homes; and but for the tormenting state of anxiety that was endured as to the fate of those who had left them, so large a party must have been merry and cheerful. As it was, they alternately helped to comfort or alarm each other, as rumors of the distant rebellion reached them through some of the poor distressed women, who ventured to the town, from time to time, to gather news of their absent husbands and sons.

Three days of agonizing suspense had followed the report of Col. Moodie's death, and the expectation that the rebels were about to enter the capital, when Agnes noticed a dark figure moving slowly along through the deep snow-drifts that blocked the untracked road across the clearing. Who could it be, was a matter of conjecture, not unmixed with interest to those to whom every stranger was now, in some shape or other, connected with the fate of their country and absent friends.

It was evidently a female from the dress and faltering move-

ments, and Harry was dispatched to offer what help he could to the weary traveller, and hear the news. In a few minutes the good natured boy ran in, bearing in his arms a bundle which he put into Agnes's hands, while with a face radiant with joy he exclaimed,

"Agnes dear, joy! joy!—the war is over, the rebels flying. George will be back soon. Hurrah! hurrah! for Sir Francis Head and the gallant volunteers! But take care of the poor baby while I run out for the mother;" and away flew Harry, leaving a half-frozen babe in his astonished sister's lap, while, with a gallantry and feeling hardly to be expected in a little fellow of ten years old, he hastened to lend his arm to the young mother, who, defying the dreadful state of the weather and snow-blocked roads, had left her house, which was some miles higher up the road, had taken her young infant in her arms and travelled to the distant town to inquire for her husband. She had none with whom to leave her child,—no person to assist her in her almost perilous undertaking,—but what will not woman do?—what will not woman bear for the man she loves, the husband of her heart, the father of her child? She said joy, for the good news she brought had kept up her strength and spirits for many miles of her journey, but her clothes had become so heavy with the accumulating of ice and snow that she could not go further, and was fearful lest, as the day grew colder, the baby might be frozen in her arms.

How was the poor half-frozen traveller cherished, admired, and applauded by the whole household? What an angel of female heroism and self-devotion did she appear in the eyes of the delighted Agnes!

What a revolution from doubt and dread to joy and rapturous delight had been effected by a few brief words: "The rebels are dispersed and flying in all directions; the gallant band of loyal volunteers will be home directly." Agnes repeated these welcome words over a thousand times, and laughed and wept by turns; but now her tears, like those of the wives, sisters and friends of our brave Canadian volunteers, were tears of joy. Every hour now brought up fresh news of victory and return.

It was late in the evening of the following day, when just as the family were gathered round the fire, previous to retiring to

rest, a quick step was heard on the crisp snow, on the foot-path beneath the window.

"Hark! some one is coming with news for us," exclaimed Harry, starting up, and hastening to unbar the door.

"It is papa!" cried Ellen.

"It is my own George—my husband!" burst from the lips of Agnes—

"For lovers' ears are sharp to hear."

The next moment the arms of George were clasped about the neck of his bride.

We will not describe their greeting.

The next morning brought home all the volunteers of our district, and the long delayed nuptial *fête* of George Hilton and his bride took place on a day of public rejoicing for the return of our brave defenders.

The wedding cake which had remained whole while the Canadas were in some danger of falling to pieces, was getting somewhat stale by that time, I guess; but it had been carefully stored by the thrifty mother of the bride, and when it was placed in the centre of the supper table it looked better than at its first appearance, for it was garlanded with victory laurels and ribbons of the loyal color, which looked very lively among the white roses and orange blossoms, its original decorations. It was cut up with three cheers—one for the bride, one for the bridegroom, and the third for the colony and its brave volunteers.

C. P. T.

Rice Lake, April, 1854.

"An extent of territory comprising one half of what is now called Russia in Europe, has been annexed to Russia within the last sixty years, and, consequently, more than half the European inhabitants of the empire having been recently subjugated, are more or less disaffected; of these, sixteen millions, or about one fourth of the entire population of Russia, *do not profess the Greek faith.* The Mohammedan subjects alone number two millions and a half. The protection of the Greek religion has been proclaimed as the ground upon which the present anti-Mohammedan Crusade was commenced."

[For the Maple Leaf.

TO THE MONTH.

"Then came fair May,——
Deck'd with all dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around."—SPENSER.

Welcome May;
With thy springing buds, and thy opening flowers,
With thy shady groves, and thy fragrant bowers.
Oh I welcome thee, May.

Gladsome May,
With thy clear blue skies,—thy l ght flitting clouds,
Which dreamily float in the azure that shrouds,
And deep curtains thee, May.

Pleasant May.
Sweet little brooklets, let forth to their play,
Murmur glad music, and joy on their way,—
They rejoice in thee May.

Joyous May
Around me is breathing; a southern wind
Blows thro' my garden so gentle and kind,
And tells me of thee, May.

Hopeful May.
The cold and damp earth is warmed by thy heat;
Death springs into life, when touched by thy feet,—
Thou great prophetess, May.

My own May
Truly tells of a new second birth;
When we shall be free'd from the winters of earth,
And live always in May.

PERSOLUS.

May, 1854.

CHEMICAL EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Wet a piece of paper, in a weak solution of salt and water; dry, and then wash it with a strong solution of nitrate of silver; dry it in the dark, and when dry, expose it to the sun's light; though colorless before, it will now soon become black. A picture may be made by placing a dried plant, bit of lace, &c., upon the paper, previous to its exposure to light.

[For the Maple Leaf.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

NO. I.

WHENEVER a grey hair has been discovered in a person's head, he is presumed to have collected a vast amount of wisdom and experience, and obtained a prescriptive right to give opinions upon things in general, and his "recollections of his young days," in the style of an oracle, and to command the reverence and attention of his younger friends; and justly so. But unfortunately that phenomenon has not yet made its appearance in my head, and, in consequence, I cannot now speak under such favorable *prestige* of my school-day recollections, as I may perhaps do some score of years hence, when, of course, I may look for grey hairs; so that I shall have to give my thoughts just now under one advantage, and one disadvantage—the advantage of being "just off the irons"—the disadvantage of not having gray hairs. Yes, and with the natural dogmatism of youth, I will not allow that my class ought not to command a certain degree of respect and attention when they talk of bye-gone days, when "we lived and played together." I will grant that they have not as much wisdom and experience as, it is to be hoped, they will have some time hence; but, then, what wisdom or experience does it require to recall the happy days of our youth?

As we all have been either school-girls or school-boys, we have all recollections of that epoch. Some of us have sunnier souvenirs of our school-days than others; and, with many of us, the sunshine has burst out only in memory's landscape—yet this is very natural. How often have we been sorely troubled with vexations and difficulties; but when we have surmounted these, and arrived at the slippered ease of repose, we have looked back lightly upon what was, at the time, such a source of trouble and annoyance. And so, if we have passed through one trouble, only to enter a greater, we would gladly exchange the greater for the less, esteeming the first not so bad, after all. So, when amidst the turmoil of active life we allow our

memory to wander back to school, we naturally paint it in brighter hues than, at the time, we would have been disposed to do.

But the reader must not suppose that my recollections of school-days are melancholy ones. On the contrary, to me school appears now the most delightful theatre of enjoyment,—a continued feast of knowledge and flow of animal spirits. I revel in the thoughts of the good old school games, and the excitements of the scholastic struggles, and forget the "sorrows of the poor little boy," in his hard lessons, thrashings, and short play hours. In forming an estimate of the pleasures of school-days, a great deal depends upon the character of the person himself, as well as of those whose discipline he has been subjected to. If he has been a smart fellow—a boy that could pick up his lessons in half the time that ordinary boys took to pore over theirs—he can take a very agreeable retrospect. If the character of his master has been mild, just, and very un-cut-you-to-pieces, his recollections will be free from that tinge of the cane which sometimes affects others' estimates of the blessedness of school-life. Now, as I look back with unmingled delight to my school-days, and sigh for their repetition, you will of course come to the conclusion that I possessed these two happy qualifications! As regards the first, of course I am silent; but if a kind friend should say *yea*, assuredly I shall not be the first to say *nay*.

There are two eras in a scool-boy's life, to each of which he attaches great importance; for during the one he scrambles through the several little primers, especially designed for youthful capacities; and in the other he is promoted to a rank among the big boys, and commences his mathematical and classical education. And no wonder little fellows like to become one of the big boys of the school; for, apart from the new pleasures which progress in knowledge and the opening up of wider fields ought to afford, there are certain privileges and immunities which they enjoy over the others. The little fellows find out—and they are sharp enough—that more indulgence is shown to them; that they often have separate and longer play hours, and that the discipline relaxes towards them not a little of its rigor. This last, of course, is attributed to the physical capabilities of the seniors, and the idea influences the little follows with a strong desire of growing, and, by the addition of a few inches alone, cow the master's spirit, and frighten him into burying the cane of discipline.

But the grandest day of a boy's life is the day he leaves school; the first stick-up collar is nothing to it. He leaves school with high hopes; he would like to see the master, of course, calling him by a nickname, or thrash him now, and with a determined shutting of the fists he is surprised how he could have put up with him so long.

He doesn't care much if his education is only half finished, or perhaps just begun. His ideas run madly on the prospect of becoming a man; and, for a little, he fancies that it is very pleasant to get rid of the hard lessons, discipline, and title of school-boy. But after he has stalked about for a few days, he begins to find that idleness is the hardest lesson he can be inflicted with, and he would give a good deal for a certain prescription for "killing time"—something very poisonous. He then goes into business; but when he is in business, he finds it a very different sort of recreation from what his school-boy imagination had fancied it. Indeed, he finds out that he has to commence school again, and to commence as a little boy, and undergo the same struggles again to become a big one. And I suspect he will think before long that the office is a much harder and stricter place than the school, and I would not wonder if he often longed for the play hour and the holidays. But his play hour must now be compressed into his dinner-hour, and his holidays are easily counted—Christmas and New Year's Day. But he is in business, and he must forget his former associations; he will soon have to bear his part in the real drama of life, and while he does so, he will look back with a sigh, and wonder much how he ever could have longed to become a man.

Do you not envy the school-boy, as he goes merrily past you, after his day's work is over, laughing and joking with his classmates, spinning his top, playing marbles, or snow-balling, as he goes along? Well, if you don't, I do; and, in recollection, I am at it again, splitting my dear friend's top with an intense relish, winning his *alleys* with a remorseless zeal, and pegging him with as hard snow-balls as willing hands can persuade snow to assume.

And how one's recollection will run back to the school-room, and its thousand incidents; its long rows of desks and benches, as Dickens describes it, with paper fly-traps scattered about, and and the whole redolent of mildewed corduroys and rotten apples.

And then, at the sound of the bell, how full of life these benches become, as the perspiring youths, suddenly called from "prisoners' bar," rush pell-mell to their seats to become prisoners in earnest. Immediately the buzz begins—the noise of many lips, whose owners, not quite confident of their lessons, are wisely revising them. Then class after class called up, and perhaps turned down again. And one can't help calling to his recollection the ingenious devices which his young mind fell upon to aid his truant memory in its difficult task, even though it be "telling tales out of school."—How one boy kept an old grammer for the sole purpose of tearing out the leaf containing the day's lesson and laying it conveniently on the back of his real grammer; how another cultivated luxuriant nails, so that they might be better adapted to receive concise notes of the lessons; how a third contrived to get a peep into the master's Key, if he hadn't one of his own to consult; and how each was morally bound, under pain of being called a *mean sneak*, to prompt his neighbor, when his neighbor was unable to prompt himself.

Examination day, too, is a great day for the school-boy, chiefly because it is the day before the holidays, and will be a pleasing object on which to look back. Can there be a happier moment in our young lives than when we retire from school with an armful of prizes and a month's holidays? How vivid the scene of examination day appears! the boys in their *best*, and the Master so pleasant, in his smiles and clean clothes. The cane has suddenly disappeared, and the strangers, gathered together to witness the internal economy of the school, are delighted with the urbanity which the Masters display to their pupils, and the cheerfulness which the boys exhibit, attributing it all to the delightful effects of a mild *moral suasion*. Mammas and sisters come to hear their Henry or Edward shout "My name is Norval," or "Brutus and Cassius," which favorite pieces they have heard before about a score of times; and all is so merry and joyous that the school-boy, proverbially thoughtless, forgets his previous sorrows in the intoxication of his present joy, and rushes out with a wild shout on his lips, and his books on his back.

I think I hear the cheer now, though the sound be a little deadened by distance—the distance of a few years.

A. T. C.

Montreal, April 10th, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf

THE MOTHERLESS.

What is it to be Motherless ?—
To feel that we shall never press
Our lips, in love, upon that brow,
Which rests in dreamless silence now.

What is it to be motherless ?—
To know that voice no more may bless
Our ears with its soft, melting tone,
Breathing in love for us alone.

What is it to be motherless ?—
To catch no more, in tenderness,
The love-light of that gentle eye
That nerv'd to deeds of duty high.

What is it to be motherless ?—
To see each soft and waving tress
From our rapt gaze forever hid,
Deep, deep beneath the coffin lid.

What is it to be motherless ?—
To drink the cup of bitterness,
And feel that all of joy, and light,
Is quench'd in sorrow's deep'ning night.

All *this* 'tis to be motherless—
And yet amid this deep distress,
Above the cold and silent tomb
The flow'rs of hope *immortal* bloom.

No mother *here*—but far away,
Where clouds no more obscure the day,
Undim'd by aught of sin or care,
That brow a victor's crown doth wear.

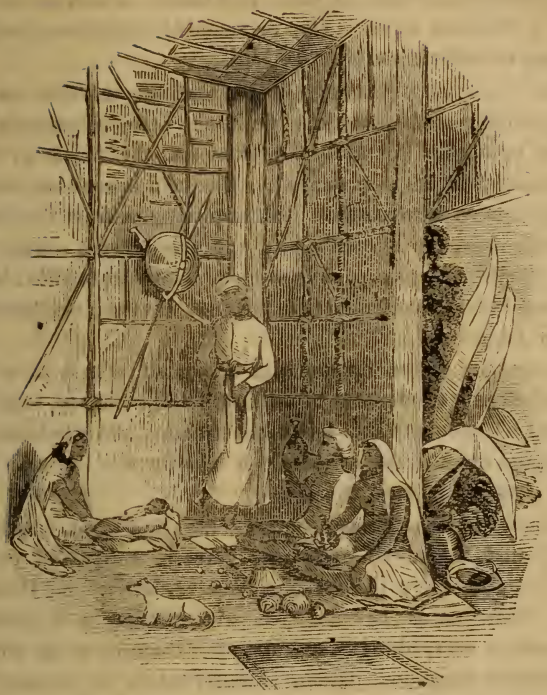
No mother *here*—but now above
That voice, with swelling tones of love,
Pours forth amid the ransom'd throng,
The music of the angel-song.

No mother *here*—the mournful thought
Is with a life-long sorrow fraught;
Yet when, by faith, we look to heav'n,
Where ties of love no more are riven,—

Where, link by link, the sever'd chain
By God's own hand is join'd again,
We bow in meekness to his will;
In *heav'n* we have a *mother still.*

EDLA.

Montreal, April, 1854.



EAST INDIA COTTAGE.

Nature has wonderfully maintained the compensating principle in the midst of all her apparent inequalities and partialities. The inhabitants of a frozen zone are fitted by constitution and range of mind for their home; blest with contentment, they admire the snowy wastes, luxuriate in feasts of "fat things," and wrapped in rein-deer robes defy the keenest blasts of an arctic latitude. There the stars, those night lamps with which the Creator has emblazoned the sky, shine with burnished splendor, ice fields glisten like silver, and mountains of snow radiate ten thousand minor lights to beautify the vast solitudes, where the Greenlander and white bear divide the right of possession. It is possible that the hardy sons of the North feel as keen interest in

managing their kajaks, amid the cold billows of the Arctic Ocean, as the expert Indians of the South Pacific experience, while darting towards the shore of some reef-bound island, on the bosom of a returning wave. The principle of adaptation secures happiness to both classes.

When the scanty gleanings of an Icelandic harvest are gathered, and stores of moss, dried flesh, and other necessaries are arranged by thrifty Icelandic housekeepers, the bustle of their short summer's labors is suspended. The cold is soon too intense to admit of much stirring about. A lamp hanging from the centre of a large room burns continually, and there those simple and honest people convene, passing the long winter cheerfully, blessing a kind Providence for casting their lot in "the best land the sun ever shone on."

From the hut of the Esquimaux, cemented with ice, to the light and elegant proportions of an East Indian cottage, man has displayed his taste and skill in the construction of his habitations, and adapted them to the variations in climate and natural features in different parts of the world.

Far away from the rugged shores of the frigid zone, fanned by a gentle wind, the tufted palm, the graceful cane, and broad-leafed bananna, wave their wide-spread verdure round Oriental homes. Here nature has atoned for ardent heat, by the abundant growth of every thing beautiful and enchanting in the animal and vegetable kingdom. Green jalousies adorn the houses, and in the day time exclude the sun, while in the evening, the air softly sways delicate muslin curtains that fall down before the open windows, and every breath comes freighted with spice odors, or balmy with perfume of rose gardens. The East Indian, reclining on a luxurious divan, sipping his miniature cup of coffee, or regaling himself with cooling fruits, dreamily revolves some mystic doctrine of faith. Filled with grand and over-wrought conceptions, he calls out to his attendants to rehearse to him some legend of the past, some wonderful tale of the early ages of the world, when, according to his sacred books, Earth was yet pure, and mankind progressed from one stage of excellence to another.

The story teller is an important personage in the establishment of a wealthy Oriental. His office is privileged, half ser-

vant, half companion ; at one moment, with a profound salaam, he offers the well filled hookah to his master, and in another perpetrates some witticism, or relates some unheard-of prodigy, to beguile the time.

The inhabitant of India loves to adorn his dwelling with a fanciful style of furnishing—shading fairy pictures in folds of costly drapery, dazzling the beholder with bunches of variegated feathers, which glisten in emerald, and gold, and silver hues, or arresting the attention by a beautiful cabinet inlaid with pearl—the *toute ensemble* is elegant in the extreme. Just, however, as the eye grows weary of the luxurious divans, the cashmere shawls that lie in graceful display, and the dusky-browed attendants plying huge fans, and turns from them all, beautiful and *recherché* as they are, he spies through a glass door a fountain throwing its pure streams upon a plantation of Bengalee roses that peep out to view.

Like the natural productions of that country, graceful and stately, yet gorgeous, beautiful, and growing rapidly, the Oriental mind, vivacious and expansive, takes deep root upon grand foundations, and throws out conceptions which are at once fostered, and forced to maturity. We who live in a medium latitude possess a great fund of enjoyment in appreciating the beauties of both extremes of temperature. The glowing imagery that enfolds Oriental subjects, the magnificent scale upon which nature has laid out the vast plains of Asia, or upreared the lofty mountains of the torrid zone,—the almost miraculous growth of vegetation,—and above all, the untold myriads, each a germ of immortality, that inhabit that part of the world, furnish us with most interesting themes of reflection,—themes, without which, our range of thought, enriched as it might be with grand and beautiful topics derived from nature's wonders in the artic regions, and in our own zone, would be comparatively poor.

Montreal, April, 1854.

Before the invention of paper, the surfaces employed for writing upon, were numerous. Surfaces of lead, or other metal, tables covered with wax, skins of animals, (parchment, in fact,) —all were used ; but no one of these was ever so extensively employed as the Egyptian papyrus, whenever the latter material could be obtained.

THE DEFORMED BOY

(Continued from page 111.)

While our hero is quietly pursuing his studies, we will return to our friend Ellen, at Newburg. Four or five years of her wedded life passed happily away; two sweet children brightened her home, and in the love of her husband, and the friendship of his parishioners, she found the claims of her heart fully answered.

But gradually her husband's health began to fail; and month after month wore away, bringing no encouragement or relief. At length he was obliged to suspend his pastoral duties, and give himself up to the cares of the nurse and the physician. His disease was a lingering pulmonary affection, which devoured him, as it were, by inches. Ellen thought a southern climate might benefit him, and prevailed upon him, after many entreaties, to remove to Florida. A year passed on, and although no change of a permanent nature appeared in the disease of the invalid, the climate seemed to retard its ravages, and afford some relief to his sufferings.

But poor Ellen was harassed by other anxieties than those which grew out of her husband's illness. Their pecuniary resources were nearly exhausted, and she knew not where to apply for aid. It came, however, from a source whence she did not expect it.

She was sitting by her husband's couch, one day, towards the last of the month of April. The weather was exceedingly warm, and both her children lay sleeping on a pillow at her feet. The invalid, also, had fallen into a light slumber, and Ellen, having no one to mark her tears, suffered them to flow freely.

She was employed in mending an old dress for her little boy, for she had no means of buying new ones. They were already much in debt, and there was no prospect of any favorable change in their circumstances. Had she desired to return to her friends at the North, she was without money to defray the expenses of the voyage, and could not bear the idea of applying for relief to those who had already assisted her more than they could well afford.

"They must not know how I suffer," thought she; "least of all must Otis know it; his heart would break if he could not relieve me."

A domestic now appeared at the door, holding up a letter. Ellen sprang forward, and eagerly grasped it. "From home!" she murmured, pressing it to her lips. A glance of the post-mark, however, told her it was not from home, but from Otis Wendell. It was long since she had heard from him, and a thrill of joy shot through her frame, at the idea of receiving some tidings of her beloved friend. The letter enclosed a five hundred dollar bank-note, and only these few lines:—

"DEAR ELLEN:—God has prospered me, and I may never cease to bless him for enabling me to make this small acknowledgment of my great debt to you. I am practising law in New York, and with considerable success, which I know will give you pleasure. I hope your health and cheerful spirits are spared to you through your long and sorrowful trials, and that your watchings and prayers may not all be in vain. I had thought of going to Florida, expressly to see that you have the attention and comforts you need; but important law business unavoidably detains me. Write to me, Ellen, a faithful account of your situation, and if anything is wanting to your happiness that human aid can supply, remember you have a devoted brother in

OTIS WENDELL."

If Ellen had wept tears of sorrow before, those which succeeded the perusal of this letter were tears of the purest joy. Such unexpected relief might well gladden her heart, and coming from one so dear to her, one she had loved from her very infancy, and assisted from a low and miserable condition to a station of usefulness and honor, it had a threefold power to make her happy.

Her husband noticed the change in her countenance when he awoke, and when she communicated to him the cause of her joy, she saw his own eye brighten with glad emotions, and a faint flush steal over his cheek, that had been colorless for many long weeks. She had told him but little of her trials, but he was not so ignorant of them as she supposed; and the

anxiety and distress he had secretly endured for her had done more than disease to waste the decaying energies of his life.

From this hour a favorable change seemed wrought in his system, and Ellen began to hope for his recovery once more. Through the summer he was able to walk out a short distance every day, and sit at her side with cheering words to lighten her constant toil. November had hardly commenced, however, when he was again brought low by a sudden and alarming renewal of his old complaints. In a short time he was more reduced than he had ever been before, but lingered along through the winter, and early months of spring; and then a new cup of affliction was given poor Ellen in the sickness of her children. They were attacked by scarletina, and only two days elapsed before little Ellen, the baby, preceded her father by a few hours to the world of spirits.

It was the first of May, that a gentleman made inquiries at the public houses of St. Mary, Florida, for the residence of Mr. Elliot, an invalid from New England. He was at length informed of his death, and of the sickness of his wife, who now lay in the most dangerous stages of the yellow fever, which had just begun to infect that city. The gentleman hastened immediately to her dwelling. He opened the door, and proceeded from room to room, finding each one deserted. His heart began to sink, when a low moan attracted him to a little apartment in the rear. Here he found Ellen, alone, helpless, and suffering all the horrors of that frightful pestilence. He went up to her couch, and bent over her pillow. She opened her eyes, and gazed at him vacantly, for a while. The tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell upon her fevered brow.

"O, Ellen!" he passionately exclaimed, pressing her burning hand in his She uttered a feeble cry, and murmured the name of Otis; then closing her eyes, the tears gushed rapidly from beneath the lids. They seemed to relieve her brain, for she gazed up at him more brightly than before, and earnestly entreated him to leave her, and escape from the dangers of the pestilence.

"Leave you, Ellen? Never! till you are restored to health

and friends. Never, Ellen, will I leave you to suffer alone, while my life and reason remain!"

Otis was true to his word. He procured every comfort and assistance that was needed, and watched over her with the tenderness of a mother. He looked after the welfare of her little boy, who had been early removed from the contagion, and carried daily tidings to the couch of the anxious invalid.

We need not prolong the details. Ellen recovered at last, though very slow and imperfectly. It was with many sad forebodings that Otis assisted her to embark for a northern climate. Her frail body seemed almost ruined by the ravages of sorrow and disease. Still, he hoped much from old influences, and the careful nursing of her friends. He hoped much from the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and the original strength of her constitution. He rejoiced to see her eyes light up with joy when they drew near the shores of New England. He watched her with the intensest interest, when she sat sometimes upon deck, with her little boy in her arms, to see the deep delight she experienced in the intelligence and sweetness of his childish talk. The boy was very beautiful, and loved his mother with a depth of reverence rarely observed in one so young. This trait in his character did more than all else to wean Ellen from thoughts of the past—this, and her confidence in heaven.

The first step Otis took, on his arrival at Newburg, was to purchase the dwelling Ellen had formerly occupied, and fit it up comfortably for her residence. He restored as much of the old family furniture as could be obtained, and, in every arrangement, delicately consulted her preferences. She knew him too well to distress his noble nature by manifesting any reluctance in accepting his generous aid; and as soon as he saw her pleasantly reinstated in her old possessions, he returned to his business at New York.

Otis had conquered much of his early morbid sensitiveness, and now moved among men as one conscious of abilities to do them good. He had steadily refused political preferment, but in any civil capacity, was ready at all times to exercise his talents for the public benefit. He soon rose, as all truly great

and good men must rise, into honor and popularity. A circle of warm friends and admirers gathered around him, ready to use every possible influence and exertion to promote him to any station they conld prevail on him to fill. He was too well satisfied with his success in doing good as a private individual, to court more elevated honors. It was not applause that he desired, though when men praised his eloquence and learning, he was happy to feel that his soul had risen superior to its early weakness, and that the life his young heart foreboded would be one of misery, had been already one of activity and happiness.

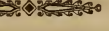
He was universaly regarded as the friend of the friendless, the guardian of the weak and tempted, the benefactor of the suffering poor. When, at length, at a mature period of his life, he rose from the bar to the bench, and sustained the character of an upright and impartial judge, there was no man regarded with more universal respect and individual admiration than the poor little deformed boy, who, thirty years before, had sat at Ellen's side, and deplored, with tears, his lone and miserable condition.

Among the beneficent acts of his life, none is more worthy of record than his kindness to Ellen's son. Not content with placing the mother in circumstances almost affluent, he took young Otis under his own guardianship, educated him at college, and received him into his law office with all the advantages he would give to an only son.

Ellen, who had no happiness apart from her child, also removed to New York, and was introduced by Judge Wendell into the highest circles of society as the benefactress of his early life, and, from infancy upward, his best beloved friend. She had now passed the meridian of life, but preserved the same cheerful sweetness of temper and kindness of heart that characterized her early years. Though she never quite recovered from the effects of her sickness and affliction in Florida, she manifested none of the langour and depression of an invalid. Always interesting herself in some scheme of benevolence, she forgot her own weakness in the real sufferings of the multitude that surrounded her.

Otis Elliot distinguished himself in his profession, though he

never attained to the greatness, that marked the riper years of Otis Wendell. He married a lady of great wealth and accomplishments, who opened her splendid establishment to her husband's most revered friends, his mother and Judge Wendell, and bade them welcome to an abiding home. They accepted the offer with sincere pleasure. They gathered around one fireside—Ellen, the senior of the group, with her snow-white hair parted smoothly from her calm forehead, and her slender frame bowed with weakness and age ; Otis Wendell, the irreproachable judge, the man of countless charities, with his fine countenance marked with the first furrows of time, and bearing a look of serene dignity that was doubly impressive from its contrast with the physical diminutiveness and deformity he had borne about with him from the hour of his birth ; Otis Elliot, the handsome and idolizing son of an equally idolizing mother, with his beaming eye glancing from his young bride to his aged mother, and thence to his beloved guardian, to rest with equal tenderness upon each ; and, lastly, the young bride herself, the link that had drawn these dear beings into one happy household circle, to be separated no more in life, with her beautiful face turned ever fondly upon her husband's—these all gathered daily around one board and one hearthstone, and presented one of the loveliest examples ever seen, of the faithful and deep-rooted friendship, which increases with every added year of life, and passes out of this state of being to that which is more perfect, to receive an eternal confirmation in the immediate presence of Deity.—*Selected.*



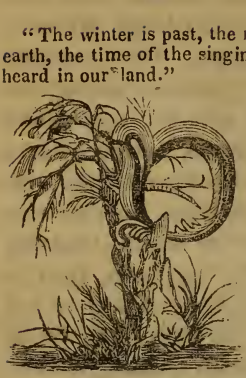
Reading Euclid Himself.—There are some books which require peculiar attention in reading, in order to understand them. A spruce macaroni was boasting, one day, that he had the most happy genius in the world. "Every thing," said he, "is easy to me. People call Euclid's Elements a hard book ; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and supper." "Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon ? How was that possible ?" "Upon my honor I did, and never read smoother reading in my life." "Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the problems as you went ?" "Demonstrations and problems ! I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's, and 1's, and 2's, and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, no ; I skipped all them. I only read Euclid himself ; and all Euclid I did read, and in one piece of the afternoon, too." Alas ! how many such readers there are ! Such get as much knowledge of the subject they read as this young man did of geometry.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

SPRING.

"The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."



PERHAPS one of the most remarkable features in a Canadian spring, is the sudden transition from cold to heat, from gloom to sunshine; and except to an eye-witness, the rapid awakening from the cold and torpor of the long winter, or from the still more cheerless aspect of what should be spring, when, the snow gone, the sterile ground and eafless trees give an added gloom to the scene, is incredible. And from the un-springlike aspect of the present season, we may expect another of those wonderful leaps into the fullness of summer verdure. It recalls to my mind that of '49, when in two days we found ourselves, from bleak sterility, in the full enjoyment of summer. So rapid was the growth of vegetation, one might literally see things grow, and those who read of it only, may well be sceptical of that which made the beholder almost doubt the evidence of his own senses; and where could spring bring with it so many concentrated beauties as amidst the loveliness of Rice Lake? O! the joy experienced when on awakening some morning, expecting to find it ushered in with the same cheerless aspect, the voice of singing birds is heard, and the warm sun has at length burst forth, herald, how joyous a one, of the bright day's dawning. A balminess in the air has succeeded to the deceitful wind of yesterday, and the mind, which has been dwelling with painful vividness and yearning over sunny banks and sequestered sheltered nooks in England's beloved valleys, where long since have bloomed the starlike anemone, the pale primrose, and the air is laden with the sweet breath of violets; now takes a tone of gladness and hope in the prospect of shortly culling the wild hepaticæ, the first spring flower here, rapidly succeeded by a host of floral beauties, which, if not equalling in scent, surpass in brilliancy of hue, their fair sisters in Britain. The radiance of a Canadian spring cannot be imagined,

but by those who have witnessed it, and its beauty is still more striking from the sealed face of nature during the winter months. Beautiful type of the resurrection! Thou speakest of hope to the bereaved, as flowers in their renewed loveliness spring from their winding sheet of snow. At times the combination of sweet scents, sights, and sounds has been overpowering in its life-giving happiness during these early spring days. The absence, too, of evergreens in the winter here, such as our noble laurel, laurestines, holly, &c., makes the re-appearance of verdure still more enjoyable. How often have I rejoiced that the dear old familiar shrub, the lilac, braves the rigor of a Canadian winter, and is always ready to gladden us with its perfume, when spring has fully set in. How many a sigh have I breathed over that well-known tree, as bending over its blossoms, unfolding their small delicately tinted buds, my own early home stood revealed as in a magic glass before me—the old sunny garden, the murmur of the bees, the flower-bed I called my own, the pear tree laden with its beautiful white blossoms. Again, in fancy, I sprang over the turf with laughing brothers and sisters. Again I saw the calm sweet river skirting the foot of that sunny garden, over which hung the weeping willow, the drooping gold laburnum, the lovely forget-me-not, reflected in its depths; and from that shadowy land of childhood I would start up refreshed and strengthed for the more arduous duties of life. O what an ever-living source of strength is nature to the mind of man!

Then the birds—I think we are apt to detract too much from the melody of the Canadian songsters. The robin, familiar as our own dear household pet "at home," but larger and more independent, the song sparrow, various fly birds, the melodious notes of the brown thrush, the grosbeck, the Canadian canary, which, both in brilliancy of plumage and variety of notes, may vie with his namesake in the Atlantic Isle; the little cat-bird, deriving its name from the peculiar cry with which it winds up its song—these are a few varieties; and those not famed for song seem to compensate for it by the gratification they afford to our eyesight, by the exceeding brilliancy of their plumage. Then we have the blue bird, like Heaven's own sky, the ariel, the war bird, with its showy uniform; and the last, and in this case the least—but, O, how beautiful—the humming birds. Little fairy creatures, ever quivering from flower to flower, magical in beauty and in

swiftness of motion. Now through the air in the warm evenings we see numberless species of the insect tribe, with that humming, drowsy sound, so redolent of summer days, the night-hawk, sweeping round in the twilight in large circles, darting at them with eager voracity. The bull-frog sends forth its sonorous notes, and the whip-poor-will joins, with its peculiar wild cry, the chorus of joy.

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, near Port Hope.

[For the Maple Leaf.

WISDOM.

Translated and Arranged from the French of Lamartine by E. H. L.

Ye, who, like moving shadows,
Pass through this vale of tears,
Where sombre tinting harrows
The soul with doubts and fears;
Brothers, in toil and sorrow,
Hark to a voice sublime;
The harps, of Solime, borrow
A sound from Thabor's clime.

What saith the voice of wisdom?
God gives the power of thought—
Man vainly strives for freedom,
Whose mind is still untaught.
Live, then, and die in silence—
The tide of life flows by,
Old ocean's waves, in cadence,
Upon the white beach lie.

God sets life's stream in motion,
And gives the waves their might—
Mirrors the sky in Ocean,
Or veils from day the light.
He knows why golden sunbeams
Their evening glory glance,
On hearts, no coming day-gleams
May wake from death's deep trance.

He knows why joy, and sighing,
In quick succession move—
Why manly hopes, oft dying,
Bequeath no gift, but love.
Then, since with God are hidden,
The secret springs of life—
Since storms, by us unbidden,
Dash o'er us in their strife,—

'Tis Wisdom's sweet injunction,
Drink well of earthly bliss,
With hope, and high emotion,
Steal from each joy a kiss.
If, like a gentle lily
Drench'd in the passing storm,
The hand of God hath bow'd thee,
Weep thou, in prostrate form.

One tear of mortal anguish
Shed humbly at His feet—
One sigh, from hearts, that languish,
The Holy One to meet—
Enshrin'd 'mid rays of glory
He bears around his heart;
More dear to Him the story,
Than loftiest themes of Art.

* * * *

Mortals, life's cares forsaking,
Rest now beside your sires,
Ere long the notes of waking
Shall sound from Angel lyres;—
Bright as Aurora's beauty
Celestial light shall shine,
And Death, released from duty,
His sceptre shall resign.

Montreal, April, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

ANSWER THE CABMAN.

Politeness is a word of whose meaning thousands assume comprehension, while they cannot give it a clear definition;—too many think that their affected 'Please Sir,' and 'Allow me Madame,' is the very pink of courtesy. In my opinion, they are much mistaken. Politeness is not the use of precise terms, of chosen words, and euphonious sentences. It is rather a feeling, a genuine emotion, a practical exemplification of that great law "Which we had from the beginning, that we love one another," and as such will assuredly cull for itself the most appropriate language. How few are truly polite, and of these few, how fewer still are they, who have spent two shillings on a manual of etiquette, much less studied the more elaborate pages of Lord Chesterfield, or the silly twaddle published under the most gracious patronage of Count d'Orsay.

These thoughts were suggested by a trivial little circumstance which occurred a few evenings ago. Walking leisurely along in company with a friend, we observed, slightly in advance of us, a couple of gentlemen, arm in arm, turning from Notre Dame up M'Gill Street. They were accosted by a cabman,—"Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?" The gentlemen did not want a cab, neither did they deign to reply. Passing on in silence, and coming immediately upon the scene of action, we heard from the lips of the disappointed Jehu, a sarcastic exclamation, certainly neither dignified, polite, nor pious. Our turn came next, and I must say not in a pleasant or agreeable tone of voice, was the solicitation extended to us,—"Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?" My friend replied,—"No thank you, not to night," and thus all further discussion or colloquy ceased. A few yards further on, we were again greeted with the same almost interminable interrogatory,—"Want a cab, gentlemen? won't you take a drive?" and again did my friend *trouble* himself to reply. Here then was the exercise, the demonstration of true politeness. The deportment of a great majority of our cabmen is certainly not quite *au fait* or *debonair*, yet even the most uncivil are subject to the influence of courtesy, and when properly treated, lose much of that rudeness, which they otherwise indulge in so frequently; and if we would glide smoothly adown the rapid stream of life, we must learn to live—

"Respecting, in each other's ease,
The gifts of nature and of grace."

Remember my caption, then, and try in the little, as well as the great things of life, to cultivate and exercise the spirit which prompted my friend to reply to the cabman, and my word for it, you will thereby pass beyond the reach of either odium or insult, and most assuredly will you escape unpleasant public reflections. Except to the criminally vile, common courtesy is a duty we owe to all; and a duty faithfully discharged is ever productive of satisfaction. With—

"Gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth."

Would you add to that beauty, deriving therefrom the sure reward of pleasure, then, *answer the cabman!*

PERSOLUS.

April, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

TO A DEAR FRIEND.

Oh! I would conjure up for thee
A thousand years of overflowing bliss;
Such, that when the ruthless atropos
Should cut the silken tie that binds
The spirit to its earthly tenement,
Thou might'st yet breathe, in recollection,
The balmy atmosphere of tasted joys;
And gladdened by the perfumed zephyrs,
Sigh for more years,—and get them.
May thy gladness be the bright spring bird's,
Without a care, save that of love.
Thy path, the gentle stream that shines,
As silver thread, from out the dark
And rugged landscape. Like the faithful flower
That blooms in prairie wilderness,
Oasis like, in trackless wastes,
To show the weary pilgrim's path,
By pointing with its modest leaflet
Ever to the North. So may joy
And gladness ever turn to thee!
And as time runs on its ceaseless course,
And throws its sunshine 'mid its shade
In indiscriminate profusion round,
Its very densest flood be poured
Upon thy pleasant path, and its sun
Never be obscured by darkening clouds.

Montreal, March, 1854. HEBE.

DIRECTIONS FOR MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.—"M. Cazenave, physician to the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, in his treatise, translated by Dr. Burgess, gives the following general directions for the management of the hair:—

"'Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling; separate the hairs frequently and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp, and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called, turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilette, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it: the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.'"

ANSWER TO DISTICH.

DEAR EDITOR.—I beg to submit the following solution to the famous distich of *our good Queen Bess:*—

The word of denial—No.
The letter of fifty—L. No *é* L.

If Mr. Oscar wants to puzzle the juveniles, he will have to get harder questions, for I am sure our Lizzie could guess them if they were twice as hard. She found out this one just as soon as she read it.

Yours,

Guilderose Cot. HARRY H.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

A plan for Isidor's Gardener, by G. W. C.

EDITORIAL

This is the season of change with us. Almost every important alteration in housekeeping has been referred to this grand renovating era for accomplishment. Now, too, many a youth first engages in business—many an old established custom is thrown by, and many a situation dear, because long held, is changed. Yet, notwithstanding the sadness of sundering ties, the opening glories of the season, the heart-inspiring breath of balmy May days, the joy-diffusing effect of Spring sunshine will cheer us on to duty, and nerve us to meet trial with fortitude.

The world listens to the distant boom from the war ships, and shudders at the thought of the horrors of battle. May the smoke from the cannon's mouth soon be dispersed, and war speedily become to the civilized world as a figment of the dark ages—a remnant of barbarous times.

Works descriptive of Turkey and Russia are much sought just now. We were interested in a book on Russia, written by Oliphant; it contains important information.

We are pleased to find that A. T. C. retains such cheerful memories of his early days, and trust there are many who look back on their school days as upon charming scenes, whose warm colors, softened by time, still show many rich and beautiful shades.

The page usually devoted to "Varieties," was filled before we were aware, and an interesting little article on Barometers was completely pushed out.

We are indebted to G. W. C. for engraving the pretty letter at the commencement of the article on Spring, also for the solution of Isidor's question in relation to the gardener's dilemma.

[For the Maple Leaf.

MY OLD MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LEAF NO. 2.

(Continued from page 101.)

THERE I sat at the window enjoying the calm evening, until finding it yet early, I seized my hat, determined upon a stroll in the village. I passed down the steps of the hotel into a long, broad street. The village seemed to be mainly in this street, which stretched across the murmuring river, the music of whose mimic waves had proved so soothing to my weariness. As I passed on I saw groups of persons walking slowly along, evidently intent on enjoying the beauty of the scene.

Village life is every where possessed of similar characteristics. A necessity seems to be imposed upon every inhabitant of a small village, to be thoroughly acquainted with its history, personal and general; but village life in New England is somewhat peculiar. A fair proportion of intelligent mind is found there; the people are fond of books, and keep up an acquaintance with the current news. Added to their general intelligence is a quick perception of right, a strong love of justice, and a warm sympathy for the suffering. The charming union of country scenery with many of the luxuries of city life, the exemption from vices that grow rank amid the precocious influences of town, and the appreciation of every thing truly noble and patriotic, elevate the New England villages above places of the same class elsewhere.

I never saw a more lovely spot than C——. As far as the eye could reach, until in the distance the points of view met, I looked down the long street. Now and then a silvery laugh was wafted to me from the merry promenaders; and as I passed, a courteous bow was given by more than one party. Taking advantage of this, I ventured to make some inquiries in relation to the pretty stream which formed such a lovely feature in this twilight scene. A young man politely stepped

forward, and answered my questions; at the same time offering to conduct me to a point where I could have a view of a cascade, which he said fell over some rocks just beyond the bridge. With native taste and good sense he described the objects of interest in and around the village; and after summing up its natural beauties, he remarked with much feeling, that it was "the happiest little spot on the continent." Just at this moment we came in view of the waterfall, and my companion pointed out a seat where I could sit and take a more extended view. I was in a mood to be interested, and encouraged him to dilate on his favorite theme. "No doubt you enjoy much here," said I; "kindness and affection are more valuable to the heart than outward splendor, and nature's beauties are far in advance of the adornments of art."

"Yes, we are happy;" then checking himself he said, "we are by no means exempt from trials, and I ought not to color my description too highly. I think, sir, that our feelings make the place interesting; the man dignifies and beautifies the spot, not the situation the man. We have just now a cause of sorrow in our circle that touches us deeply."

It was not yet late, and in answer to my inquiries he related the following incident.

"It is now some ten years since Squire B——, a wealthy man who lives here, went with Mrs. B—— to S—— to make some purchases. On their return they brought with them a beautiful little girl. Her dark, spiritual eyes, and finely-formed head and features, were at once admired; while her tattered dress, and shoeless feet, showed her acquaintance with poverty. I remember the evening when she arrived. I was a strong, active boy, and had been honored with the duty of escorting our dear teacher home after her week's labors. It was early in spring; the weather enlivened my spirits. I vented them in loud tones, as I gaily plied the lash, and drove up with a flourish just as Squire B—— and his lovely wife entered the village. They had proceeded about a mile on their return from S——, when they saw a little child, apparently about four years old, running along the road. The sight of the helpless little one touched Mrs. B.'s heart. She prevailed upon her husband to stop and take the poor little child into the carriage, and then drive back to the village, and restore her if

possible to her friends. After making many inquiries, they could find no clue to her history, so it was agreed that they should keep the little girl until something permanent could be decided upon. It was soon arranged that little Annie—for so they called her—should be adopted by her kind protectors, and considered as their own child. Squire B. was kind in his way, but not remarkable for delicacy of perception; he, however, treated the new comer well. It was to her adopted mother, that Annie looked for sympathy and love, and she repaid in full measure all the care that good woman bestowed upon her. Years went by, laden with good to Annie. She was sent to school, and received all the advantages that the village aoffrded. At last, when Annie was about thirteen years old, a distressing occurrence deprived her of her dear protectress. Mrs. B. was very ill, and her husband went at night to get some medicine: the apothecary carelessly put up poison. The poor lady only lived a short time after taking it. She was faithful to her adopted child to the last; and died commending her to her husband's continued care, who promised to be a father to the orphan. But a change was soon made in Annie's prospects. Hardly had her benefactress grown cold, before Squire B.'s mother—a bustling, harsh woman—gave her to understand, that in future she must work for her living; and ever since, she has treated the young girl with much severity. A change in the Squire's affairs perhaps soured his feelings; at any rate, he has been very unkind to Annie, and last night he turned her out of his house. She is a lovely girl, and her friends hope she may soon be better situated."

This tale interested me very much. More than once during the recital I involutarily thought of the conversation which I had overheard before leaving my room. As soon as possible I hastened back to the hotel, hoping to find my unknown neighbours of the next room to whom I intended to relate the story, judging from what I had accidentally heard, that Annie might be the sister so earnestly sought. What was my surprise, on entering the public parlor, to find a large group gathered round a gentleman and lady, whom I knew at once must be the persons I wished to see. The lady, whose beautiful face was pale with emotion, looked eagerly at the door as I entered, evidently expecting to see some one else. Her husband, almost as much agitated as

she, watched her anxiously. The scene, the grouping, the air of expectation, the extreme beauty of the lady, and the sympathising expression of the gentleman, would have presented a fit subject for an artist's study.

The door opened and a young girl entered, looking around with wonder upon so many faces.

The lady gave her one searching look, stretched out her arms tenderly, and with a voice of deepest love exclaimed "My sister! O my sister," then sank back completely overcome with emotion.

Annie, for it was she, stood bewildered in the midst of the commotion caused by the lady's swoon, and did not know how to respond to the joyous greetings which her young companions showered upon her.

Leaving the sisters, for such they were, to gain composure, I will briefly relate their singular, but true story.

Their father and mother were natives of England, from which country they emigrated when Eveline the eldest, was very young. They came out to Canada strong in the hope of bettering their fortunes, but found, like many others, that difficulties environ the settler in a new country.

Mr. Sinclair had been liberally educated, and accustomed to the luxuries of life, but his business relations were not fortunate, his wealth gradually diminished, until at last gathering up what remained, he took his young wife and three children to America. Arrived in Quebec, he looked around for a suitable situation, but not succeeding, he proceeded to Montreal. There anxiety and fatigue brought on a malignant fever which suddenly terminated his life.

Mrs. Sinclair, thus left alone, resolved to go to the States and seek her friends there. She stopped some time in one of the lake towns of Vermont, until her courage began to fail in the prospect of poverty. She was very lovely in appearance, but possessed weak traits of character, that had not been developed while sheltered and sustained by a husband's tenderness. Now left to herself, she proved recreant to the noblest instincts of nature, in deserting her little children to follow the fortunes of a comparative stranger, who urged her to go south with him.

The most singular feature in this history was the fact that Eveline, her eldest child, who was not probably more than

eight years old, determined to follow her mother, and actually managed to beg her way along so as to keep in the same route.

She told her pitiful story, and got a ride, or procured lodging at night. At last, just as she was losing sight of the fugitives, she sat down wearied and sorrowful upon the steps of a fine mansion in a large town in Virginia. There, her helpless age and desolate appearance, interested the servants, who represented the fact to their master.

He sent for the child to his library, and questioned her name.

"Eveline Sinclair," said she, "and my mother's name is Eveline too."

She had not proceeded far, in her account, before she was warmly embraced by her auditor, who told her that he was her own uncle, her mother's brother. A chain of circumstances thus placed the little girl among her family friends, where she was educated with great care.

Mr. Stanley, her uncle, used every means to find his sister. He traced her as far as New Orleans, but there he lost sight of her entirely.

Little Eveline could not tell the name of the place where she left her little brother Stanley and her sister Rosa; but Mr. Stanley, her uncle, made many inquiries in the town of Vermont, nearest Canada, which he thought must be the part of the country where they stopped. Nothing could be learned there, and Eveline grew up to woman-hood without hearing from them. The desire to see them grew with her growth, until at last it became intense. After her marriage and settlement in a new and beautiful home, she thought more and more of her brother and sister. At last she became very ill. It was soon evident that sorrow or anxiety preying on her mind, had much to do with her illness. It was, therefore, agreed by her friends that Mr. Enfield (her husband) should arrange his business so that he could be absent a few months, and as soon as possible leave with Eveline for a journey in search of the dear relatives. To give ample opportunity to look for them, they traveled in their own carriage.

So strong was Mrs. Enfield's faith that she should find them, that she caused two rooms to be prepared for them, in her own pleasant home, and every arrangement to be made for their reception.

"Truth is often stranger than fiction."

She found her brother at S. He had been in the poor house, and afterward was transferred to a store as errand boy, and we have seen that Annie was the same as the little Rosa whom she left so many years before. She recognised her from the strong rsemblance Rosa bore to her mother, whose memory Eveline ever cherished with tender sorrow.

Reader, I have arrived nearly at the end of this leaf, I will just add a word or two of explanation, and you have it complete. I saw the home of the Enfield's in the "Old Dominion," and became well acquainted with Mr. Stanley, whose staunch principles, and noble mind are appreciated by a fine circle of friends of true Virginia character.

Eveline, and Rosa, and Stanley, are very interesting persons. I speak from a knowledge that a near acquaintance of some years admits.

Montreal, May, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

BAROMETERS.

BY ISIDOR.

The word barometer is of Greek extraction, being compounded of *Baros*, meaning weight, and *metron*, signifying measure. These words explain its meaning, as this instrument is used for the purpose of finding, or measuring the weight of the atmosphere—of foretelling the changes in the weather, and of telling the height of mountains. It consists of a glass tube, which, being hermetically sealed at one end, is then filled with mercury. The finger is then placed at one end against the mercury, so that the atmosphere shall have no admittance whatever. The tube is then inverted and plunged in a vessel containing mercury well freed from air. On removing the finger, the quicksilver in the tube will join that of the basin, and the mercury will then subside in a column of 29 or 30 inches. Its height entirely depends on the state of the atmosphere at the time.

This instrument is said to have been invented by Galileo, in the beginning of the last century; however, it was Torricelli who improved it considerably at a later period, and it was not until sometime after this, that it was used for the purpose of prognosticating the changes of the weather. After it had been agreed that

the falling of the mercury was owing to the weight of the atmosphere it obtained the name of weather glass, and by this name it is still sometimes known even at the present day.

The barometer of Torricelli is the one which is generally used, and, although since its invention we have had various improvements, some on a small and others on a large scale, still this one is the most accurate, as the natural simplicity of its construction must defy all improvement.

This instrument being now the most common, and the chief one in use, I shall try and explain it, taking for a guide the annexed wood-cut :—

A B represents a tube of glass $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, and 34 inches in length, hermetically sealed at the point A. The tube A B, being then filled with mercury, is inverted in the basin C D. The mercury then falls to G H, 28 inches, and the highest it reaches is 31 inches. From the surface of the quicksilver, C F, 28 inches must now be measured on the tube A B. This will reach to the point K, which is generally marked stormy. In like manner, the highest part of the scale of variation, I, is placed 31 inches above E F, and is marked very dry, and applies to the summer season, and on the other side to hard frost for the winter. The next half inch below is marked set. fair on one side, and set. frost on the other. At 30 inches from C F it is marked fair on one side, and frost on the other ; half an inch below this, the word changeable is marked, which answers for both summer and winter. At 29, rain on one side, and snow on the other ; $28\frac{1}{2}$, much rain, or much snow, and each division, for convenience sake, is subdivided into ten parts. I shall now give a few general principles in relation to prognosticating the weather by this useful instrument, and, in doing so, shall make use of Dr. Haller's rules :—

1. In calm weather, when it is inclined to rain, the mercury is certainly low.

2. In good weather, high.

3. In great winds it sinks very low ; in fact, the lowest of all, though there be no rain.

4. The greatest heights of the mercury are found with easterly winds.

5. In calm frosty weather, it is generally high.

6. After great storms of wind, when it has been low, it rises fast.

7. In northerly places, the barometer changes more frequently than in southerly.

8. Within the tropics, or near them the alteration is very slight.

Such are the general phenomena, as regards the rising and falling of the Barometer. This instrument is a most necessary one, and is as useful as it is necessary.

Thus, the human intellect, that vainly tries to foretell great things, can, by the simple means of mercury, foretell the state of the weather; whether sunshine is to light the earth with its joyous rays, causing the whole creation to feel animated by its enlivening presence; or whether dark days, and the foggy gloom of a chilling atmosphere, are to appear, imparting sadness to all, and causing discontented man to long for a change, and supplicate the return of the merry sunshine.

Hoping our desire for soft airs and flowery scenes may be gratified, I wish you, my dear readers, (if I have any,) a very delightful and sunny good day.

Montreal, 1854.

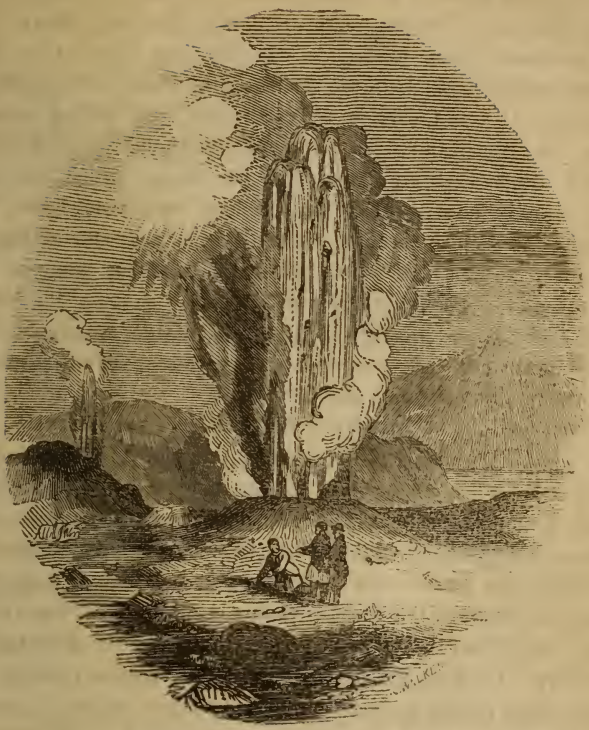
[Written for the Maple Leaf.

SONNET.

When I bethink me of the many years,
That we in wedded love together spent,
Then turn me to the present, the extent
Of my bereavement strikingly appears.
A lonely wanderer in a vale of tears;
A weary, wasted, desolated thing,
Without one stay to which my heart can cling;
Without one voice to chide the woe that bears
Me to my destiny,—yet reflection says,
Be patient, for thy griefs shall shortly end;
And thou and thy devoted earnest friend
Shall be as ye have been in former days—
One, in affection, love, fidelity;
One, through the rolling periods of eternity.

T. H.

April 17, 1852.



THE GEYSERS.

In Iceland, some singular results of volcanic action are discoverable. There are vents, or aqueous craters, which discharge streams of boiling water, or columns of steam. The chief of these are at Haukadal, far behind Mount Hecla, the snow-clad summits of which are, however, within sight. Within a very limited space, a great number of these geysers, or hot-spouting springs, the name being derived from the Icelandic verb to rage, "to burst forth violently," are apparent, and the clouds of vapour they emit are visible at the distance of several miles.

One is called "the great geyser," a name to which, as the largest in Iceland, it is fully entitled. A large mound, formed of the various substances it has ejected during the lapse of ages, sorrounds it. This mound is hollow, in fact, a basin, about one

hundred and fifty feet in circumference, commonly having in it about four feet of boiling water, which is beautifully clear. A pipe or funnel, about ten feet in diameter, but wider at top, descends perpendicularly in the middle of the basin to the depth of near eighty feet in the earth, and is the vent of the boiling stream. From the sides of the basin, two small channels open, and allow almost constant passage to some of the water, which, still hot, and strongly impregnated with mineral substance, flows, on leaving the mound, through a turfy kind of soil, and acting on the peat, mosses, and grass, gradually produces some of the most beautiful specimens of petrifaction. Leaves of the birch, and of other trees growing in that inhospitable clime, are also found incrusted, so as to appear a white stone, yet still preserving their minutest fibres unchanged.

The eruptions of this geyser occur at irregular intervals ; the first signals of violence are low reports, and slight concussions of the earth. A few jets are now thrown up by the pipe, and after a pause a rumbling is heard beneath ; louder reports succeed, with concussions strong enough to shake the whole mound, in the midst of which the water boils with increased violence, and overflows the edges of the basin. Other reports follow, louder and more rapid than the preceding, something like the discharge of artillery. With an astounding roar, and immense velocity, the water then rushes through the pipe, and rises in the air in irregular jets, surrounded and almost concealed by volumes of steam. Loftier and more defined jets succeed to the first, and there is generally a central jet, exhibiting a column of boiling water from nine to twelve feet in diameter, and on an average from fifty to seventy feet in height. These boiling fountains seldom play longer than six or seven minutes at a time ; then the action of the central pipe ceases ; dense steam covers for a while the basin ; and when that moves off, nothing is seen but a sheet of clear hot water, and all is quiet, until after an interval of some hours a fresh eruption is announced by faint reports. We are indebted for our information on this subject to Dr. Henderson, who visited the great geyser some years ago. On his second visit, when he pitched his tent close to it for two days, its eruptions occurred pretty regularly every six hours, and some of the columns of water rose to the height of one hundred and fifty feet.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

(Sung by a Son over the Grave of his Mother.)

Oh! mother, did I not forbid thee to depart?—
Did I not plead, and tell thee, that thou would'st soon
Feel on thy faded face the balmy breath of June;
And that the summer's music soon would fill thy ear
With those sweet melodies, thou loved'st much to hear;
That soon our bird would build again its little nest
Within the Lilac, where for years it buildeth 'erst'?—
Did I not bid thee wait, and tell thee even then
Our burn had burst its bands, and babbled through the glen;
That winter's clouds were fled? that spring was coming fast,
And round thy wither'd form a robe of health would cast?
Then would we roam together, I would aid thy walk,
Whilst thou would'st gladden me with a fond mother's talk—
Would'st mark the violet's purple leaves meekly outspread.
But oh! they're blooming now upon thy earthy bed,
For thou, alas! art not, and I am here alone,
A saddened, weeping boy. Too well I know thou'rt gone,
For there is *none* to soothe the throbbings of my heart.

PERSOLUS.

April 17, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST.

Morning broke, light golden clouds heralded the approach of the orb of day, glorious in his wakening. He came, bringing in his train his two ever present hand-maids—joy and sorrow. Among those who awaited with eager expectation his gladdening beams, were two hearts beating high with hope and love. That sun was about to shine for the first time to *them*, on the land of their adoption; and, with the eager expectation of children, they gazed on the shore about to be irradiated with his rising beams.

The steamer, on the deck of which they stood, ploughed gallantly the noble waters of Lake Ontario. Ontario! Name so expressive of thy loveliness. Involuntarily they uttered the literal meaning of that poetical word,—"How beautiful,"—as the sun gradually emerged from the horizon, shedding a golden light over the land of promise. There they stood,—he the type of strong and vigorous manhood, his manly heart springing to grapple with, and surmount the first hard experience he felt

might await him; if that heart for a moment faltered, it was for the gentle being alone beside him. Hitherto nurtured tenderly, fanned by the soft airs of the south wind, how will she endure the blasts of privation or sorrow, should they unhappily be her lot? But that delicate form encased a heart strong in woman's love; a love whose light diffuses its radiance in the darkest hour of adversity, burning on when less exalted feelings have been drowned in selfishness. It is thus that the spiritual of the woman, rises superior to the weakness of her physical nature. If she toils for her beloved one, that thought hallowes, as it were, the every day acts of life, shedding a halo of refinement over the most menial occupation. How often do we see those delicately nurtured standing pre-eminent, in the strict fulfilment of the new duties which, in the course of God's providence, have been assigned to them, making true that remark,—"Cultivated minds excel in the meanest things, and refined minds possess the most common sense."

But let us return to the deck, where the young bride is still standing.

"Marguerite, does it not look bright and pleasant? What! no answer, and tears! Nay, this must not be;" and he raised the fair bowed head, parting tenderly the golden ringlets shadowing it.

No, not even that bright smile can altogether atone for tears preceding it.

"Now, rest here," as he again drew her tenderly to him, "and tell me where those truant thoughts had winged their way?" but, too rightly, conjecturing they were dwelling on a sunny home far away.

"O no, Walter; do not ask me, all is bright now; do let me stand up here, I want to see more of those distant hills," and she sprang up on the seat beside him.

"Take care, Marguerite, you might fall over, and the air is too fresh for you; I will run for a shawl," and, lifting her down, he said, "now do not get up there again till I return; don't let me lose my treasure after having brought it safely so far," and he ran down to the cabin.

"What a pretty little creature she is," said Capt. M. to a gentleman who paced the deck with him, unobserved spectators of the little scene above; "I hope her path may not be a rough one."

"I think not, Captain; I crossed the Atlantic with them, and believe she has a husband worthy of her, and fully sensible of her value. Did you see how carefully he lifted her down, and even then seemed to leave her reluctantly. But look, her bonnet is blown off," and both gentlemen ran to regain it for her.

She sprang on the seat, catching at the falling bonnet, as her husband re-appeared. He darted forward, as overbalancing herself, with one wild, heart-piercing cry, she was precipitated into the foaming water. With a wild cry of frantic agony her unfortunate husband rushed to the side of the boat, and was only withheld by main force from springing overboard. Instantly the engines were stopped, and a boat lowered, while several brave fellows stripping off their coats plunged into the water. At that moment, at some little distance, appeared the beautiful form of the hapless girl; like a golden veil, her hair floated on the surface of the waves, her arms were stretched imploringly towards the vessel, and, maddened at the sight, Walter burst from those who held him, and darted overboard. In vain, in vain, a few more stretches and the upheld hands will be reached. No; for a moment they were raised to heaven, and the waters closed over the gentle and beautiful. She never rose again. The unhappy husband was with difficulty saved, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover for many weeks, when broken-hearted he left the country, whose waters had entombed all that earth held most dear to him.

* * * * * * * *

"Has the Coroner arrived?"

"Yes, they are now viewing the body," said the landlord of a small inn, near the borders of Lake Ontario.

"Sad case, is it not?

"Yes; a man must have a pretty hard heart to see such a sight as that unmoved; you can follow me, if you would like to see her," and proceeding softly down a passage, he opened a side door.

On a table within lay the lovely form of the young wife whose untimely end we have been narrating. Of the rough and motley group hurriedly assembled at the inquest, there was not one untouched at the quiet beauty of the early lost, so suddenly snatched away from life and love. Heavily the golden tresses hung round the fair face, which, but a few mornings since, was

lighted up with affection's smile, as those bright tresses were tenderly caressed by one on whom that smile would never beam again. One by one, as they left the apartment, they turned to take a last look at the still beautiful face, and the Coroner, with emotion he was unable to conceal, tenderly secured one of the golden ringlets, in the hope of some day restoring it to her unhappy husband.

* * * * * * * *

"Papa, what makes you look so grave? why do you not kiss your little pet?" said Edith, as she vainly endeavored to attract her papa's attention, and, still unsuccessful, she shook her silken ringlets over his shoulder.

That action aroused him.

"Ah! little daughter of mine, I have seen a sad sight today," and, with a deep sigh, he passed his hand lovingly over the flowing curls of his little daughter, so resembling that which he had taken from the young girl, on whom he had just held an inquest.

"Do you see this lock of hair, Edith," and he opened a small packet revealing a bright golden tress of unusual length.

"O! how beautiful, Papa. May I have it?"

"No dearest, but I will tell you a sad tale connected with it," and he placed his little Edith on his knee, and tears fell fast from the gentle child as she listened to that tale of sorrow.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, near Port Hope, 1854.

THE STRAWBERRY SEASON.

The supplying of a large city with apparently trivial luxuries is often a curious operation, and of great importance to a number of persons, to whom it affords employment and subsistence.—There are not many of the inhabitants of London, who do not every summer partake of the delicious strawberries with which it is so abundantly and so cheaply supplied. Yet few of them are aware that many hundreds of persons derive their livelihood, during the time they are in season, from the various operations which the supplying London with them occasions.

Most of the strawberries consumed in the metropolis are grown within ten miles of it, and by far the greater number of strawberry-gardens are on its western side. The chief places at

which they are situated are Isleworth, Brentford, Ealing, Hammersmith, Fulham, Deptford, Mortlake, Hackney and Camberwell. The extent of land cultivated for strawberries has been much increased within a few years, and has been estimated at more than a thousand acres for the supply of London alone. The greatest number of persons who derive employment in producing strawberries for the markets are females, with the exception of those who dress the ground on which they grow. In the season in which strawberries are ripe, which is usually the end of May, the women who gather the fruit, assemble in the strawberry-garden, in the morning, as soon as it is light, which at that time of year is between three and four o'clock, and commence plucking the fruit. The best fruit, which is gathered earliest in the morning, is taken to the packing room and carefully put in pottle-baskets; fifty or sixty of these are placed in a large basket, and before seven o'clock in the morning, a number of women are despatched to the metropolis, each with one of these large baskets, which she carries on her head, with only a small cushion to make the pressure of the weight equal. The weight of the baskets and fruit is from thirty to forty pounds, and sometimes more.

A party of these carriers then set off with their burdens, walking at a quick pace, and occasionally running, so that they generally accomplish five miles in an hour during their journey, managing with skill and address their head-loads (as they are called) and seldom having occasion to hold them with their hands. When men occasionally carry the fruit, they have a shoulder-knot, similar to those used by porters, so that part of the weight rests on the shoulder, and part on the head, but by this mode of conveyance the fruit is generally more injured than when carried by women.

The carriers arrive at the principal fruiterers in London early enough for their customers to be supplied with fruit gathered the same morning. The same women, sometimes, proceed with a second load to London, even when the straw-berry ground is situated seven or eight miles from the fruiterers. The employment of females as carriers of fruit, is within the last three or four years greatly diminished, by some of the largest strawberry-growers having established light cars, hung on very pliable springs, and drawn by a quick paced horse; one of these cars carries about twenty baskets, each of which would be a load for

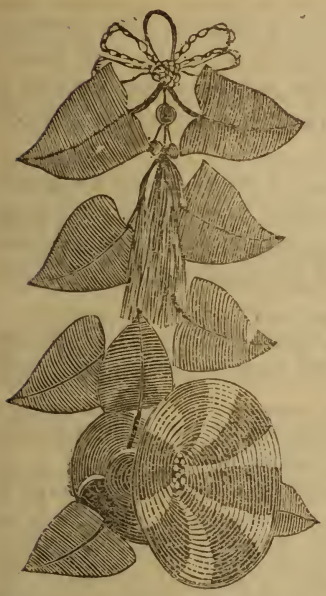
a woman. Though this mode is a considerable saving of expense, yet it does not convey the fruit in such perfection as when carried on the head.

Connected with the supplying of strawberries to the metropolis, is the manufacture of pottle-baskets by women and children. The women prepare the wood by steeping it in water, and splitting it, according to the parts of the basket it is designed to form. Then the most skilful arrange the slips of wood, which form the upright supports of the basket, and fix them in their place by weaving the bottom part; the sides are woven by children with pliable strips of wood, and the top is bound over by the more accustomed workwomen. These baskets, therefore, pass through several hands in the making, and the wood has to be purchased and prepared, yet they are still supplied to the gardener at the rate of about six-pence the dozen. The baskets are formed of the wood of the fir or willow tree, the latter is the best. They are made by the poor at their own homes in the towns near the strawberry-gardens, particularly at Brentford.

The women employed in gathering and conveying strawberries to London cannot be estimated at less, during the season, than two thousand persons. Part of these are the inhabitants of the adjacent towns, but a great number of them are young women, who migrate annually from Worcestershire, Shropshire, and Wales, and after the strawberries, raspberries, currants, and gooseberries are passed, return to the country in time to assist at the harvest, having usually during their migration saved enough to buy a good stock of clothes, and to lay by some money towards their support during the following winter. They are, in general, very industrious, neat, and well conducted in their behaviour.—*Selected.*

A Good Maxim.—The more quietly and peaceable we get on, the better for us; the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, conduct yourself so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

CONVOLVULUS WATCH-POCKET.



MATERIALS.—Two shades of green chenille, (3 skeins of each,) 1 skein brown ditto, 2 blue, 2 white, with a morsel of yellow; a pair of wire frames; a little green satin, wadding, and cardboard; also, cord and tassels.

We think our readers cannot fail to be pleased with a design so novel and so elegant; while there is so very little work in it, it cannot fail to be generally popular. The wire frame represents the skeleton of a convolvulus flower and leaves, with a loop at the extremity, which serves afterwards to suspend the article by. The pocket itself is behind the flower. At the back of the pocket a round of cardboard, wadded on one side and covered with green satin on both, is sewed—the wadded side being inwards, of course. The front of the pocket is filled in the same way, forming the base of the flower. The leaves are filled in with chenille, which is carried first to the point of the leaf, and then backwards and forwards from one edge to the other, entirely filling it up, as far as the base. The two shades of green are used for this purpose; the lightest leaves being those nearest the flower, and the three small ones immediately surrounding it. The brown chenille is used for covering the stems.

The sections of the flower are alternately white and blue; or white and violet, or white and pink may be used for this purpose. The sections of the flower are filled in the same way, and the edge covered, on each division, with the section that fills it. Two or three small loops of yellow chenille are placed in the heart of each flower, and a fancy cord and tassels finish it off The chenille used is that termed *chenille a broder.* —*Family Friend.*

TROUBLE WITH SERVANTS.

"O, dear Mrs. Graham," said my neighbor Mrs. Jones to me one day, "what shall I do for good servants? I am almost worried out of my senses. I wish somebody would invent a a machine to cook, wash, scrub, and do housework in general. What a comfort it would be!"

"They are all poorly educated," I replied, "and we cannot expect much of them. Most of them have nearly everything to learn when they come into our houses, and are bad scholars into the bargain. But we must have patience. I find it my only resource."

"Patience!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones, warmly. "It would require more patience than Job ever possessed to get along with some of them."

"And yet," said I, "we accomplish little or nothing by impatience. At least such is my experience."

"I don't know, ma'am," replied Mrs. Jones. "If you go to being gentle and easy with them, if you don't follow them up at every point, you will soon have affairs in a pretty condition! They don't care for your comfort or interest—not they! In fact, more than half of them would, a thousand times, rather make things disagreeable for you than otherwise."

"I know they are a great trial sometimes," I answered, not feeling at liberty to say to my visitor all I thought. "But we must endeavor to bear it the best we can. That is my rule; and I find, in the long run, that I get on much better when I repress all exhibition of annoyance at their carelessness, shortcomings, neglect, or positive misdeeds, than I do when I let them see that I am annoyed, or exhibit the slightest angry feeling."

Not long after this, we accepted an invitation to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and I then had an opportunity of seeing how she conducted herself towards her domestics. I was in no way surprised, afterwards, that she found difficulty in getting along with servants.

Soon after my husband and myself went in, and while we were sitting in the parlor, Mrs. Jones had occasion to call a servant. I noticed that, when she rung the bell, she did so with a quick jerk; and I could perceive a tone of authority in

the ting-a-ling of the bell, the sound of which was distinctly heard. Nearly two minutes passed before the servant made her appearance, in which time the bell received a more vigorous jerk. At last she entered, looking flushed and hurried.

"What's the reason you did not come when I first rung?" inquired our lady hostess in a severe tone.

"I—I—came as quick as I could," replied the girl, with a look of mortification at being spoken to before strangers.

"No, you didn't! It's your custom to wait until I ring twice. Now, let this be the last time!"

And then, in a low voice, Mrs. Jones gave the direction for which she had summoned her.

"Such a set!" ejaculated the lady, as the girl left the room. Her words were intended to reach other ears besides ours; and so they did. "That girl," she continued, addressing me, "has a habit of making me ring twice. It really reems to give them pleasure, I believe, to annoy you. Ah, me! this trouble with servants is a never-ending one. It meets you at every turn."

And, for some time, she animadverted upon her favorite theme—for such it appeared to be—until her husband, who was evidently annoyed, managed to change the subject of discourse. Once or twice she came back to it before tea-time.

At last the tea-bell rung, and we ascended to the dining-room. We were but fairly seated, when a frown darkened suddenly on the brow of our hostess, and her hand applied itself nervously to the table-bell.

The girl who had set the table came up from the kitchen.

"There is no sugar in the bowl," said Mrs. Jones, sharply. "I wish you would learn to set the table while you are about it. I'm sure I have spoken to you often enough."

As the girl took the sugar-bowl to fill it, the frown left the face of our hostess, and she turned to me with a bland smile, and asked whether I used sugar and cream in my tea. I replied in the affirmitive, but did not smile in return, for I could not. I knew the poor girl's feelings were hurt at being spoken to in such a way before strangers, and this made me extremely uncomfortable.

"Do you call this cream?" was the angry interrogation of Mrs. Jones, as the girl returned with the sugar, pushing towards

her the cream-jug, which she had lifted from the table as she spoke.

"Yes, ma'am," was replied.

"Look at it, and see then."

"It's the cream," said the girl.

"If that's cream, I never want to see milk. Here! take it away and bring me the cream."

The girl looked confused and distressed. But she took the cream-jug and went down stairs with it.

"That's just the way they always do," said Mrs. Jones leaning back in her chair. "I really get out of all patience sometimes."

In a little while the girl returned.

"It's the cream, ma'am, as I said. Here's the milk." And she presented two vessels.

Mrs. Jones took both from her hands with an ill-natured jerk. Sure enough, it was as the girl had said.

"Such cream!" fell from the lips of our hostess, as she commenced pouring it into the cups already filled with tea.

The girl went down stairs to take back the milk she had brought up, but she was scarcely at the bottom of the stairs, when the bell was rung for her.

"Why don't you stay here? What are you running off about?" said Mrs. Jones, as she came in hurriedly. "You know I want you to wait on the table."

And so it was during the whole meal. The girl was not once spoken to except in a tone of anger or offensive authority.

I was no longer surprised that Mrs. Jones found it difficult to keep good domestics, for no one of feeling can long remain with a woman who speaks to them always in a tone of command, or who reproves them in the presence of visitors.

My husband was very severe upon Mrs. Jones after we returned home. "No lady," said he, "ever spoke in anger or reproof to a domestic before a visitor or stranger. Nothing more surely evinces a vulgar and unfeeling mind."

I did not attempt to gainsay his remark, for he expressed but my own sentiment. So far from uttering a reproof in the presence of a visitor, I am careful not to speak to my domestics about any fault even in the presence of my husband. They have a certain respect for themselves, and a certain delicacy

of feeling, which we should rather encourage than break down. Nearly all domestics are careful to appear as well as possible in the eyes of the head of the family, and it hurts them exceedingly to be reproved, or angrily spoken to, before him. This every woman ought to know by instinct; and those who do not, are just so far deficient in the aggregate of qualities that go to make up the true lady.

I was by no means surprised to hear from Mrs. Jones, a few days afterwards, that the "good-for-nothing creature" who waited upon the table on the occasion of our taking tea at her house, had gone away and left her. I thought better of the girl for having the spirit to resent, in this way, the outrage committted upon her feelings. Domestics have rights and feelings; and if people were to regard these more, and treat them with greater kindness and consideration than they do, there would be fewer complaints than there are at present. This is my opinion, and I must be pardoned for expressing it.—*Selected.*

SEVASTOPOL.

From "Russian Shores of the Black Sea."

The Russians speak of Sevastopol with a kind of mysterious awe; and when, at a sudden turn of the road, we obtained an extensive view of the Crimea, it was startling to find that the most prominent feature in the landscape was Sevastopol itself, with its lofty white houses, and frowning batteries; and green-domed churches. Far inland, and long after the houses had ceased, the tapering masts of the ships were visible above the low hills: their sails, which had been hung out to dry, were hanging idly upon them; and as we approached still nearer, we could discern the large hulls of the line-of-battle-ships, floating, as it were, in the very streets of the town.

The population of Sevastopol, including military and marine, amounts to forty thousand. The town is in fact an immense garrison, and looks imposing because so many of the buildings are barracks or government offices. Still I was much struck with the substantial appearance of many of the private houses. The main street owed its extreme cleanliness to large gangs of military prisoners, who were employed in perpetually sweeping. New houses were springing up in every direction, government

works were still going forward vigorously, and Sevastopol bids fair to rank high among Russian cities. The magnificent arm of the sea upon which it is situate, is an object worthy the millions which have been lavished in rendering it a fitting receptacle for the Russian navy.

As I stood upon the handsome stairs that lead down to the water's edge, I counted thirteen sail of the line anchored in the principal harbor. The newest of these, a noble three-decker, was lying within pistol-shot of the quay. The average breadth of this inlet is one thousand yards; two creeks branch off from it, intersecting the town in a southerly direction, and containing steamers and smaller craft, besides a long row of hulks which have been converted into magazines or prison-ships.

The hard service which has reduced so many of the handsomest ships of the Russian navy to this condition, consists in lying for eight or ten years upon the sleeping bosom of the harbor. After the expiration of that period, their timbers, composed of fir or pine-wood, never properly seasoned, become perfectly rotten. This result is chiefly owing to inherent decay, and in some degree to the ravages of a worm that abounds in the muddy waters of the Tchernoi Retcka, a stream which, traversing the valley of Inkerman, falls into the upper part of the main harbor.

Nothing can be more formidable than the appearance of Sevastopol from the seaward. Upon a future occasion we visited it in a steamer, and found that at one point we were commanded by twelve hundred pieces of artillery: fortunately for a hostile fleet, we afterwards heard that these could not be discharged without bringing down the rotten batteries upon which they are placed, and which are so badly constructed that they look as if they had been done by contract. Four of the forts consist of three tiers of batteries. However well fortified may be the approaches to Sevastopol by sea, there is nothing whatever to prevent any number of troops landing a few miles to the south of the town, in one of the six convenient bays with which the coast, as far as Cape Kherson, is indented, and marching down the main street (provided they were strong enough to defeat any military force that might be opposed to them in the open field), sack the town, and burn the fleet.

[For the Maple Leaf.

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

The golden sun, down sinking,
Minds me of death's deep sleep;
My heart is worn with thinking—
To-night I would be drinking
Oblivion's waters deep.

I fain would cease this sighing
For joys I may not win—
Would plume my wings for flying
Where pain, and want, and dying
Can never enter in.

My spirit would be soaring
Beyond the bounds of time,
Where God's own sunlight, pouring
On angel bands adoring,
Illumes a heav'nly clime.

Of that bright land I'm dreaming,
As day speeds after day;
Oh! glorious 'tis in seeming
With holy radiance beaming,
Lit by His smile alway.

Oh! earth, how frail and fleeting
Are all the joys thou hast!
Sunlight and shadow meeting—
Our dearest hopes retreating
Into the *tomblike past.*

We call them from their hiding,
Their voices echo back—
"Hope *here* hath no abiding,
Where clouds, the day dividing,
Loom darkly o'er the track.

From all your dreams awaking,
Rise! speed you on your way;
Th' eternal sunlight breaking—
Earth shadows all forsaking—
Betoken endless day."

EDLA.

Montreal, May 26, 1854.

WHAT a marvellous gospel is that which opens a free portal to friendship with God for every sinner who will; and into which, if any sinner enter, he will find purification as well as peace.—*Chalmers.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

NITIMUR SPE.

Subjected to almost continual vicissitudes, and wearied by endless toils, we should, were it not for the exalted and refreshing influences of hope, be sure to droop and falter on our way; but so wonderfully are we fashioned by the creative hands of Infinite wisdom, that what at first sight strikes us a weakness, becomes by a slight modification in itself the cause of power. Thus it is that grief when closely pent up within a swelling heart, almost crushes us with its oppression; but the cause of our suffering attaining its maturity, and when most overpowering, gives us relief in gushing floods of tears, the previous pain has but fitted us more fully to appreciate the subsequent relief; in such cases all our experience goes to establish the paradox, that even tears, those semblances of grief, are blessed things. . . . . From the cradle to the grave, through all the changing scenes of this mortal life, does hope ever present a bright future, a glowing picture of happiness *to come*. This cheers us on through the deepest despondency; indeed, bereft of these light, sunny visions, our boasted human progress would become a miserable nothingness. Shakspeare says, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*—

> "Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
> And manage it against despairing thoughts."

And again, in King Richard III., we find the following much more forcible couplet:—

> "True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
> Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Hope is most peculiarly the property of the good, the "Friend of the brave in peril's darkest hour," to which intrepid virtue looks for power. But why multiply quotations, for who has ever touched the shell, and failed to sing of joyous hope?

"Hope on, hope ever," is a very frequently uttered sentiment, and one comprehensive of wisdom; and when it becomes that confiding, enduring hope, which "hopeth all things," it is no longer merely a shadower of sublunary wisdom, but is a real expositor of eternal truth. Bursting into a divine flame, it dissipates the gloom that shrouds the night of death, till even the starless grave shines gloriously; and then, and only then, does it escape the sweeping assertion of the preacher; for behold, it is no longer vanity. PERSOLUS.

Montreal, May, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

EDUCATION IN CANADA.

WITH the good sense which distinguishes the inhabitants of this country, a stranger would not discover very decided literary tendencies, except in certain directions. There are many intelligent minds among us, but the mass of the population are too practical to spend much time in theoretical knowledge. The merchant is so immersed in his sales, that one hardly hears from him on any other subject, excepting, perhaps, in the winter, then, if he discusses any scientific subject, or metaphysical truth, the listener wonders where he has found time to reason so well.

Public attention is waking up to the fact, that as a people we need much intellectual quickening, and of late years a marked advance has been made in the facilities for popular improvement. Libraries and reading-rooms are more frequented, and sober tradesmen and mechanics are availing themselves of these means, to elevate their minds, and brighten the tedium of toil.

There is a thoughtful class of people in the community, whose reading is confined to a certain range of works—the daily papers, from which they glean their general information, with very indefinite ideas as to localities, and their Sunday reading. These are staunch supporters of the Bible, and good citizens; but they are slow to follow in the march of improvement, slow to adopt the enlightened ways and means to forward truth which the present grand era of light and knowledge calls for, and which superior education would induce them to put forth.

True, *there are* men full of business cares, who find time to

step occasionally into the charmed circle of the sciences, and feast their eyes upon the broad expanse there spread before them. But with the majority, the "Day-Book and Ledger" demand, and *get* too much attention. Diligence in business is a duty, but business alone will not call into play the finer traits of the mind, or fit man for immortality. Business, alone, degenerates his lot into one of servile devotion to a narrow sphere,—fills up his precious probation-time with thoughts that rise no higher than the masts of his merchant ships, or the well-stored lofts of his warehouse, and leaves him at the end of life,—on the borders of a world with the grandeur of whose scenes he has had no previous acquaintance.

Domestic life in Canada, exhibits a decided difference of intellectual cultivation in the male and female members of families. A stranger might engage the husbands and fathers in interesting conversation on various subjects pertaining to the great world, the existence of such places and things being almost unknown to the wives and daughters. We have observed a kind of demarkation in this respect in many families (we speak of the people as a whole), the wife leaving book knowledge to the legitimate person, as she seems to think her husband is, and attending to many out-door details which more properly belong to him. We do not wish to be misunderstood, the idea we aim to illustrate is this, that while the men of Canada, as a class, need much culture to qualify them to fill the stations which Providence has assigned them, the women of Canada need much more.

Among the English population there is a preponderance of solid virtue, well regulated homes and much happiness; but female mind does not take that stand it is fitted to take, in order to beautify those homes, and shed the brightest lustre round the scenes of domestic life. We are sure that a superficial knowledge of even the fundamental branches of education is often deemed sufficient for daughters, while their brothers are, perhaps, receiving a "liberal" course of study. That the mothers of a country have much of its future destiny in their hands has become an axiom. To woman's moulding influence the plastic minds of its future legislators, and ministers of the gospel are of necessity committed. How all important that her mind should be disciplined,—that she should understand the

nature of cause and effect,—know the efficacy of teaching by example, as well as by precept, and feel sustained in her deep responsibility by intelligent views in relation to her duties.

We do not advocate neglect of household duties. We would not abate a tithe of that delicate attention to neatness and order, which go so far to render home cheerful; we could not admire those attainments which have been gained at the expense of family comfort, or apologise for the burned meats, and muddy coffee, that often make their appearance without higher excuse than neglect. We believe in activity,—in the earnest urging forward of something worthy of sentient beings. We believe in thorough house-keeping, but think that is not all. A lady can, and ought to be a much better housekeeper if she has a good education. And she will be much better fitted to train her children and sympathise with her husband. We would wish to see Canadian females, as a class, receive a more complete and thorough education. Not to go to school, as they have done, too generally, awhile, then stay at home long enough to forget what they have learned, and on returning have the same ground to go over again. The young need to have truths presented to their minds in a kind of natural order. When they have accomplished one step in the difficult ascent of the hill of science, they are prepared to attempt another, and so step by step, they should be urged onward, until lured by the beauteous prospect, and enchanted with the flowers that begin to line their pathway, they press on to gain the summit. Our daughters can enjoy the noble expanse, spread out beyond, with as much zest as our sons. The melody of "the spheres" or the flowers of poesy will not charm them more, than the exact proportions of the temple of learning, whose severe, yet pure style of architecture they are just as capable of rearing, as their brothers. It may be said by some that they cannot afford to send their daughters regularly to school, or allow them to study long enough, to complete a course of school labor. That may be true, in some instances, and to such we would say, be sure and send your children long enough to get a good foundation laid, and a correct knowledge of the primary branches at least. Have them *really* know what they profess to study. Then if they must leave school, they can build upon this, a superstructure of no mean appearance, they can read and study at home

as time permits. Many parents expend more in furnishing their parlors with unnecessary ornaments, or in articles of dress that add nothing to their own true dignity or beauty, than would educate a daughter. Less expensive dress, less showy style of housekeeping might be better, if by that means the good of a child could be secured.

We feel the importance of this subject, and may have spoken too plainly. If so, we hope to be pardoned, since it is not our wish to offend. We are attached to Canada, and would fain add our *mite* to increase her fair fame. We love young people, especially those of our own sex, and believe they are just as capable of high intellectual culture, and just as well fitted in their sphere to be blessings to the land, as young men. They *will* influence, silently it may be, but surely, the destinies of this noble country. Female mind, left to revolve in the narrow circle of thought, suggested by household details, dress, or gossip, becomes restless. Deprive woman of those exalted views of God, and the universe which she can derive from study, and her influence in the family may become, like the waters of Marah, bitter and disappointing; and her husband be forced to pray for some green tree of life to be cast into the fountain of his domestic love that it may become sweet.

Montreal, June, 1854.

The Indian army, on which everything depends in the British possessions in the East, is composed of the most singular elements. The conquered and subject races are required to form more than nine tenths of the conquering army. There have never been more than 30,000 European soldiers in India, often much fewer; yet the sum total of the troops whom the Company keeps on foot amounts to little short of 300,000 men. By what miracle has this great empire been maintained for nearly a century with so small a contingent of Englishmen? The miracle admits of an easy explanation; its secret is found in the strict observance of its promises by the Company, and in its fidelity to its engagements. Doubtless a very commonplace explanation, yet history has proved that this sort of virtue is exceedingly rare, and that great empires are founded on plain common sense.—*Maurel's Wellington.*

REMINISENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1850,

BY FRANCESCA.

I well recollect my impressions, as we entered the harbor of San Francisco, after a voyage of twenty-two days from Panama. It was on the twentieth of June, and one of those disagreeable, foggy mornings, which give a sad and desolate look to everything. But just as we entered the Golden Gate, the sun burst forth and gave us little glimpses of the city now and then, as if there was really something worth seeing concealed behind what T. Butler King calls the "dry fog of California." Safely landed, we made our way up Clay Street to the old "St. Francis," then in its glory; and first sitting down in the long, dark parlor without any fire, till somebody could be persuaded to give up his room and sleep on the dining-table,—or perhaps under it for the sake of "the ladies,"—we were at last ushered up stairs.

This famous old "St. Francis" had been compiled out of the original twelve cottages with which the owner set out from New York, and which, finding land so dear, he had been obliged to put together in as good shape as possible; but sharp were the turnings, and narrow the way by which we reached our sleeping apartments. Under a front window of the third story I noticed an immense coil of rope to which was attached a large hook; and with some surprise I asked what it was for. The attendant replied, "O, in case of fire you will fasten that hook on to the window-sill, and slide down the rope to the ground!" I was prepared for original expedients in this rapid country, but this was entirely beyond my expectations; and, my imagination instantly painting the remarkable figure I should make sliding backwards down that rope before an assembled multitude, I peremptorily declined a room in the third story, and was accomodated with one in the story below; where, by dint of great management and of ejecting all the chairs, I was able to "stow away" my three trunks and a bandbox. However, anything was preferrable to a state-room at sea, and, with some trouble to find a standing place, I dressed for dinner.

With a famous appetite I descended, hoping, rather than expecting, to find something eatable. But, what was my astonishment at seeing two long tables elegantly set, and glittering with glass and silver, with snowy napkins folded in the latest fashion,

and several wine glasses grouped in front of each plate, as if to leave no wish of the epicure unsatisfied ;—and it was not. Delicious soups were succeeded, as it seemed to me, by every variety of fish, flesh and fowl, with their appropriate vegetables. Before me stood a monstrous turnip weighing seventeen pounds, which I was requested to carve, and found delicate and juicy to its heart's core. Besides the *civilized* meats, I recollect there were elk, bear, and antelope on the table ; the last being the most delicate animal food I ever tasted. Afterwards came the desert, comprising puddings and pies of every sort, with jellies and Charlotte Russe, fresh, preserved, and dried fruits, and nuts and coffee ;—such a feast for those who had been a month at sea was not to be neglected ; and I must confess that, after I had fully satisfied my appetite and sat an hour and a half at table, I felt disposed to retire for a *siesta*. My bed was delightful. With two soft hair mattresses under, and a pile of snowy blankets over me, I was soon asleep ; when, after a long nap, I was suddenly awakened by voices, as I thought, in my room ; but which I soon discovered came from two gentlemen, one on each side of me, who were talking to each other from their own rooms *through* mine ; which, as the walls were only of canvass and paper, they could easily do. This was rather a startling discovery, and I at once began to cough, to give them notice of my *interposition*, lest I should become an unwilling auditor of matters not intended for my ear. The conversation ceased, but before I was able to compose myself to sleep again in my novel position, a nasal serenade commenced, which, sometimes a duet and sometimes a solo, frightened sleep from my eyes, and thoroughly disgusted me with band-box partitions.

The next day proving bright, though cool, we set out on a tour of the city, just before desolated by the May fire of 1850. Already shanties of pine boards were every where taking the places of those destroyed, in which all kinds of elegant goods and jewelry were exposed for sale, their brilliancy and glitter forming the strangest contrasts with the rough shelter over them. In the harbor were some three hundred ships, most of which had been deserted by their crews for the gold mines, and were either allowed to rot in the harbor, or remain in a state of helpless probation till crews could be found to man them once more. But when men can only get fifty dollars a month at sea, while as la-

borers and miners they could command from one to three hundred, they could scarcely be expected to go to sea in a hurry.

The lower side of the Plaza was one line of gambling houses, with a piazza in front enclosed in glass, which at night was one blaze of light, attracting all the moths in the city, who, before they were satisfied, came away well scorched. But the streets were very uncomfortable, being a succession of hills and dales, paved only with empty bottles, and miners' shirts, of which there was an endless variety. Stockton street was the promenade, when one wished to be rural and retired. Bushes grew on each side north of Washington street, and a wild glen and cascade where Jackson street now runs, made it quite romantic. If not afraid of going beyond the extreme outskirts of the city, one could visit the grave-yard on North Beach, and "breathe the air upon the upland lawn," in the most perfect solitude. Here and there in the hollows of the hills, white tents were nestled, and on the upper side of Stockton street, there was quite an encampment, looking as if a small army was stationed there until the next campaign. The city was considered to extend up as far as Stockton street, although there were a few country seats above, looking quite solitary and *recherche*. Still San Francisco, though small, was always full of business and bustle; steamers coming and departing for the various towns above—buying—selling—speculating,—here projecting a city—there laying out a town—but always men, men, men everywhere; a lady was something to be wondered at and admired.

* * * * * * *

One great and chief pleasure in those days was riding on horseback. Parties of ten or twenty were got up, and a pick-nick planned, perhaps at the "Old Fort," perhaps a few miles beyond on the sea-shore. I recollect a large party of us were collected at the Old Fort one evening just as one of the Panama Steamers was passing through the Golden Gate loaded with passengers. As they came near the Fort we went outside the walls, and quite a picturesque group we formed,—the ladies in their long riding-dresses, and hats with floating plumes. At first the people on board seemed to regard us with surprise, but when we waved our handkerchiefs in welcome, there went up such a rousing cheer from the crowded deck as astonished the echoes for a mile around. Ah, those rides were glorious! Now moving qui-

etly up some gentle ascent, and anon dashing madly "over bank, bush, and scaur," in a wild race for some point, or after the wild cattle, who, with staring eyes, and tails in the air, rushed away as from a party of Mexicans armed with the fatal lasso. Sometimes we would rest in a deep dell, whose tangled sides seemed to have shut out everything but silence; then ascending a narrow-bridle-path we could catch a sudden view of the ocean, dashing its monstrous rollers upon the rocks, which tossed them high in the air, foaming at their own impotency. But alas, our ancient haunts are all invaded. Purchasers, or squatters have covered all our old domain. Wire fences have shut us out from dell and dingle. Curly-headed children play at hide-and-seek where the rabbits used to dwell, and the long-legged "Shanghai" raises his sepulchral voice in the true home of the coyote:—

With the early blush of the dawning day,
Our stamping steeds we mount and away.
Away o'er the hills in their mottled green,
Where the quail and hare in their homes are seen,—
The coyote raises his plaintive cry,
And the eagle lazily mounts the sky.

With bounding leap we swiftly pass,
O'er the prickly hedge and the dark morass;
And our steeds with snort and champ reply
To the joyous laugh, or the cheering cry.
And trample the flowers, that thickly lie,
Till they yield their breath in a fragrant sigh.

We mount the hill, we pass the lea,
Till we come to the shore of the glorious sea.
On a flowing sail in the distant west,
The new-born sunbeams softly rest;
But the waves are tossed, and their sparkling blaze
Dazzles and binds the rider's gaze.

On rolls the tide in its mighty power,
And leaps to the shore in a frothy shower;
While the sea-lion floats on its foamy crest,
And disports him there, as it pleaseth him best:
While his monster-cubs from a cave near by
Call their absent sire with a yelping cry.

O'er the rocks around marine-flowers twine,
And the strawberry pouts on its scarlet vine,
Like the lips of a maiden we long to press,—

In spite of the ban on the dear caress;—
The shells, for fairy-goblets meet,
Are crushed 'neath our flying courser's feet.

Now deeply breathe this morning air!
'Tis fraught with life to the drooping fair.
While the darker cheek of manhood glows
With a richer tint than the prarie rose;
Ah! at early dawn on a courser free
Let me gaily ride by the sounding sea.

—*The Pioneer.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

ECHO TO THE VOICE OF "A LITTLE MAID."

BY PERSOLUS.

My window overlooking the street, I am arrested by the melody of childish voices, and peeping out I observe, on the opposite pavement, two little children, apparently brother and sister; the elder of the pair, the boy, is in advance of the little girl who is hasting after him, and crying out, "Charlie, why don't you wait for your little sister?" But Charlie appears to be a pretty fast juvenile, and is using all expedition to make the playground in good time, and so anxious is he with the prospect of *fine fun*, that he is quite regardless, and replies not, to the moving petition of what must be his *dear little sister*. An ugly, abrupt corner of the street has hidden the dear children from my view, but although they have disappeared, their words linger with me yet, and memory is moving with the recollections of youth. Again am I, with a shout of triumph urging on my hoop at a fancied railroad speed, or mounted on a straight stick, nicely bent at one end, leaping over ditches and stones, in fact every little obstruction I can find, and which I magnify into a mountain; and when I perform the glorious, because unequalled feat of clearing both shafts of the cart at a single bound, and mind you, without touching them either, I feel as wild a joy as did Alexander when he tamed the fierce and dreaded Bucephalus; but turning from such great and scholar-like things as Alexander and his historical steed, I am out in the sweetly scented meadow, playing amid buttercups, and chamomiles, loving the wild rose tree with its red and white flowers, ere I had ever been forced into a dull knowledge of the houses of York and Lancaster,—or attracted by the tappings of

that little soldier drummer, the red headed woodpecker, my soul is fired with martial ardour, and striking the heads from the thistles in my path, I have become a conquering hero,—like whom? Napoleon, of course, for his name is a household word, and besides he was not *much* bigger than I,—that is when I stand on tiptoe, which I do frequently ; and thus my thoughts would change with the ever shifting scene around me, and oh ! how rapidly. Perhaps the meadow lark springing from my very feet, would rise on fluttering wing, filling the ear with its rich rapturous song, and watching it in its upward flight, even then, would I, Shelley-like, see it

Float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race has just begun.

But I must check my wanton thoughts, or be lost in the fairy realms of fancy, and although this would be very pleasant, the pushing utilitarian spirit of the times demand that I dream not in the sunlight, and if I dream at all, that I do so only during the few short hours allotted to tired nature's sweet restorer,—sleep. The imaginative would think this very hard, but if I sorrow, the evanishing of my day dreams then hath experience taught in vain, for how often have I toyed with *fancy* until too late for business, and then the *real* knocks against me most severely. Ah, yes, though life be visionary and fleeting, it is also during its little space, full of reality, and therefore I would not forget Charlie and his little sister. Gladly would I watch Charlie joying him in his success at a *well contested* game of marbles, even joining him if I had time ; for then would he be more apt to listen and remember, when I said he should have waited for his sister; but more gladly still would I whisper in her ear, that *thoughtless* life has many disappointments, and if a brother will not hear nor answer, there "is one who sticketh closer than a brother," and whose willing and attentive "ear is ever open to our cry." Thus has the words of the little sister influenced my thoughts, and now, if she will turn to the 5th chapter of the second book of Kings, she will see how the words of a little Israelitish captive did much greater things. How pleasant to think that the words of "a little maid" may soothe a weary heart, or become to an erring wanderer, the potent sesame that will throw wide open the inflexible gates of the New Jerusalm.

Montreal, June, 1854.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY---PROPAGATION OF SOUND.

The air is the medium by which sound is propagated to our ears. The motion of sound through the air, is at the rate of about 1,125 feet per second at the temperature of 62°. At the freezing temperature, when the air is denser, it is only 1,089¾ feet per second. The method of determining this velocity is to watch the time that elapses between the flash and the report of a gun fired at the distance of several miles from the observer. As light travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, its passage occupies a portion of time too small to be measured in any terrestrial distance. It may therefore be supposed to be seen at the distance of several miles from the observer, at the very instant of its production. If, therefore, an observer at one station begin to count seconds on an accurate dial the moment he sees the flash of a gun at another station,—say ten miles off,—the number of seconds and fractions of a second, which elapse between seeing the flash and hearing the report, will give a divisor for the number of feet between the two stations; and the quotient will represent the velocity of sound in feet per second.

All sounds, whatever their *intensity*, whether the noise of a cannon or a whisper; whatever their *pitch*, whether from the diapason organ-pipe or the chirping of a cricket; and whatever their *quality*, whether the finest music or the most grating noise, all travel with the same amount of speed.

When sound, from whatever source, is propagated in air, *waves* are formed similar in character to those which may be so beautifully studied when the wind is blowing over a field of standing corn. When it is said that sound travels at the rate of 1,125 feet per second, it is not meant that the particles of air move through that distance any more than the ears of corn travel from one end of the field to the other; it is only the *form* of the wave which thus travels. So with the particles of air; their individual movement is confined within narrow limits; but the effect of this movement is propagated from particle to particle with the rapidity of 1,125 feet per second, which, although it would be thought very rapid for a motion or the transfer of a body (being about ten times faster than the most violent West

India hurricane,) is yet very slow for the communication or transfer of motion; for, if we pull or push one end of a solid rod, or the liquid filling a long tube, the other end appears to move at the same instant; and although this motion of motion must occupy time, (unless the body were perfectly incompressible,) it is much more rapid in these cases than in air, which, on account of its great compressibility, is one of the slowest conveyors of sound. Every one must have observed, that vibration can be diffused through a long mass of metal or wood, so as to be heard at a greater distance than through air; but in this case, if the sound be loud enough to be audible through the air also, it will be heard twice—first through the solid, and then through the air. Iron conveys sound about 17 times faster than air, wood from 17 to 11 times, and water $4\frac{1}{2}$ times faster than air.

When waves of sound meet a tolerably smooth fixed surface, they are reflected according to the law of equal angles of incidence and reflection. Between two parallel surfaces, a loud sound is reflected backwards and forwards, and several echoes are audible. When the parallel surfaces are much nearer together, (as the walls of a room,) although a large number of echoes are produced, they follow each other too rapidly to be distinguished; and as they reach the ear after equal intervals, they produce a musical note, however unmusical the original noise may have been. Hence all the phenomena of *reverberation*. The pitch of the note depends on the distance between the two walls which cause it, and may be calculated therefrom.

A noise may also produce a musical echo, by being reflected from a large number of surfaces receding equi-distantly from the ear, so that the sound reflected from each may arrive successively at equal intervals. If we stamp near a long row of pallisades, a shrill ringing will be heard. A fine instance of the same kind is said to occur on the steps of the great pyramid. If the distance from edge to edge of each step were 2 feet 1 inch, the note produced would be the tenor C; because each echo (having to go and return) would be 4 feet 2 inches later than the previous one, which is the length of the waves of that note. But as the steps gradually diminish in size upwards, the echo, if produced, and heard at the bottom, must gradually rise in pitch.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MRS. NORTON'S "CHILD OF EARTH."

"I am content to die—but, O! not now!"—CHILD OF EARTH.

This is the sentiment of every heart, rich and poor, young and old, high and low, savage and civilised; all are alike;—all are ready to say, "I am content to die—but, O! not now!"

However poor and lowly our station, however dark and dismal our prospects, however worn and weary we may be with the "load of life,"—still, we are ready to say with Mrs. Norton's "Child of Earth," "I am content to die—but, O! not now!" The dark valley of the shadow of death lies before us unexplored, and we shrink from the dark, solemn, unreturning journey!

Is it the gloom of the path we fear? or does fancy hear an awful voice in the thick darkness crying, "Prepare to meet thy God?" These have, doubtless, their weight; but they are not, they cannot be, the sole cause of this reluctance to die. This feeling, like many others, we share in common with all the other varieties of animated nature. The lion, the lord of the forest, dreads the approach of death in common with the tiny insect that is only "born to flutter through the day." And man, the lord of the creation, shrinks from it as well as the worm that shrinks from his footfall on the garden walk.

How suddenly, and with something like terror, when uttered by a good speaker, does that abrupt turn in Hamlet's soliloquy strike us—"Ay, but to die!" And that is one of the most wild, strange, and impressive thoughts that ever came from the dark perturbed mind of Byron, where he represents the grinning skeleton as laughing at us.

> "Death laughs. Go ponder o'er the skeleton
> With which men image out the unknown thing
> That hides the past world, like to a set sun
> Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter spring.
> Death laughs at all you weep for;—look upon
> This hourly dread of all! whose *threatened sting*
> Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath;
> Mark! how its lifeless mouth grins without breath!
> And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment!"

ADA.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.—SUMMER.*

Dawn! Nature awakes from her repose; the sun has not yet tinged the myriads of dew-drops around, resting like sparkling gems on leaf and flower, but already his chariot rises in the East. He comes with the same effulgence as when first launched by his Almighty Creator. He comes, and the whole face of nature smiles in welcome; but over all as yet is hung a shadowy mist, revealing at times, as in a spirit-land, the forms of the beautiful wooded islands, now appearing, now lost again by the canopy of mist. O he mystical freshness of the early morning! How much do those lose who enjoy not its life-giving, soul-healing influences! Morally and physically, the loss cannot be estimated. Gradually, but sometimes not for two or three hours, the mist rolls away, leaving the lake and islands revealed in their renewed loveliness.

Early as nine o'clock on these days the heat becomes intense, and towards mid-day the thermometer, when put out in the sun, will rise 120°. Fah., and continue thus till the afternoon. Myriads of insects hum in the pure, transparent atmosphere. Amidst the dreamy stillness and mellowness of the brief twilight, too lovely to last long, the moon rises in majesty and beauty, pouring a magic splendor on everything. The graceful form of many an evening cloud is reflected in the pure lake, whose clear bosom forms a beauteous mirror. Love, enjoyment, must predominate at such an hour. It is in June that the far-famed wild flowers of the Rice Lake plains are in the greatest perfection. "O what a wilderness of flowers" of every hue and form! A conservatory "at home" might feel proud of such a vivid show. Patches of scarlet, yellow, blue, white, scattered around in lavish profusion. The calceloria, called appropriately by the Indians, the Mocassin, from its similitude in shape; the yellow and the white variety, with its exquisite and delicately-tinted lilac veins; the orchis, lupine, the hepaticæ, trillium, graceful Columbine, tossing its scarlet cap so jauntily in the glad sunshine, and many more, too numerous to mention, form a succession of beauty fair, but fleeting all too quickly. The thornless wild rose, of a deeper dye than the English wild rose, lifts its modest head among this gay company. Its perfume resembles the "Ottar of Rose," and the air is filled with its fragrance. Then, in July, we have the gorgeous Orange-lily;

* The scene, Rice Lake.

and not only is the eye delighted, but the palate can be gratified at the same time by the abundance of wild fruit. Such beds of strawberries, of excellent flavor! the huckleberry, whose delicate blossom is succeeded by a purple berry, rich and juicy, supplying not only gratification to man, but an abundant source of food to birds and four-footed animals. . . . .

Ravenscourt, June, 1854. C. HAYWARD.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

REMINISCENCES.

It is many years since I first looked on the work of death. It was a beautiful afternoon in mid-summer. I was returning from school with a group of merry children—myself the merriest of them all. Suddenly our glee was checked. We had reached a poor, but very neat looking, cottage in the suburbs of the city. For an instant, as the ringing laugh was hushed, I turned involuntarily to learn the cause. One of my little companions took my hand, and drawing me closer to her, directed my attention to the door, where (according to the custom of the place) a badge of crape told the sad tale of separation and death. Presently a woman came to the door, and seeing our inquiring gaze directed to the house, invited us to enter.

For a moment curiosity and awe struggled for the mastery. Curiosity prevailed, and we went in. We ascended a flight of stairs and entered a small room. The uncarpeted floor was spotlessly white, and the few articles of furniture which the room contained were scrupulously neat. We crossed the room, and stood beside the bed. It was an infant's crib. Our kind conductress folded down the sheet, and exhibited to our view the lifeless form of a beautiful child. Its little hands were folded on its breast, and the tiny fingers clasped a sweet blush rose. It was the first time I had looked on death, and I shall never forget the lovely image of that little infant, looking so like life in its snow-white dress. We passed noiselessly out, and as we went homewards each one remembered some little anecdote heard in the nursery and now for the first time realized.

Time passed on,—one, two, three weeks,—and the scene just detailed had almost passed from my childish memory, but it was destined to be recalled too forcibly to be forgotten again.

Again it was a lovely day. The holy calm of the Sabbath brooded over that bustling city. The scene had changed from

the poor woman's cottage, and the lifeless babe in an obscure street, to a pleasant house on one of the principal streets, though quite retired from the din of business. I stood now in a large room, whose windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, opened on a garden where the crape-myrtle vied with the fig-tree and orange, and the air was laden with the perfume of roses. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and never did he shed his lingering rays on a sadder scene. The large, curtained bed was wheeled out in front of the windows, that its occupant might once more see its golden light ere it should set, for him, forever. And this occupant? Stand with me beside that bed, and see a man stricken down in his prime, when life seemed bright, and hope was buoyant. His brow is covered with the damps of death. The mass of dark brown hair throws out in strong relief the outlines of a face, which bears the impress of manly beauty. A few days have done the work of years; and he, who one short week ago revelled in strength, now lies upon the bed of death. No murmur escapes him, as he bids his friends adieu, one by one, until his children cling around him for his last kiss, and the wife of his bosom bends over him with heart-breaking sobs. For an instant his lip quivers, and his eye fills—then a heavenly smile settles over his face, and his eye grows bright, as, by faith, he looks away to his home in "the house of many mansions," where there will be no separation, and where the note of sorrow will give place to the shout of joy, and he whispers, "My loved ones I leave with my God." With that sentence his spirit passed away. And though that wife wept him with bitter tears, she taught the children whom he had loved, to think of him, not as "by the darkened mould o'erspread, but as a bright spirit drinking in joy from the "River of God's pleasure." And so he passed away. Earth sees him no more; but the daughter, who now pays an affectionate tribute to a father's love, has learned that death is not always "the King of Terrors," that he may be met as the messenger of love.—Hundreds of miles divide her from his grave; but death annihilates space, and who shall say that the father, whom in childhood she so loved, does not now hover around her, a guardian angel sent by God, to guide her wayward steps until *she too* shall cross the Jordan.

Be it so, My Father! Thy child would fain press on, till Death is swallowed up in victory.

Montreal, June 19th, 1854. EDLA.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

DROPS FROM A FULL HEART.

It was Sabbath evening. How precious are the associations of sacred time! How sweetly solemn the fading scenes of closing day! How in every hymn of praise, or revential prayer, sent upward in the great congregation during the day, the heart has been consoled, and strengthened for the coming cares of active life! How, when listening to the story of redemption, has heaven been brought near to earth, so that we could almost hear the high praises of the upper temple, and perceive the green foliage of the tree of life, and fondly imagine we were near the beloved ones who have passed to the eternal mansions.

Sweet oasis of life! blessed garden of love!
Blooming bright for the soul in the kingdom above;
Moored safe from earth's storms in thy blissful retreat,
May we meet those we love at Immanuel's feet.

The lingering twilight accorded well with the dim light in in my chamber. All was still in the house, save the sweet tones of my darlings, who were gradually forgetting to call me. My little daughter ceased the lullaby, with which she was soothing her infant sister, and all was quiet around their pillows. I stepped gently to the little sleepers, to assure myself that all was right, then returning threw myself upon a couch to rest my weary head, and indulge in the luxury of thought. "The dear children," said I, and my mother's heart, like a deep fountain agitated by internal forces, swelled to overflowing with anxious love. There they were, safely sleeping, sheltered by the Good Shepherd. Would they always be lambs of His flock, guarded in their pilgrimage life, into "green pastures, and beside still waters"?

The shadows gathered into the room, and the faint light pictured strange shapes on the walls. Memory was busy at my heart.

Stealing like stray sunbeams,
Falls the spell of day dreams,
Round the longing heart.
Struggling through life's arches,—
In grand forced marches,
Sweet memories dart.
Onward move the phantoms in the misty light,
Now from the shad'wy land beauty meets the sight.

The hour was propitious to mournful recollections,—the struggle of life seemed revealed to my prophetic vision. Surrounded by phantoms of the past, I shrank from the future. I felt all the trembling that appertains to the weakness of mortality. My poor tired frame seemed to anticpate the moment when it should sink into dust.

Where is the sensitive heart that has not had its sorrowful hours—its moments of deep disappointment at its own attainments? The prospect of death, at all times trying to nature, becomes much more so, when we feel that we have not been victors in the earthly race ;—when we find that our lagging footsteps have not attained the goal of excellence.

In imagination I looked into the dark valley of the shadow of death, and walked along its confines. The lost and loved, had trodden its pathway. I would not recoil from its cypress shades, or funereal gloom. Still my failure to gain vantage ground from whence I could see the "land of Beulah," caused me to pray for life. My little children called me back to every day concerns, and bade me wish to live. I resolved to take a fresh start in life's struggle, to toil more hopefully amid the cares that beset me, and subdue more earnestly the weakness of a sinful nature.

Blessed Sabbath strains, were, just then, wafted to me from evening worshippers, and the elevating influence of sacred song, lifted me at once out of my self-repinings towards the heavenly altar. I heard no words of sweet encouragement,—but the music seemed to whisper in the inner courts of my heart,—

Heir of glory—child of heaven,
Lo! life's pall of woe is riven,
Rolling back the gloom of sin—
Light and joy shall enter in.

From the heights of Calvary's Mount—
Glorious scenes shalt thou recount,
Or from Pisgah's favored stand,
View the beauteous promised land.

JUDGMENT, PENETRATION.—"Judgment is the child of close observation. Good rules cannot supply the place of good judgment; nor axioms and maxims the place of common sense. Knowledge is the treasure, judgment the treasurer, of a wise man. In active life, penetration and judgment are more valuable than large erudition."

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

CONDIMENTS, OR SEASONING AGENTS.

The name of *condiment* is usually given to those substances which are taken with foods for the immediate purpose of improving their flavor. But most of them serve other and much more important purposes in the animal economy than that of gratifying the palate. Most of them are, in fact, alimentary substances—the use of which has become habitual to us.

But all the substances used as condiments are not necessary to our existence. This is the case with the aromatic and pungent condiments. The purpose which these substances serve in the animal economy is not very obvious; they probably act as stimulants, and, in some cases, they may answer to correct the injurious qualities of the food with which they are eaten.

Saline Condiments.—Common salt is considered by most persons as a mere luxury, as if its use were only to gratify the taste, although it is essential to health and life, and is as much an aliment of food as either bread or flesh. It is a constituent of most of our food and drinks, and nature has kindly furnished us with an appetite for it. In many cases of disordered stomach, a tea-spoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal pain, termed *colic*, a tea-spoonful of salt, dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will relieve a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall. In an apopletic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remains to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense returns, when the salt will restore the patient from lethargy. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies have failed, it has been found that two tea-spoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

Bitter Almonds are more or less poisonous to all animals. Dogs, pigeons, &c., are readily destroyed by eating these nuts. When eaten in large quantities, bitter almonds have caused fatal consequences. The oil of bitter almonds is a very powerful poison, being four times as powerful as prussic acid. A single drop will kill a cat in a few minutes.—*Selected.*

MENTAL RECREATION.—*To find a number of which the half, fourth, and seventh, added to three, shall be equal to itself.*

This was a favorite problem among the ancient Grecian arithmeticians, who stated the question in the following manner:—"Tell, us illustrious Pythagoras, how many pupils frequent thy school?" "One half" replied the philosopher, "study mathematics, one-fourth natural philosophy, one-seventh observe silence, and there are three females besides."

The answer is, $28 :-14 + 7 + 4 + 3 = 28$.

EDITORIAL.

Our year's labor is completed. Many times have we held our silent interviews with the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, and at each quiet chat, we have had occasion to record, much that is hopeful and agreeable.

We trust that we have in a good degree fulfilled our promise in regard to the little work. Its numbers taken together, and bound into one volume, will form a fine collection of pleasing, and useful topics of thought. The articles are pure and elevating in their character, and almost always embody some important idea, or illustrate some principle of mind or matter.

The Magazine has been enriched by contributions from native writers, whose names are not unknown to fame. At the close of our Editorial year, we cannot refrain from thanking those who have so essentially contributed to the interests of the Magazine. We parted reluctantly with Mrs. Traill's dear little "Lady Mary," last January. We have been hoping that her little ladyship would return soon, and pursue her favorite study, Natural History, amid the noble forests of our beautiful Canada. Though we bade adieu to the sunny face of the "Governor's Daughter," we have often heard from Mrs. Traill, whose tales of Upper Canada life have been welcomed by the readers of the *Maple Leaf*. Mrs. Hayward's graceful pen has been kindly devoted to our pages from time to time during the year. Persolus has embellished them with his soul pencillings. A.T.C. has enlivened us with his bold strokes at description, and Edla's name has place among our constant contributors. We might mention others, whose articles have been well received, but must content ourselves with these for the present.

We fully expect that the *Maple Leaf* will continue to improve, and show in the forthcoming volume, higher evidences of intellectual effort, both in the Editorial department, and contributions. We wish to present more scientific matter next year, and shall be glad to secure correspondents interested in the sciences.

The *Maple Leaf* is a Canadian work. It has existed two years with increasingly good prospects; will not those who take it try to extend its circulation? We ought to send it into almost every reading family in the country. Something whispers to us "it needs pushing. It is all very well to write and talk, but the work will not circulate as it ought, without more agents to urge it into circulation." This is true we are sure; so we turn to our writing table, and add another line to our Editorial, in which we urge those who read our Magazine to form clubs, as the subscription price is so low, and send for the Magazine in larger packages. Any one could thus constitute himself an agent.

THE COBRA.

In serpents the sense of hearing is very acute, and these animals evidently derive pleasure from musical notes. Of this the persons called serpent-catchers, or charmers, who practice chiefly on cobras, are fully aware.

They pretend to draw these reptiles from their holes by a song, and by an instrument somewhat resembling an Irish bagpipe, on which they play a plaintive tune. That music has power on them, there is reason to believe. One gentleman describes the efforts of a snake-catcher, who had been sent for to capture a cobra, which some person had in vain attempted to kill. He had in his hands, when he arrived, two baskets, one containing tame snakes, the other empty. These and his musical pipe were the only things he brought; and he was required to leave his two baskets at some distance, and to ascend a high green mound, having only his pipe. As he began to play, the cobra, coiled up in a hole, came out gradually and slowly. When it was within reach, the snake-catcher seized it dexterously by the tail, and held it at arm's length; while

the cobra, enraged, darted its head in all directions, but in vain. Thus suspended, it had not the power to round itself, so as to seize hold of its tormentor. In these exertions it became exhausted, when the snake-catcher descended the bank, dropped the creature into the empty basket, and closed the lid. He then began to play, and shortly after raised the basket lid. The croba darted about wildly, and tried to escape. The lid was shut down again quickly, the music being still played. This was repeated two or three times, and in a very short interval, the lid being raised, the cobra sat on its tail, opened its hood, and danced as quietly as the tame snakes in the other basket; nor did it again attempt an escape.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

LINES.

How strange the power that binds our hearts,
And makes our interests one;
Not all the world, with magic arts,
So great a work hath done.
The lion heart, this power can tame,
And make it like a dove,
To woo in plaintive mood, the dame
Who touched his heart with *love:*
Ah! that's the secret, now, we've found,—
That *love* is power and might;—
No tyrant, though, was ever known
In him who used it right.
I love its power, I own its sway,
And gladly yield my heart,
To beat in unison with one
That never will depart.
Love is not passion, rude and rough,
With selfish end and aim,
But ready to lay down its life,
Its object to sustain.
We never can degrade the one
We love with heart sincere,
Much sooner would we dwell alone
Than cause one bitter tear.
No ill can flow, to friend or foe,
From principle so pure;
Its source is Heaven,—its end, a flow
Of joy that must endure.

Oswego, N. Y., June 23, 1854. C. B. T.

A YEAR AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was on a cold evening in the middle of October, that, seated on the outside of a stage coach, I made my first *entree* into Cambridge. A drizzling rain had commenced falling, just as I descried the four turrets which surmount the noble chapel belonging to King's College, when as yet a distance of four or five miles separated me from them. The rain continued to descend more and more heavily as we advanced, until what little I had seen of the buildings before me was shut out from my view, the whole place being apparently enveloped in a thick mist. Soon, however, a sudden turn of the road brought us into the town, and here I must confess that I experienced no small disappointment. I had frequently heard Cambridge spoken of as an uninteresting place, but I was not at all prepared for such an entrance to the seat of one of our universities. I had expected that we should at least turn into a tolerably clean and well-paved street; but instead of this we took our way through narrow, rough, dirty lanes, the seeming abode of squalid wretchedness; and I am sure that any one who has entered Cambridge by the St. Neot's Road, would confirm my statement. The rain, too, which had now been falling for nearly an hour, did not tend to improve either the condition of the streets, or my own inclination to regard things in their most favorable light.

Before long, however, the coach passed down a street in better order; at the bottom of which ran, under a single arch, what appeared to me to be a very dirty canal, upon which were floating numerous coal barges. The sight of water caused me to recollect, that I had not yet, to my knowledge, beheld the Cam; and I hastily asked the guard, who was now unfastening the luggage at the top of the coach, if he could inform me whereabouts that river flowed. Judge then my surprise and vexation, when the man replied that what I had taken for a canal was the river itself—the "classic Cam!"

"Cam, to patient science dear!"

I afterwards found that this was about the least desirable spot from which I could have seen the river; as elsewhere, and particularly above Cambridge, it is a tolerably clear and picturesque stream. The coach soon stopped at an inn, and put an end to my cogitations, which were of anything but a lively character.

It was now quite dusk; and hastily desiring a man to take charge of my luggage at the inn, I inquired my way to ——— College, on the boards of which I had entered my name. When I had discovered its locality, (and the building appeared to me extremely stern-looking and gloomy, as I viewed it by the light of a few gas lamps which were burning in the court,) I made my way to the rooms of the tutor, and paid my respects to him. He had kindly procured lodgings in the town for me, as all the rooms in the College were occupied; and to these I directed my steps, after he had desired me to call again the next morning. Here it should be remarked, that lodgings in Cambridge differ from those in most towns; for the persons who keep lodging-houses merely find you rooms, furniture, and attendance; and you yourself have to furnish linen, crockery, hardware, &c. I have known men who intended *keeping* (the Cambridge term for residing) in lodgings, to go up quite unprovided with these necessaries, which they have been compelled to procure at great inconvenience and considerable outlay, as the good people of Cambridge are always on the alert to take every advantage of young men graduating at the University.

I soon got my luggage unpacked, and sat down by the fire to take some refreshment; and then an indescribable feeling of loneliness took possession of me. To think that this was Cambridge, this the commencement of my academical career, to which I had so long looked forward with the brightest anticipations; and that here, in this dismal, dirty town, I was to spend the next three years of my life! These thoughts, and others of a similar nature, had a soporific effect; and I retired to rest, heartily disgusted with my first evening in Cambridge.

The next morning seemed to promise to make amends for the preceding evening, for the sun shone brightly as I threaded the streets to keep my appointment with the tutor. He received me very kindly, as before, and proceeded to explain to me the course of College discipline, the principle points of which were that I was expected to keep eight chapels a-week at least; that is, two on Sunday, and one every weekday, (at most of the colleges there is service at seven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the evening,) and that I was not to be without the college-gates after ten at night. A man can, however, get in until twelve, upon payment of a small fine, provided he does not repeat the experi-

ment too frequently. Should he be remiss in attending chapel, or stay out later at night than the rules permit, he is reprimanded by the dean. If this does not prevent the repetition of the offence, he is *gated* for a week or fortnight, as the case seems to require; that is, he is compelled to be within the college-gates at a certain hour (usually eight o'clock) earlier than the ordinary time allowed.

The tutor then showed me over the chapel and the hall of the College, where all the men dine. After this he walked with me into the town to procure my gown and cap, recommended certain tradesmen, and also warned me against some of the impositions which many of them practise upon the undergraduates.

And now I saw King's College Chapel, the turrets of which had been the first objects that struck me as remarkable on my journey to Cambridge. It is truly a most magnificent pile, and without doubt the gem of Cambridge. Perhaps I cannot say more in its praise than that it is well worth the trouble of a journey from any part of England.

> "High heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely calculated less or more;
> So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
> These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
> Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,
> Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality.
> What awful perspective! While from our sight
> With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
> Their portraitures, the stone-work glimmers, dyed
> In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light."

Here the tutor shook hands with me, telling me to walk about the colleges, and to enter "wherever I saw a door open."

Four o'clock is the usual hour for dining in Hall, and there I discovered that only one freshman beside myself had at present arrived. Of course an acquaintance was soon formed; and after Hall we set to work to explore the town, starting off in different directions; but, by some strange fatality, before half an hour had elapsed, we met again; and this continued for three or four days, shaking hands every time we met and separated, much to the amusement of the other men who were up—for under-

graduates in Cambridge never shake hands except when they come up after a vacation, or go down for one.

I had arrived at Cambridge some four or five days before the commencement of lectures, (as men generally do their first term,) and I must confess that I was very glad when they begun, as I was heartily tired of promenading the dull streets. Now, many persons might be misled by the term "lecture;" it is not a connected discourse; but the lecturer, as he is termed, fixes upon a man to translate some portion of a classical subject, or to demonstrate some mathematical problem, corrects him when he is wrong, then gives his own version, and intersperses the whole with remarks. There are generally two lectures every morning, the one classical and the other mathematical. By the time lectures commence, the appearance of Cambridge alters considerably. It is no longer the dull place that it was in the vacation; all the men are up, the various colleges assume an appearance of life and activity, and put off that dismal gloom which seemed to overhang them previously. Numbers of men in the academical costume throng the streets; in short, if a stranger who first beheld Cambridge in term time were to revisit it in the vacation, he would pronounce it to be a different place altogether, were not the colleges themselves there to dissipate the illusion.

During the first four or five weeks of a freshman's residence, he is the great centre of attraction, if I may be permitted the phrase. Fellow-collegians of one year's standing or more call upon him if they desire his acquaintance; secretaries of religious societies, by the dozen, ask his contributions; he is invited to become a member of the College Boat Club and Debating Society; tradespeople solicit his custom; travellers, with the first numbers of periodicals, desire him to become a subscriber to them; itinerant chiropodists, too, seem to be in great request, from the way in which he is annoyed by their calls; dentists, also, "from town," blandly ask whether they may be allowed to inspect his mouth; and woe be to that unfortunate man's teeth (and purse as well) who is tempted to accede to their demand. In short, I am convinced that a young man cannot be too strictly on his guard against these impostors.

However, this state of affairs soon subsides; and a man may, should he be so disposed, quickly settle down into the quiet routine of College life. The following is the manner in

which reading men (for there are many who go up to Cambridge merely to get through, and who scarcely ever read) usually spend their day, and one day is a pretty good sample of the whole course. Chapel in the morning at seven o'clock, lectures from nine or ten until eleven or twelve; then if he has a private tutor, he goes to him for an hour some where between twelve and two; then he walks or boats until four, at which hour he dines in Hall; after this he generally takes a glass of wine with a friend, occupying himself in this way until chapel time (about six); and by the time service is over he feels ready to recommence study for the evening.

Boating forms the chief recreation of the men in the University, and it is continued all the year round. The country being very flat and uninteresting, a man soon gets tired of taking walks; and as some exercise is necessary, boating very nicely supplies the deficiency, and at the same time forms a pleasant amusement. Nor is it necessarily very expensive to belong to a boat club; for if a man's notions in this respect be moderate, I think that £2 per annum would, at most of the colleges, suffice to cover the expenditure.

Lectures for the term end about December 10th. At some of the colleges there is an examination on the subjects that have just been read in College; but at others this is deferred until the following May. After this the men (with the exception of those just about to take their degree) leave Cambridge for the Christmas vacation.

The lectures for the following term commence about February 1st; and by this time there are always several sets of rooms vacant in each college, as most of those men who have just taken their degrees (which are conferred in January) have left Cambridge. Those freshmen who have not succeeded in getting into College when they first came up, (and very few are fortunate enough to do so) now usually have sets assigned to them. An appraiser values the furniture which their predecessors have left in the rooms, and they have it in their power either to keep or to reject whatever they like; but whatever they reject the appraiser is compelled to take at his own valuation—and this, by the way, is a most admirable plan.

Some men prefer remaining in lodgings all the period of their residence at Cambridge; and this is permitted at most

colleges, provided there be a sufficient number willing to occupy all the rooms ; but I certainly myself found it much more comfortable and convenient to keep in college. A set of rooms usually comprises three ; a sitting (or *keeping*) room, a bedroom, and a gyp-room, where you keep your crockery, &c. You quickly get comfortably settled in your rooms, and fall into the regular course of life which I have described above. This term, which is called Lent Term, is usually the dullest of the three ; and most men are not sorry when the Easter vacation commences, which it does about ten or twelve days before Easter, and lasts between three and four weeks.

The ensuing, or Easter Term, is by far the most pleasant of the three ; and here I should acknowledge that, by the time I had passed my first two terms, I no longer held the same unfavorable opinion of Cambridge which I had previously entertained. I had formed several delightful acquaintances and sincere friendships ; I enjoyed the regularity of college life ; and, as is not unfrequently the case, the disagreeable impressions which had been imprinted on my mind when I first entered the University, were by degrees entirely eradicated, and supplanted by a firm liking of my then mode of life.

During this term cricket contributes in no small degree to the recreation of the undergraduates. The University gets up an excellent "eleven," and some capital matches are played every season. The great boat races, too, take place in this term, and very well worth seeing they are. And now Cambridge is filled with strangers, mostly relatives and friends of the undergraduates, who seize the opportunity which the finest season of the year presents of visiting their acquaintances.

But although all these amusements are going on, still this is by far the most important term of the three as concerns matters of graver moment; inasmuch as the college examinations upon the subjects that have been read during the previous year take place towards the end of May. After these examinations prizes and scholarships are distributed to those thought deserving of them. As may be conjectured, many men who have read studiously during their first two terms, yield to the temptations which the third presents, and spend their time in anything but a way likely to be beneficial to them in their examination; and this is the more lamentable when we consider, that a man's

position in his college is in a great measure fixed by the place which he takes in this his first examination.

After this examination the Long Vacation (or as it is termed in Cambridge, "The Long,") commences, and with its commencement ends the first year at Cambridge.*

Before concluding I should perhaps state, that it is necessary to remain three years and three months at Cambridge before the degree of Bachelor of Arts can be got. In order to obtain this you have to pass two examinations, (independent of the College examinations every May); one of which is called the Previous Examination, or Littlego, after you have been in residence five terms; the other called the Greatgo, after residing ten terms, which is the examination for the B.A. degree. The candidates at this examination are separated into two great divisions; the "Honor" men compose the first division, which consists of three classes. The second division is subdivided into four classes, and comprises the "Poll" men, or those who do not desire "honors," but merely wish to obtain what is called an ordinary degree.

The subjects for the Previous Examination and for the Poll are always fixed some time beforehand, (in fact some of them never change,) and for these you are prepared by the College lectures. The men who read for honors usually have a private tutor.—*London Magazine.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

SYMPATHY.

We take our tone of feeling very much from those we love. Independent as some may think themselves, they are not proof against the speaking of the human countenance. If those dear to us smile, we are happy; so happy that a ray of beauteous light seems to gild our severest toil; and the commonest task is dignified, when performed under their sympathising notice. If, on the contrary, they wear an aspect of dissatisfaction, our spirits sink,—we miss the intelligent appreciation of our efforts which the quick glance of kindness could show, and the most fortunate lot, under such circumstances, would fail to give us pleasure.

There is a silent language,—the language of the face,—that speaks to our happiness with earnest effect. How careful should we be to keep the index in this gauge of feeling ever pointing to cheerful views of life! How ought we to soften the sharp tone

* The Long Vacation lasts twenty weeks.

ready to escape us, and quell the rising flush of fretfulness ready to suffuse our countenances, as the cares of life sometimes seem about to overcome us! True, the spirit feels the wearing influence of the nameless little evils that constantly present themselves, and we do not always see the bright lights, that are gleaming to direct the soul in the darkest hours; yet the sacred peace of home should not be jarred by the selfish parade of individual sorrow.

The feelings of despair, and weariness with life, which often seize the heart of fine sensiblities, ought to be checked within, and never allowed to appear on the face. It requires a brave struggle to keep from looking all the deep sorrow, and longing of soul, such spirits feel; but in the very contest, the very effort to appear cheerful for the sake of others, the selfish demands of grief are greatly silenced, and higher and better hopes are often obtained.

Doing good to others, does not always convey the idea of conferring pecuniary benefit, or personal exertion. The delicate tact,—by which we express kind interest in their success,—the cheerful hearty-thoughts of life which actuate our conduct, our enthusiastic love of the beautiful and excellent whenever we meet them, all silently, and surely, tell upon the characters of others, with whom we have intercourse, and tell for good. How we have sometimes thanked a friend for a kind word, and how in our heart of hearts have we *treasured* the picture of the bright look that glanced from that face like a beam of sunlight to chase away our gloom!

Our hearts are sensitive plants, folding up their delicate leaves at the touch of the rude and unfeeling, and only putting forth green shoots when the atmosphere is balmy with the breath of love.

Present joys are all too fleeting. Opportunities for comforting and blessing our fellow-beings, are golden moments, when we may act in unison with angelic agencies.

The moral and intellectual so far transcend the physical nature, that self denial on our part, to elevate the mind, and confer happiness on the heart, is noble and lovely.

To be the means of cheering one spirit, bringing joy to one heart, and above all, assisting one wayworn pilgrim along the sands of time, to enter the path of life, ought to be sufficient inducement to us to check every passion, and give us a noble courage to overcome all selfish love of personal ease.

Montreal, June, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

MEMINI LOCUM.

"There 'bright appearances' have smiled;
And angel wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between."

A little cot, embowered deep
Within a leafy shade;
Around whose door the daisies peep
From out a grassy glade;
Where stately elms and maples stand
Like guardian sentinels,
Who dearly love their native land,
And watch it close and well.

A little cot, whose moss-grown roof
Shelters a household hearth,
Where purest love ne'er stood aloof—
Where piety had birth—
Where purest hearts in love did meet
With fond simplicity—
Where lightly-tripping childish feet
Trod joyously and free.

Where time poured out with lavish hand
His bles-ings choice and rare;
Where gentle breezes softly fann'd
A genial atmosphere;
And where the sun shone ever bright,
And gloriously too,
As if afraid a shade should blight
His daily chosen view.

Oh! is this not my own dear home—
The place where childhood played;
From which with erring feet I roam,
Sad and unsatisfied?
Then turn, thou wanderer, return;
Turn to that blest abode,
Where thy young heart first learned to burn
With love to nature's God.

May, 1854. PERSOLUS.

The Chinese are pouring into California in great numbers. It is thought that they are likely to make a large part of the population. Missionaries might there find an open field in which to labor, without going abroad.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

HAPPY FANCIES.

I grasp, and I fondly encircle,
Warm thoughts of this glorious life:
I soar on the wings of emotion,
Beyond earth's dark sorrow and strife.

Sweet fancies come thronging around me,
Bright hues from the azure-lit skies,
I fly near the cloud-crested arches,
Now glowing in sunset's soft dyes.

Oh! lovely are earth's fading glories,
Viewed thus from my eyrie above:
The fair panorama before me,
My heart swells with gushings of love.

Here, grain fields, and green rolling meadows,
Slope down to Ottawa's swift tide,—
There, foaming, the *Rapids'* commotion,
Crest St. Lawrence in bill'wy pride.

Away in the distance, uprearing,
A mountain in sunlight is bath'd:
Its summit is link'd unto heaven,
Its base by pure water is lav'd.

Near by, is Mount Royal's bold outline
With features of beauty, and grace—
A picture of verdure, and splendor,
A gem in the regions of space.

The city with temple, and tower,
Is silver'd in myriad rays—
Impearl'd in the sinuous river,
Fair islands enrapture my gaze.

My heart throbs with floods of deep feeling,
And longs to dwell ever in light,
To mount and career in mid-heaven,
And feast on the treasures of sight.

Montreal, June, 1854. E. H. L.

The soul has her sunny memories, and joyous scenes to retrace,—but often heavy shadows cast these joys in the back ground. Dissatisfied with present attainments and oppressed with past short-comings, how can she be happy? By relying on the glorious perfections of the Holy One, and looking above the present to an eternal home.

TEA AND COFFEE.

In the vast variety of drinks provided for man, we find very few that are not safe and healthful. Green tea and coffee, as ordinarily used, are very injurious to very many constitutions. They contain but very little nourishment, except what is added by the milk and sugar, and training a family of children to love them (for no child loves them till trained to do it) is making it probable that all of them will be less healthful and comfortable, and certain that some will be great sufferers. Training children to drink tea and coffee is as unreasonable and unchristian as training them to drink foxglove and opium would be—the only difference is, that in one case it is customary, and the other it is not ; and custom makes a practice appear less foolish and sinful.

There is no need, at this period of the world, to point out the wickedness and folly of training children to love alcoholic drinks.

In regard to the use of green tea and coffee, one suggestion will be offered. These are drinks which contain very little nourishment, and their effect is to stimulate the nervous system without nourishing it. They are, also, usually drank hot, and heat also is a stimulant to the nerves of the mouth, teeth, throat, and stomach, inducing consequent reacting debility. For it is the unvarying law of the nervous system, that the reacting debility is always in exact proportion to the degree of stimulation.

It is in vain to expect that the great multitudes, who have been accustomed from childhood, to drink hot tea and coffee, once, twice, and sometimes thrice a day, will give up such a favorite practice. But it is hoped that some may be induced to modify their course, by reducing the *strength* and the *heat* of their daily potations. It will be found by housekeepers that if *once a month* the daily quantity of tea or coffee is *slightly* reduced, the taste will imperceptibly accommodate ; and that, in the course of six or eight months, the habits of a family, by these slight monthly variations, may be changed so as that, eventually, they will love weak tea and coffee as much as they once loved the strong.—*Selected.*

STORY OF A MAGNOLIA.

The evergreen magnolia, so well known for the splendor of its blossoms, was first brought to Europe, from the banks of the Mississippi, in 1732, by a French officer of marines, who planted it at his native place, Maillardière, about four miles from Nantes. Here the magnolia grew and flourished; but, its introducer having died, little notice was taken of it, and, when observed, it was supposed to be only some variety of the common laurel, which it resembles in its leaves. Thirty years afterwards it flowered, and was then discovered by M. Bonami, professor of botany at Nantes, to be the *Magnolia grandiflora* of Linnæus. At a meeting of the states at Bretagne, held at Nantes in September, 1760, M. Bonami presented a branch of this magnolia in flower to the Princess de Rohan Chabot, and it excited so much admiration that its fame shortly after reached the ears of Louis XV. The monarch was then ornamenting his garden at the Petit Trainon, and had there some small plants of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, which had in the meantime been introduced into Europe by one of the English collectors; and when Louis heard that he had in his own dominions a tree of this rare exotic, forty feet high, which was covered with blossoms every year, he sent two of his gardeners to examine it, with orders to transport it to Versailles, *if* they could ensure its living. This *if* was a formidable obstacle; and, the gardeners reporting that they feared it would not survive its removal, it was suffered to remain at Maillardière. Thirty years more brought the Revolution, and amidst the general destruction even the poor magnolia did not escape; it was mutilated in the war of La Vendée, and its branches were cut for firewood; the house near which it stood was burnt down, and the magnolia was scorched and withered by the flames. It partially recovered, and still survives, though now only the wreck of what it was. —*Selected.*

LEARNING FRENCH.—When Brummell was obliged, "by money, debt, and all that," to retire to France, he knew no French; and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, Scrope Davies was asked what progress the beau had made in French: he replied that "Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, *by the elements.*"

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiences of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on "a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to that extent!"

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother "wig," who did not appear to understand them. "Don't you know the lines," said he; "they are in Martial." "Marshall," replied his friend, "Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*." When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, "Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and *a minor poet*!"

EDITORIAL.

There seems to be, just now, little of interest stirring the current of business sameness in the good city of Montreal. Owing to the unusual detention of spring vessels, trade has not come up to the brisk pace that it did last year. We are told that flour merchants have had the most to do, so far. The weather has been quite cool for the season, and vegetation wears a fresh and beautiful appearance.

Immense numbers of emigrants arrive here from Europe, and are forwarded to various places in the West. Many of them are in a state of great destitution when they land; and many only live to reach America's shores, look upon the rock-built city of Quebec, or land in the midst of these

busy scenes—and then, with all the high hopes of good that nerved them for the voyage yet swelling in their hearts, pass away. Many a sorrowful incident is transpiring at the wharf, or on board the steamboats filled with these people, that the bustling world knows nothing of. Thus ebbs and flows the current of life!

Montreal steadily advances in all the improvements which make a city desirable as a residence, or interesting to the traveller. Buildings of strength, as well as architectural merit, have taken the place of many time-worn edifices which had long disfigured her streets; while commodious dwellings have been built in the beautiful suburban parts of the city. An increasing desire to encourage works of art, and appreciate science and education prevails among the inhabitants; while love for peace, good order, and the preservation of Sabbath sanctity, distinguishes the substantial and influential part of the population

We have received a number of a new publication. "Waymarks in the Wilderness," "A monthly Devoted to Scriptural Studies, Literary observation, and current History." We hail every such accession to Canadian literature. The country is acquiring an independence in this respect. Magazines of the character that this work possesses will bear no humble part in purifying and elevating public taste and morals.

A friend kindly sends us "The Pioneer," published in San Francisco. We have extracted a fine description of that city in 1850, for our readers. "The Pioneer" is handsomely printed; its style of editorial critique is similar to the "Knickerbocker." Its articles are various, and well written, and indicate much intelligence. We should like the work better, were less promi- given to theatrical subjects; but, as an exponent of Californian manners, customs, and intelligence, we think it highly valuable. After reading a number one feels almost acquainted with San Francisco, and is struck with the amazing growth of every enterprise there, as well as the fact that the *Stage* gains the most favor in new countries, where people, intent on advancement, do not stop to question the moral teudencies of the theatre and ball room.

The Youth's Casket, "An Illustrated Magazine for the Young," James O. Brayman, Editor, Buffalo, No. 11 West Seneca Street,—a beautifully illustrated little work, abounding in entertaining matter, both original and selected. We commend it to our young friends. It can be had for the very low price of 2s 6d. Canada money.

We are sorry to disoblige "Caleb." We do not feel bound to keep articles unless particularly requested; indeed it would be almost impossible with our multiplied engagements to do so.

We have received communications from different quarters highly pleasing in regard to the "Maple Leaf," and we hope to increase the list of subscribers, and make some pleasant acquaintances in the course of a trip which we propose to make next month to some of the principal places in Canada West.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE SILENT AND INVISIBLE ARCHITECTS.

BY S. E. H.

THE world is so accustomed to noise and display, that the power of an unseen, silent cause, is seldom appreciated. We find it very difficult to realize, or even to comprehend the power of a silent, though steady working in any of the departments of nature. It is far easier for us to understand the destruction produced by an earthquake or a volcano, than to realize the mighty changes going on around us by the constant operation of any powerful, though silent cause. The effects in the latter case are evident to our senses, but as they are brought about little by little, we fail to be impressed with them, and still more fail to refer them to the working of a powerful agency. Yet, it is by the silent operation of natural laws that all mighty changes are effected, whether they be sudden or gradual. It is so in the operation of the laws of attraction, of light, and in fact of all physical laws. The sun in his daily round, sounds no trumpet before him, yet his rays penetrate the coldest clime, imparting life and warmth to the most inclement region.

And as a general rule, we may say, that the most effective working is also the most silent.

As an illustration of what may be accomplished by unremitting toil, we may point to the quiet builders in Torrid seas—the coral architects, whose labors, in a few short years, have wonderfully changed the face of the globe, increasing its habitable parts, and obstructing the safe navigation of tropical waters. When looking at the results of their labors, we should expect that the builders of structures so vast, would themselves be large and mighty. But if we attempt an examination of them, we shall find each builder to be a minute insect, having little definite form, seeming so frail as to be utterly unable to support its own life, much less to fashion the abode of so superior a being as man.

But navigators of those tropic seas, tell us of hundreds of miles of coral reef, which have been constructed by these minute insects. The coral insect belongs to one of the lowest orders of

animal life. It is classed by naturalists among the Polypi, a race of animals (if animals they can be called) whose structure is very simple, and whose faculties are exceedingly limited. They seem to form the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and receive the designation of *Zoophites*, or *animal plants*. All the species, with perhaps a single exception, fasten themselves to the solid rock, being destitute of the power of locomotion. This animalcule can hardly be said to possess any form. It is a minute bag of matter, with no organs save a few tentacles around the mouth. With these it secretes calcareous matter from its food, found in the waters, and, by an internal process, transforms it into a substance which constitutes its abode. This at first is semi-transparent, and of extreme delicacy, but it becomes hardened, and has the appearance of bone. This is the substance which we term coral. It is of several varieties, and contains cells, which formed the abode of the insect. This animalcule has the power of sending forth germs, which continually repeat the same action, and thus in process of time, by the combined action of myriads of insects, are groups of islands formed in the midst of the restless waters of the mighty ocean.

An interesting writer relates the particulars of a visit to the museum of the celebrated Agassiz, who has succeeded in preserving alive some coral insects. She(Lady Wortley) thus speaks of them. "They were kept in water, carefully and frequently changed, and various precautions were indispensably necessary to be taken in order to guard their exquisitely delicate demi-semi-existence. As to me, I hardly dared breathe while looking at them, for fear I should blow their lives away, or some catastrophe should happen while we were there, and we should be suspected of *coralicide*. However, the sight was most interesting. We watched them as they flung about what seemed their fire-like white arms, like microscopic opera dancers, or windmills; but these apparent arms are, I believe, all they possess of bodies."

Animals of this kind, when favorably situated, multiply to such an extent as to form reefs, and sub-marine banks, often extending a thousand miles, or more. As soon as they reach low-water mark they cease to exist, but their solid covering or house remains, and, with the remains of their decayed bodies, constitutes a soil. But a new series of changes now takes place. Exposed to the action of the atmosphere, this mass of calcareous matter,

becomes the depository of various kinds of seeds, which are conveyed thither by the winds and waves. These, in their turn, germinate—produce plants, which, after answering the purpose of reproduction, decay and increase the richness of the soil. Thus, the surfaces of these coral masses are gradually covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and the graves of microscopic insects are converted into habitable islands. Very many of these islands are found in the South Pacific, where they are generally based on the craters of extinct sub-marine volcanoes.

In considering these constructions, we are impressed with the vastness of the result, and the insignificance of the workers. The structure is before us, but where is the architect? He is a mason, not only using stones for his building, but producing them. He knows nothing of cement or mortar—we hear no sound of hammer or chisel, see no plain or trowel, yet is the building firm as the flinty rocks. The architect has neither feet nor hands; he has no ear, tongue, nor eye, yet he builds on, and the result is before us. Truly he is an *invisible, silent architect.*

But we must not forget in looking at this subject, to acknowledge the agency of a Superior Power. We cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the greatness and power of Him, who accomplishes such stupendous designs, and works through such feeble, insignificant instrumentalities. Truly they are a little race, but they do the bidding of a Mighty King, and show forth His wisdom, goodness, and power.

I cannot better conclude this little article than by inserting the following lines, by Mrs. Sigourney, on the Coral Insect. They may be familiar to all your readers, yet they are so fine that none will object to seeing them here.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral train,
Who build on the tossing and treacherous main;
Toil on! for the wisdom of man ye mock,
With your sand-based structures, and domes of rock;
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,
And your arches spring up through the crested wave;
Ye're a puny race thus boldly to rear,
A fabric so vast, in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone;
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,

Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled,
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold,
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do you plant 'neath the billows dark
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?
There are snares enough on the tented field ;
'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield,
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up ;
There's a poison drop in man's purest cup ;
There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

" With mouldering bones the deeps are white,
From the ice clad pole to the tropics bright ;
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold,
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold ;
And the gods of ocean have frowned to see
The mariner's bed 'mid their halls of glee :
Hath earth no graves ? that ye thus must spread
The boundless sea with thronging dead ?

" Ye build ! ye build ! but ye enter not in ;
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin,
From the land of promise, ye fade and die,
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your wearied eye.
As the cloud-crowned pyramids' founders sleep
Noteless and lost in oblivion deep,
Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,
While the wonder and pride of your works remain."

" Erroneous views have, it seems, been entertained heretofore with regard to the velocity of the Amazon. A large number of people think of it only as pouring down with the fierce flow of a torrent, but the truth is, that its average flow is about three and a half miles an hour, and its fleetest, not more than five or six miles. This opinion of its rapidity rose probably from the fact, that it carries its fresh waters far out to sea, discoloring the ocean to the distance of one hundred and fifty miles ; yet it would appear that the rush is never sufficiently strong to impede navigation, even by sail, and much less by steam. But though the velocity of the Amazon is not so great as is commonly supposed, the first sight of it produces an impression of awful grandeur and force."—*The Pioneer.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

OLD SONGS.

BY PERSOLUS.

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care;
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

To the many interested, what a fascinating title; would that the pen of Persolus were, what too evidently it is not, the exponent of heart-thoughts burnished into beauty, for then would he, in fitting and appropriate terms, discuss the value and merits of his subject. Oh, there is a rich joy in an old song, an undefinable power, that moves men's hearts as quietly and irresistably as doth pale Cynthia move the billows of the sea. How exquisite the agitation, how impassioned the feeling, excited by its simplest strain! Who is, or rather let me ask, who can be insensible to its magic power? There may be a few such; I am glad they are but few, for I must endorse the philosophy of our great poet, vide the "Merchant of Venice."—Lorenzo to Jessica:—

"The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted."

Here is an inadvertent hint to the ———, but 'tis dangerous, so I say, *to the public.*

A modern political essayist of considerable celebrity observes, "That a country without a national poetry, proves its hopeless dullness or its utter provincialism." The sentiment is just and incontrovertible. What breast, catching the spirit of "The Pibroch of Donnil Dhu," would not beat with a higher impulse, or come and go feverishly, awakened by "Savourna Deelish," or "Will ye gang to the ewe buchts, Marion." Think how much the simplest little song contributes to the comfort and enjoyments of the household hearth, and then know that patriotism grows much deeper and more luxuriantly in a happy home than elsewhere. Is it not to the happy homes, smiling beneath her Christian sway, that our good Victoria is indebted for the stalwart arms and willing hearts who bear her meteor flag triumphantly over land and sea? Oh yes, old songs are valuable—in our experience blending harmoniously the ideal with the practical. Rude may be their language and common-place

their thoughts ; they may want the refinement of a classic fraternity, or to us fantastic moderns present themselves in the most wretched doggerel, and yet how soon do we submit to the influence of their long-neglected but now well-remembered burthens ; and even bad rythm and dissonant metre ceases to grate harshly on our sensitive ears, and we regard them not, for we have found a *soul*, and this hides the most obvious deformities—a soul of whose former knowledge we have a faint remembrance, and whose beauty is the more celestial, because that on the freshly plumed pinions of youthful fancy it comes to us winging its way from out the storied past. Our old Irish and Scotch songs do I love the best, for I find in them a fervor of emotion, coupled with simplicity of thought, a most invaluable consideration, for which I seek fruitlessly in the Arias and Ariosos of our present fashionable and heartless music.

I would like to have indulged in numerous quotations, but refrain, knowing how unjust it is to excite desire and fail to gratify ; and it would but mar the beauty of such songs as "Peggy Bhan," or "Lassie wi' the lint white locks," to separate their closely wedded lines, nor could I choose, by reason of the very amplitude of my material, I cannot, and how useless to dissertate on "Aileen Aroon," or "Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me?" These are but a feeble index to the many crowding on my attention, an attention which I cannot now give ; but ere I drop my pen, hear the spiritual Wordsworth ; 'tis a fitting finale—

"Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."

July 5, 1854.

"The art of ventilating rooms and buildings is chiefly dependent on the currents produced in the air by changes of temperature. As the heated air and effluvia of crowded edifices pass upwards, apertures are usually left in or near the ceiling for their escape ; such an opening, however, though it allows the foul air to escape from its specific lightness, is also apt to admit a counter current of denser and colder air pouring down into the building, and producing great inconvenience. But if the tube or flue, through which the foul air escapes, be heated in any convenient way, this effect is prevented. A current, constantly rising, is thus established ; and whenever cold air attempts to descend, the heat of the flue rarifies and drives it upwards."

[For the Maple Leaf.

LOVE'S LAST VIGIL.

From her open lattice gazing,
On the calm, and starry sky,
Stands a mother wildly weeping,
For her darling who must die!

Yes, the fiat has been spoken,
And the fearful truth too well,
In her heart she knows the token,
On that loved one's brow doth dwell!

She has stolen to the chamber,
Where that heart's fond treasure lies,
And has marked in untold anguish,
That her home is in the skies!

Human aid is unavailing,
Soon her early course is run,
Back those fearful thoughts,—O Saviour
Spare, Oh spare my *only* one!

As on earth thy tender pity,
To her sorrowing parents gave,
Their belov'd, and *only* daughter,
Save our darling from the grave!

Wildly as she prayed to Heaven,
Sleep stole o'er her wearied frame,
And in dreams of soothing sweetness
To her soul an answer came.

"Child of earth, thy prayer is heard,
He who died, her soul to save;
He will to His own safe keeping
Take the treasure that He gave.

"If on earth I now were dwelling,
And those words were told to thee,
Words to Mother's hearts so tender,
Bring thy little ones to me.

"Wouldst thou not with love untiring,
Storms and roughest roads defy,
That within her Saviour's bosom,
That most precious one might lie?

"Safe within the Heavenly fold,
I will bear her on my breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Wouldst thou back to Earth recall,
Her, for whom thy earnest prayer
Was that through her Saviour's mercy
She might dwell for ever there?

"Wouldst thou bring her back to know
All the grief thou sufferest now?
Spurn the selfish thought; behold her,
With a crown upon her brow!"

From her sudden trance awaking
Roused that mother, and she flew
To the bedside of her darling,
There to find her dream was true.

Softly fall the golden tresses,
Like a halo round her brow,
Where is seen the seal of Heaven,
Angels come to take her now!

Brighter, brighter, joy triumphant,
Played around her as she took
Loving hands within her own,
Pointing upwards, murmuring look!

Vainly look they, hovering angels
Come that spirit to convey,
In their mission pitying linger,
Ere they take the loved away.

One more smile of passing brightness,
On Earth's sorrowing ones she shed,
Then with Heaven's own radiance shining,
Meekly bowed her gentle head.

Gone the Angel child,—and sorrowing
We must tread this earth below.
May thy pure and gentle spirit
Rest upon us in our woe.

Leading us through fiery trial,
To thy brighter home above,
And while here in meek submission
Humbly *bow, for God is Love!*

C. HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, June, 1854.

A SCENE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(Selected for our Young Readers.)

South Africa has long been a favorite field for missionary labour. Above a hundred years ago, the good Moravians sent their missionary George Schmidt, who tried to teach and save the, till then, wholly ignorant, and entirely neglected Hottentots. Some laughed at "his folly," as they thought it; others persecuted him, and tried to hinder his work; and the Dutch government at last ordered him to leave the land. Some souls were saved, however, by Schmidt, and so a good beginning made; and though he never went back to carry on his work, but died on his knees praying for South Africa, others have followed in his train, and now several great societies are seeking to convert its degraded tribes. You have all heard of the travels of John Campbell, the labors of Dr. Venderkemp, and the successes of Robert Moffat, with many more.

So far, however, the labours of these good men have been confined to a very small portion of the land. At first, the missionaries labored wholly within the parts where white men had planted their stations, or over which the English government had good power to defend their lives. But by degrees they got farther and farther north, till at last Mr. Moffat fixed

his dwelling at the river Kuruman, and there formed a missionary station. By and bye, Mr. Livingston went two hundred miles still further north, and was enabled to form the station of Kolobeng, where he has now laboured for sometime.

Further than this it was thought no missionaries could well go, at least till more travellers had examined the country. A few miles to the north from this place, a great desert crossed the land, and though reports were often brought of rivers and lakes, beautiful country, and many tribes beyond that desert, few could venture to try to cross it, and of those that did, all came back unable to gain their end. What lay beyond that desert, who the people were, and what state they were in, was all involved in mystery. Last year (1849), however, Mr. Livingston resolved to try to reach the unknown country, and two gentlemen, Messrs. Murray and Oswell, offering to bear the greater portion of the expense and to go with him, he set off from Kolobeng on the first of last June. The party consisted of these two gentlemen, Mr. Livingston, some native converts, and a number of Bakwains as guides. They travelled in the true South African fashion, in large clumsy waggons drawn by oxen, and laid in a store of such provisions as they thought they might require, especially water which they knew they should need in the parched up desert. Nothing particular occurred at the first part of the journey, they pushed on as fast as they could over wide spread plains of desert land for about 300 miles, when on July 4th they reached the banks of a magnificent river, the windings of which they resolved to follow. The country now became extremely beautiful, and the abundance of water enabled them to travel with greater comfort than they had expected. Day after day they thus journeyed on for about 220 miles, when finding it very difficult to travel with all their waggons, they betook themselves to Mr. Oswell's alone, and left the others till they should return to them. The river was still their guide, and keeping it in sight, they journeyed on for another 180 miles, when they reached the shore of a large and noble lake, a sort of inland sea. Of this sea reports had often reached them before, but no European had ever seen it; and till they stood upon its shore, much doubt was felt as to its size and character. This lake is called Nami, meaning "The great water," and it is said to be about 70

miles long, and perhaps 15 wide; but the travellers did not get round it, and so had to depend on what the natives told them. The river they had followed is called the Zonga, and the people said a similar river flowed in at the other end; they also saw the mouth of the Tamunakle, a large river flowing from the north, and entering the Zonga near the lake. The scenery of both these rivers seemed to them more beautiful than any they had ever seen excepting some parts of the Clyde. The banks were covered with gigantic trees, and the Boabob and palm-trees gave quite an Indian appearance to the country. They measured two of the Boabob trees, and they found them 70 and 76 feet in circumference. The river Zonga was clear as crystal, and they were told that it rose and fell twice every year, at the beginning and middle of the dry season. The travellers were there in the dry season, and during their stay it rose three feet. The natives could give no good reason for this, but the travellers thought it probably might be found in the melting of the snows on the mountains where it took its rise. The natives foolishly believe that a great chief living far to the north, kills a man every year, and throwing him into the river, makes it overflow. Whatever is the cause, it is a great blessing to the people, as great shoals of fish are brought down by the flood, which they catch, and on which they live a long time.

The travellers found the natives tolerably friendly on the whole, though in some things they shewed themselves opposed to their views. They are of a darker complexion than the Bechuanas, and call themselves Bayeiye (men), while the Bechuanas call them Bakoba (slaves). They speak quite a different language from the Bechuana, and support themselves mostly by fishing in the lake and river, and by hunting the hippopotamus which lives along their shores. Their canoes are made of the trunks of single trees hollowed out, and their nets of a weed that grows in abundance on the banks. They kill the hippopotami by harpoons attached to ropes, and show great cleverness both in taking it and the various kinds of fish they catch. Several of them spoke the Sitchuana language very well, so that the missionary could converse with them, and they showed great kindness in paddling the party to the little villages amongst the reeds along the banks, and giving a good deal of information. A chief living some ten days

journey still farther north had already expressed a wish for teachers. The missionary sent him a present, but could not reach him; and after spending sometime amongst the natives, the whole party turned again towards home, and reached Kolobeng on October 10th.

By these new discoveries, fresh fields have been opened up for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, as well as some good information gained of an hitherto unknown land. May God raise up some faithful laborers to go in and claim the land for Christ!

The engraving at the commencement of this article is not a view of the river Zonga, but intended to give you an idea of the beautiful kind of scenery to be found about the rivers of South Africa, and is a view on the Kowee River, Cape of Good Hope.

[Por the Maple Leaf.

THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"It is a fearful thing, dear mother, to be the inhabitant of a besieged city, and that, too, a foreign one," observed Frederick Eversfield, turning from the scene of confusion which one of the principal streets of Antwerp presented to his view. Fugitives of all ranks, ages, and countries mingled in one mass, all hastening to quit the city before it became the scene of slaughter and pillage.

The hitherto quiet streets now rang with sounds of discord and alarm. The trampling of horses, rushing of wheeled carriages, tolling of bells, and shrill tone of trumpets, and other warlike instruments that accompanied the troops destined for the defence of the city, were sadly mingled with the voice of woe, and lamentation, and mourning, from those who feared to go, yet dared not stay to witness the destruction of everything that was dear to them.

Mrs. Eversfield was one of those whom necessity had constrained to find a home in a foreign land. She was the widow of a half-pay officer, with four children, the eldest of whom was a youth of fifteen, the three others under eight years of age. After having with great difficulty escaped from Paris, Brussels, and Bruges, she now found herself again exposed to the horrors that threaten a besieged city.

"My children! my dear, dear children, what will become of you!" exclaimed the distressed mother, turning her eyes, streaming with tears, upon the helpless family that hung round her with countenances filled with alarm, though scarcely of an age to comprehend the full extent of the peril that threatened them.

"Mother, do not weep," said Frederick, affectionately taking her hand, "we can die but once. There is no bitterness in death to such as love and fear God. I fear God, and I do not fear man; for God is greater than man, and he is above all. Did He not preserve us in our flight from Paris, when the streets we were obliged to pass through were thronged with armed men, and the dead and dying strewed our path? Were we not protected from danger at Brussels and at Bruges? and shall we not here also escape, though in the midst of strangers and enemies? If we could but secure a passage in one of those vessels that lie in the river, we should soon see dear England's white cliffs, and be safe from the horrors of civil war."

"But whom have we here, my child, to secure a passage for us? We are strangers in this great city; and the few friends we know are too much occupied with their own concerns to bestow a thought on us. At such a time of general distress and anxiety, I cannot expect to meet with sympathy or assistance. You, my boy, are the only person to whom your family can look for support. And you, Frederick, have been indeed a great comfort to your widowed mother, beyond what she could have expected from one of your tender years."

"Thank you, dear, dear mother for those words," exclaimed the grateful Frederick, while a glow of heartfelt satisfaction brightened his fine face. "I am proud, dearest mother, of the confidence you have placed in me ever since the death of my father, and am truly happy to find that my conduct has been such as to merit your approbation."

"It has indeed, my son, and I hope and trust that it will meet with its reward."

Tears of joy filled the eyes of the dutiful Frederick, as throwing himself into the open arms of his affectionate mother, he softly whispered, "What reward can be sweeter to a child than a mother's love?"

The well-merited praise bestowed upon Frederick served as

fresh incitement for exertion ; and he hastened to secure, if possible, a passage for his mother and sister in one of the packet-boats then preparing to sail for England ; but to effect this was no easy matter, owing to the numerous applications that were made to the owners by English families desirous of quitting Antwerp before it became the theatre of rapine and bloodshed.

Frederick was not of a temper to be daunted by difficulties. Though but a child in years, he possessed a mind of unusual strength. Native energies had not been suffered to slumber ; he had been called upon very early in life to exert them, and he now found himself capable of acting with firmness and decision in cases of danger and difficulty, which would have daunted many a man twice his age.

"I will shew those who have forsaken us in our adversity what a boy can do who has a widowed mother and orphan sisters dependent on his exertions," was the proud determination of young Eversfield, when he found himself compelled to act in affairs of great moment, without the assistance of any friend on whom he could rely for advice; but he looked up to a higher power for help, and was strengthened in the hour of trial.

On reaching the side of the river where the English vessels lay, he learned, to his great mortification, that such as were ready to leave Antwerp were already filled with refugees from all parts of the country. "My mother will die with apprehension if she remain in the city during its bombardment. What will become, too, of the young children!" he added, turning away with tearful eyes from the captain of the last vessel to which he had made application. "As for myself, I do not care ; but I cannot bear to think of my poor mother. Oh, sir," he added, taking the hand of Captain Stoddart, "do not refuse to take us on board." The captain was moved by the earnestness of the boy; he hesitated, then turned to the long list of passengers before him.

"I fear, I much fear the thing is impracticable. I have already undertaken more than I shall be able to perform. There might perhaps be room." He paused, and again cast his eyes on the paper before him. "I might manage for two, but you ask for four. My dear sir, it is impossible ; more than two I cannot take."

"What is the question, Stoddart?" asked a plain but gentle-

manlike man, advancing from a desk in the little counting-house, where he had been looking over a bundle of papers.

"A family of refugees, sir, want berths in the *Speedy Return*, for England," replied the captain bluntly; "and this lad wants to persuade me I can take four persons, when the vessel is stowed like an African slave ship, as full of live cargo as she can be. I might manage the mother and one child, or may be two; but as for the four, it cannot be done."

The stranger fixed his eyes on Frederick's agitated countenance, while he modestly, but earnestly related his mother's widowed state, and the tender ages of her little family. The gentleman listened to him with deep attention. A child pleading in behalf of a parent, who could behold without a feeling of interest?

"Stoddart, you will greatly oblige me by taking this family on board; it is a case of great urgency."

"You are very good, Sir Henry. I will do all in my power to oblige you; but I dare not promise for them all. I wish I could."

"And so do I, from my heart; for which of her children can a fond mother abandon in a foreign land? Surely not this brave lad," added Sir Henry, laying his hand on the shoulder of Frederick Eversfield.

"Not willingly, indeed, dear sir; for my mother tenderly loves me: but if one must be left, it shall be I. My mother cannot, and shall not be exposed to the terrors that threaten a besieged city."

"Well, my lad, there is no time to be spared; the *Speedy Return* drops down the Scheldt this night with the tide, and you-mother must be on board by eight, or nine at farthest. Remember, I cannot promise to take you all; but, as you are a good son, I will endeavor to befriend you if possible."

"Well, if *I am* left in a foreign land, it cannot be helped; many boys as young as myself have been left to struggle with misfortunes among strangers. I must take my chance, and say nothing to my mother till the last minute. It will be time enough for her to know it when she and the little ones are safely on board," thought Frederick, as he retraced his steps back to his mother's lodgings; and in active exertion preparing for the voyage, he endeavored to drown the painful thought of his prob-

able separation from his beloved family, which at times weighed heavily upon his young mind.

The rising moon was shedding her soft light over the calm waters of the Scheldt, when the deeply-laden boats left the shores for the English brig then under sail, with a full tide and favorable breeze, for England; and many anxious hearts that boat contained, but none who felt as Frederick did. So many fresh candidates had applied for berths, and some of these, persons of no mean rank and influence, that small hope appeared of his being permitted to remain as a passenger. Yet a pang of keen disappointment shot through his frame when, on stepping on the deck of the vessel, the person appointed to receive the passengers refused to admit his claims, alledging he had no such name on the list. Frederick turned very pale. "Every vacant place has been filled up; it is doubly full, I may say," was the brief reply of the mate to the passionate expostulations of the distracted mother on being told that she must be parted from her son.

"I told the lad how it was, madam," said Captain Stoddart; "and it was only as a great favor, and at the instigation of a gentleman who kindly interested himself in the business, that I consented to take yourself and the young things on board. I promised to do all I could, but I could do no more than I have done. I dare say you have friends in the city who will take care of your son." Mrs. Eversfield could answer only with tears.

"I am very sorry for you, madam, and if I could have served you, I would; but you see how I am situated."

"Are you the mother of this youth, madam?" inquired a gentleman, advancing from the further side of the packet, and extending his hand as he spoke.

"I am, sir," was the brief reply of the agitated parent.

"Then, madam, you have cause to consider yourself as the most fortunate of parents."

"Say rather, sir, as the most unfortunate, in being forced to abandon so beloved a son in a foreign land," answered Mrs. Eversfield. "No," she added, "since we cannot all return together in safety, we will go back again to the city."

"No, dearest mother, that must not be," interrupted Frederick; "when I paid down the passage money for you and my

sisters, I was aware that I must remain behind. Fear not, God will protect your son."

"Captain Stoddart, where is your list of passengers?" asked Sir Henry; for it was he. Taking a pencil from his pocket, he crossed out a name from the list. "Let this blank be filled up with the name of Frederick Eversfield," he said. "Captain, he takes my place as a passenger for England. Let himself, his mother and sisters be shewn every attention, and I will make you amends myself for any extra comfort they may need on the voyage."

"God bless you, sir," was all that Frederick's mother could say; but the eloquence of tears spoke the feelings of her full heart more than words. Sir Henry knew all she would have said, and his generous spirit was fully repaid for the personal sacrifice of his own safety when he beheld the joy of the mother and her son as they wept upon each other's necks.

It was a proud moment to Frederick; he would not have exchanged it for worlds. He will never forget the city of Antwerp, nor the kindness of Sir Henry Grovenor.

C. P. Traill.

Rice Lake, July, 1854.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

There was sunshine gleaming through the hazel copse, and upon the little brook which divided it from an ample garden. There was sunshine lighting up the latticed porch and trellis-work of the pretty, cheerful rectory of Dahlwell, which seemed set in the midst of a garland of summer flowers. And there was sunshine creeping between the clustering roses and vine-leaves which curtained the long, low window of its little sitting-room; and this light, so soft and flickering, reflected the trembling foliage, and lay in rich golden tracery upon the Indian matting that covered the floor—as if there were enough of brightness diffused throughout that cheerful room, and this bold sunshine was willing to lie still, and form a rich mosaic beneath the small feet which stepped from an old-fashioned damask couch placed at the side of the window, towards the casement: and then the gold tracery rested tenderly upon the rich brown curls which fell in silken masses over the shoulders of a young girl,

as, leaning her arms upon the window-sill, she bent her drooping head lower and lower, till the bright waving hair swept the lattice-frame, and mingled with the sweet flowers and green leaves which cluster thickly round.

A few moments, and another light foot-step crossed that stream of sunshine ; a loving arm was thrown around the young girl, who raised her head, and turned a sweet hopeful smile upon the pale face which was now bent upon her own with all the earnestness of a sister's love. There was sunshine in every expression of the girl's face—the richest, brightest sunshine of life, even that which comes from the hopeful spirit and strong heart within. It was this *inner* light which fell so cheeringly upon the path that no *outer* radiance could cheer and lighten. The girl knew this, alas ! too well, while closer sank the long fringes over her eyes, as though it were a mockery to raise them ever so little. The eyes of the blind girl looked within, and there, in her own true spirit, she found the light which to all outer sense was lost for ever.

" How kind dear Agnes, to hurry back so quickly ! Do you know that I have been indulging in such happy dreams during your absence, that I almost forgot that my darling sister was not by my side." And while she spoke the blind girl pressed yet closer to the side of that loving sister, and suffered her to draw her gently back to the couch, when Agnes answered in a cheerful tone—

" I only stopped to see poor widow Brown, my sweet May, and to tell her that we would call together on Monday ; but were the dreams happy, dear one ? I feared that I had done wrong by leaving you to your own thoughts to-day."

" Never fear, my sister, to leave me to my own thoughts, when they do but make me stronger and happier."

Agnes and Marion were the orphan children of an artillery officer ; their mother dying when they were very young, they were placed under the care of their maternal grandfather, an earnest, single-minded old clergyman, who held a small living in one of the prettiest villages in Yorkshire. He had been several years a widower, when the two motherless children of his only daughter were given to shed new light and happiness round his desolate hearth. They were the unceasing delight of the good old man's heart, and never were children's lives

more truly what they ought to be, than those which the rector's grandchildren led. Even as they grew up to girlhood, and the death of their surviving parent left them entirely under the guardianship of their grandfather, they seemed to lose none of their innocent happiness; it was only merged in new delights, won from the rich stores of knowledge which the powerful mind of their beloved guardian unfolded for their instruction. It was in truth a sweet sight to look upon, when, in the cheerful long library of Dahlwell Rectory, the old man sat between the two fair creatures, who nestled close beside him, and read them rare lessons from his choice heavy tomes—not the less precious that they were in part made clearer and lighter to the young minds of his grand-children, by his own plain alterations and explanations; and a sweeter sight still to watch the sunny faces, and bright eyes of the girls, as they raised them intently to the mild, earnest countenance of their reverend teacher, whose white hair fell in thick masses even upon his shoulders. Rare and precious hours were those passed in the quiet study, both for the taught and the teacher; for the young learned, how holy and sacred is the experience of wise old age—and the old man felt his spirit refreshed by the glad hopefulness of youth.

For several years of this happy time of learning, the young girls had another companion in the old study, as well as in their woodland rambles, and pleasant wanderings among the glens and bosky hills which surrounded their home.

The only brother of the squire of Dahlwell came for a stated time each afternoon, to receive more good help in his studies from his kind old master. And though Frank Leonard was full ten years the senior of little May Leslie, and was, moreover, so good a specimen of the true student, in all calm abstraction, and quiet earnestness, there never was a gentler friend, or one readier to help on, and join in the childish pleasures of the young maiden, than this same grave, loving student. In truth, any stranger who might have invaded the sanctity of the tutor's study during the hours when it was only used for its legitimate purpose, would have seen at once that the young man who appeared to be so devoutly poring over his Euclid, showed almost as much devotion to the pretty, graceful little learner, who drew her seat beside him, and, perhaps, took rather more

brotherly interest in her studies than there was occasion for, seeing that her grandfather was as close to her, on the other side.

So passed these well-spent years peacefully away, until the girls grew up into graceful women. Few sorrows had as yet been theirs, except the sorrow of saying good-bye to Frank Leonard, when he left his native country home, and pleasant studies, for a lucrative appointment in India. His departure had caused a sad blank in the little circle at the Rectory. The good old man missed the intellectual companionship of his young pupil; Agnes missed his ready help in all her serious studies; and May missed those words of encouragement, and the kind smile which, after her grandfather's approval, were the rewards she prized the most.

Still years sped rapidly on, and found and left the Rectory at Dahlwell the same abode of peace it had ever been.

The long accounts which Frank regularly forwarded of his success in his new sphere, were an unfailing source of pleasure to the old man, and scarcely less welcome to his granddaughters, for they always found a portion of his letters devoted to them and the remembrance of old happiness.

Marion had reached her eighteenth year, when a fever broke out in the village; from the dwellings of the poor to the houses of the wealthy, it passed with fearful rapidity. The squire of Dahlwell was one of its first victims; and from offering the last consolations of religion to his dying pupil, the rector returned to find his youngest grandchild in the wild delirium of the disease.

After a severe struggle, the youth and excellent constitution of May Leslie prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Slowly, very slowly, did the returning strength of their darling reward the fond sister and grandfather for their anxious watchings round her sick-bed; but more slowly still did the strength and brightness which had always beamed in her clear, beautiful eyes, seem to return. All the weakness yet lingering after her severe illness, appeared to have concentrated itself, and fixed upon this most precious gift—sight. For many weeks Agnes and the old man kept constant watch within a darkened room, and round a darkened couch. The most eminent practitioners from the neighbouring cities were summoned; but skill and patience were equally unavailing. In an agony of grief, the loving friends

learned that their sweet May—the bright-eyed, happy girl of a few months back—was irretrievably, hopelessly blind.

It was in the season of bitter sorrow which followed the announcement of this sad truth, that the true courage and nobleness of May Leslie's spirit was shown; once convinced that all hope of regaining her sight was over, she rose from the darkened couch in all the trust and patience of her pure womanly nature. She felt it her turn to soothe and cheer now; and it was indeed marvellous to see that brave young creature so strong-hearted and cheerful, with the same bright smile, and the same clear, ringing tones of mirth ever on her lips, tempered a little by what she would call her "wholesome sorrow." It was wonderful, too, to see how readily she moved along the old passages, and reached her favourite books from their familiar places on the study shelves; and then, taking her accustomed place between her grandfather's arm-chair and the vacant seat, which was still called Frank Leonard's, with upturned face (that her dear friends might see the smile was safe,) she sat, and listened to the holy teaching of that rare old scholar, Jeremy Taylor, whose works were such choice favourites with the good rector. Or Agnes would read to them from that treasury of golden thoughts and sayings, and of sweetest melodies of divine poesy, laid up for us by our Shakspeare. Or, oftener still than these, the old man would open his large Bible, and turn to that blessed history of Him whose whole life was one long harmony of love, and mercy, and charity: and so he read on, in his deep and sonorous voice, of the Saviour's love and pity, and ever-present help for those who seek it; of strength given to the weak, health to the sick in body, and sweet forgiveness to the troubled soul: and read, too, with a voice perhaps less strong and clear than was his wont, how the touch of that blessed One had given sight to the closed eyes, which opened at his word, and "gave glory to God."

May knew so well the thoughts which were on one of these occasions busy in the loving heart of her grandfather—for they were almost the echoes of what had once been her own—that she clasped the hand she held within both hers more fondly, and with a smile said gently: "You would hardly grieve for me, dear grandpapa, if you knew how truly in spirit that prayer of the blind man has been answered to your blind girl.

Thus strengthened and held up by Faith and Hope, her darkened life passed happily along; she listened, if she could not read, and her voice was cheerful as ever; her step as true and light as in other days; and often in the twilight she would sing the sweet old melodies which her grandfather loved to hear, till the old man wept for very joy, and blessed her in his heart for the true brave spirit she really was

The sisters still sat in their own quiet sitting-room, where we first introduced them to our readers, when the good rector entered, his face beaming with pleasure, as he placed an open letter in Agnes's hand, and seating himself on the other side of the blind girl, said, while he kissed the fair cheek which was upturned to him: "Good news, my sweet child! we shall have our old friend, Frank Leonard, here in two days at farthest. He writes me from London, saying how anxious he is to be among us all again, and sends more remembrances than I can deliver to his 'dear little sisters' as he calls you. Agnes will read his letter, for I promised to go to the Hall and see Harris about some little preparations he wishes to make in honour of his new master's arrival; and the ringers have been to ask if they may give the Squire a peal of welcome. The whole village is rejoicing at Frank's return."

Long after the old man left them, the sisters bent over Frank Leonard's letter. Agnes hailed his coming to the house of his fathers with the same feelings with which she would have welcomed the return of a dear brother; but with the usual tact of womanly observation, she saw that in this feeling of hers May had no sympathy. Nobly as she had conquered all vain repinings for the blessings she had lost, the struggle must begin anew now. Frank Leonard would be at Dahlwell in a day or two—but *she* would not see him. He would perhaps often, as in old times, share her grandfather's hours of study, and give his ready help to Agnes in hers—while *she* must only sit and listen—not even look upon that bright smile which had been so dear to her from her very childhood, and which was even now so fondly cherished among other sweet, sad remembrances of light and beauty—lost to her for ever.

* * * * * *

A year had fleeted past since Frank Leonard's return, and again the light of a summer's sun shone brilliantly through the

deep glades and stately woods which surrounded his home, and lit up its many windows with a broad stream of radiance, until it looked more like some golden palace of fairy-land, than the grey old English hall it really was; and, through the stained diamond panes of a deep mullioned window, which opened upon a blooming rosery, this stream of sunshine fell upon the interior of a small chamber, known for long years, at Dahlwell, as the "Lady's Room." There, before an antique ebony book-case and cabinet, stood Agnes Leslie, completing the arrangement of a row of dark old volumes, which contrasted strangely with the handsomely bound, modern looking books on the shelves above them. This done, she closed an old-fashioned piano, which nearly filled one side of the room, and giving one finishing touch to the roses, which had been newly placed in some vases upon the tables, and another to the cushions of a low couch, which stood beside the window, with a smile of satisfaction lighting up her thoughtful face, Agnes left the room, and in a few minutes was standing among the galaxy of blosssoms which surrounded her peaceful home.

For a moment her shadow darkened the little vine-wreathed casement of the sitting-room; that moment was sufficient to satisfy Agnes that May was not awaiting her return with her usual impatience; so, entering the house, she passed quietly along the passages, and up the broad oaken stair-case to her own chamber, where a young woman sat sewing busily, in the midst of such a suspicious confusion of white silk and lace, white ribbon and roses, that one would have declared, but for the silence of those village authorities who are always the first to hear and talk of such events, that there was to be a wedding at Dahlwell Rectory before many more suns had shone upon its blossoming flowers, and fair young mistresses.

While Agnes took up a piece of the white ribbon, and began to twist it into sundry bows and knots, till it assumed the appearance of that familiar bridal appendage—*a favour*, the shadows of the quivering leaves lay on the Indian matting before the couch down stairs, where, scarcely a year before, May Leslie wept to think of Frank Leonard's return; but where she now sat looking so serenely happy that one would have thought no tear had ever fallen on those fair cheeks, where the long lashes lay in such soft repose. It was a womanly instinct which made her drop those

dark fringes yet closer over her eyes; she *felt* that the deep, earnest gaze of her companion was rivetted upon her, and this was, perhaps, the reason why the blushes came and went so rapidly with the smiles which dimpled her sweet face. Not that it was anything new for Frank to take Agnes' place by the side of her sister.

"The evening is very lovely Frank, is it not? I remember what glorious sunsets we used to enjoy together before you went to India, and to my dreamy fancy they are clear and bright as ever. I shall scarcely be able to realize these scenes when I leave this dear old home for another."

"We shall, I trust, spend many such rare sunsets together, my own May; and you will soon learn to realize them as fully in the "Lady's Room," at Dahlwell Park, as in this more familiar one. I left Agnes busy among the books and flowers, and everything is arranged so exactly after the model of this room, that my sweet wife will scarcely know that she *has* left her old home for another."

So these lovers spoke on, till the golden sunset faded to a rosaic tint, the harbinger of its eastern splendour. And this red evening light promised no more for the morrow than was richly fulfilled. There was never a brighter morning known in Dahlwell, than that which made May Leslie the wife of Frank Leonard; and often in after years, when her husband sat and watched the unchanged sweetness of her smile, or listened to the clear, joyous tones of her loving voice, he would draw her yet closer to his heart, and bless the memory of that day when he won this true wife; to be, in all her hopeful strength of will and action, the best and brightest sunshine of his life.—*Selected.*

Hope is the most beneficial of all the affections; and doth much to the prolongation of life, if it be not too often frustrated; but entertaineth the fancy with an expectation of good; therefore they which fix, and propound to themselves some end as the mark and scope of their life, and continually, and by degrees go forward in the same, are for the most part long-lived: insomuch, that when they are come to the top of their hope, and can go no higher therein, they commonly droop, and live not long after. So that hope is a leaf-joy which may be beaten out to a great extent, like gold.—*Lord Bacon.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

TO OPHELIA.

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray you, love, remember.
And there's Pansies,—that's for thought.—*Shak. Trag. of Hamlet.*

Oh my dear maid, I thank thee for thy gift;
'Tis sad, yet fair, indeed 'tis very fair,
'Tis like, alas! 'tis too much like thyself;
As it is purely fair, even so is it
Most weak, and sadly frail, though it be bruis'd
And sorely broken, still is it lavish
Of its fragrance, and full of gentleness;
Rudely pluck'd from its stem, nay, not, rudely;
Was it not gathered by thy gentle hand?
Thou like these flowers, now drooping with decay,
Dost meekly woo my fondest sympathy.
Will not this sprig of Rosemary recall
The sweetest memories of vanished joys;
Thy simple Pansies, too, will furnish me
With drifting clouds of tender, silent, thought;
Thoughts which will closely bind the golden past,
The phantom future, and this sad present,
Into a single moment,—that moment,
My existence, and that wholly thine;—
Oh! poor Ophelia, like these flowers art thou,
Both fair, and frail, and fond, and broken.

PERSOLUS.

Montreal, June, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

CHILDREN.

Reader are you fond of children? Do their young and joyous faces charm your fancy, and awaken in your mind memories of the past—sweet recollections of early joys, and happy hopes? Do the kindlings of thought in their speaking eyes, and the shadows that flit across their sunny brows, call to your mind the time when light-hearted, and happy, you lived in your little world of blithesome cares, and innocent pastimes, and looked to the future with earnest faith in the excellence of all created good? Those were times when you were petted and loved,—when tender hands ministered to your wants, and soft voices instructed you,—when, stretching sublimely before you, the universe glowing in bright

imagery, fascinated your gaze, and life seemed near ending in its far away shadowy windings.

I love to look upon a group of happy children.—Even a plain looking little child is lovely to me, if I see the dawnings of intellect in his features. The merry laugh which rings out clear, and hearty from playful childhood finds an answering chord in my heart. Their glee is contagious, and often as a gush of cheerful music from such little voices is borne upon me, I bless the darlings for teaching me that human nature is loveable.—How different their beauty. One little one with clustering curls of finest hair, and a complexion of dazzling purity, has light blue eyes, over whose depths come and go expressions of evanescent feeling, light joys, and disjointed visions and hopes. It is easy to see that this little spirit is happy and tender while joining in every childish pastime with gentle voice, and graceful gesture. What a prophecy could we unfold for the dark-eyed little child, that steps so firmly; he has a warm heart; high resolve already lends fire to his eys, he will not be unjust even in play. The mimic battles in which he engages inflict no wounds, and the war of life is all unknown to his happy spirit.

Bright children, carol away—enjoy the spring time of your existence; bird like float along the current of years. Time will soon write other lines upon your fair smooth brows, and touch with sadness the merry tones of your sweet voices. May we learn lessons of tenderness while looking upon you, and our hearts become softened and purified in your society and love.

ISIDOR.

Montreal, July 17th, 1854.

FRANKFORT.

"Frankfort has much to interest for a day or two. It is surrounded by a fine fertile country. It is famous as a free city, and for its love of republicanism, when that form of government was at a great discount in Europe. The new part of the city is fine, the houses of many of the rich bankers are really palaces.

We went to the Jew's quarters, where for many years they were shut up after a certain hour in the evening, and feared for

a time that we were lost beyond hope,—but finally got out of the narrow labyrinth, and got back in safety to our hotel. The sons of Abraham wearing that mark on their visage, which designates equally under tropical suns, and polar snows, were there in hundreds. It was in these narrow alleys the father of the Rothschilds laid the foundation of their great fortune. Nor would his widow desert her humble abode among old clothes, and the poor of her people, for the splendid palaces of her sons; preferring an abode among her own down-trodden and despised people, to all the trappings and attentions which their more than regal wealth could purchase. A fitting mother for such sons. All honor upon such unwavering affection, even when fastidious and ill-directed.

The history of this wonderful family has its lessons. Mayer Anselm was born in this city, in 1743, and died in 1812. Left an orphan at 12 years, he was educated for a teacher. Not liking this employment he commenced business in a small way. He was subsequently employed in a banking-house in Hanover. By industry and frugality he saved some money, and returned to Frankfort, where he established a banking-house of his own, which is still in existence. Before he was 50 years of age, he loaned the Danish Government $4,000,000. After the manner of his people, he called his sons around his dying bed, and his last words to them were respecting honesty, frugality, punctuality, and industry. And in 12 years these sons raised for different governments in Europe five hundred millions of dollars, proving them to be the most wealthy and extended banking firm in the world. Their great success they attribute to two causes—to adopt no project until examined and sanctioned by them all, and then unitedly to execute it; and to aim less at great profits than at an entire security. Simple in their plans, reasonable in their terms, true to their contracts, and punctual to every engagement, they enjoy the entire confidence of the civilized world as bankers. Their letters of credit will carry a traveller, without question, round the globe. And their manners are as simple as their credit is extended. Are not principles involved, and lessons taught by this brief narrative, worthy the attention of all men of business? Is not 'honesty the best policy?'"—*Selected.*

WRITTEN ON REVISITING OLD SCENES.

Years have pass'd since last I saw thee,
Quaint and quiet little place,
Nestled down so calm and lovely
'Neath the blue ethereal space,
As I gaze upon thy hill-tops—
Or into thy valley's fair,
Olden memories steal o'er me,
Wafted on the summer air.

Here, when life was young and buoyant,
And my heart was light and free,
Wander'd I with lov'd ones—dearer
Than than the light of life to me.
Ev'ry tree has some old mem'ry—
Ev'ry hill and ev'ry dell,
And the path across the meadow,
Where the dew so gently fell.

All, all fair and glowing pictures;
Deep, deep down within my heart,
Are engrav'd on living tablets,
And can never more depart.
Once I saw them, bright and joyful,
So I cannot see them *now*,
For long years have since pass'd o'er me,
Leaving shadows on my brow.

Hopes have sparkled in their noontide,
Love has shed his wild'ring ray;
But the night, with darkness, ever
Hovers on the verge of day—
So the hopes, that cheer'd my spirit,
Gleam'd, and died out, one by one,
Leaving twilight deep and holy,
Where before had shone the sun.

Hills and vales are green as ever,
And the sunlight is as fair;
But the friends, so lov'd and cherish'd,
They, alas, are scatter'd—where?
As I question echo answers—
Slowly—sadly—"Where, O, where?"
And with mournful swelling cadence
Dies away upon the air.

Time has change'd them—some are absent,
Some are in the home above,

On their graves the grass is waving,
In my heart abides their love.
Yet a few belov'd ones linger,
Chang'd in naught, save weight of years,
And I clasp their warm hands fondly—
Chiding back, sad mem'ry's tears.

Years of absence soon must part us,
Quaint and quiet little place,
For, with purpose and endeavor,
I must strive in life's great race—
But thy hill-tops bath'd in sunlight,
And thy valleys, green and fair,
Vision-like shall pass before me,
Veiling ev'ry trace of care.

EDLA.

Monkton, Vt., July 20th, 1854.

NOTES OF A SIX YEARS RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA,

BY A SCOTCH LADY AT PRESENT RESIDING IN MONTREAL.

Sept. 1847, I sailed from Greenock in a vessel called the Dalhousie, Captain Wilkie, and after a very pleasant passage of 15 days we came in sight of this fair Island of the sea. We had a few passengers on board, and as usual the Custom-House people came off to prevent any smuggling, as the Custom-House regulations are very strict here. The island is very rocky and mountainous, and presents a beautifully verdant aspect, as seen from the bay. Friends came for me and the other ladies who were on board, and kindly conducted us on shore. The landing is effected in Island boats as the beach is dangerous to those not acquainted with the place.

The beach itself is steep and composed of immense round stones, which are ever being rolled down from the beds of the many rivers which intersect the Island. It seems curious on landing to find the boat yoked to two large oxen, hung with bells, to drag it high, and dry on the beach, ere you are permitted to land. Then the Custom-House must be passed, and all luggage left there save a carpet bag, (containing immediate necessaries for the toilet,) which is examined, and handed to you. Then comes a palanquin, where comfortably seated on cushions, with a curtain to shade you from the sun, you are borne along by means of a long and strong pole at the top, on the shoulders of two

men, and thus was I conveyed to the house of a kind relative. The houses there have no far-off resemblance to those in the suburbs of Montreal, though in number they are very deficient; the population of the town is not above 30,000. The houses are built of whinstone, for which purpose the rocks in the vicinity require to be blasted with gunpowder, as the chisel is useless where the stone is so hard. Then the houses are plastered up with lime, and painted white, red, or yellow as each one may think good, while the green Venetians, and the many gardens and trees interspersed, convey an idea of coolness that is infinitely refreshing. For my part the first view I had of the place reminded me of an Eastern story. Corridors and trellis-work hung with vines, with the beautiful fruit in full perfection. Tulip trees, magnolias, bananas, drooping with a weight of fruit, and gracefully waving its slender branches, the beautiful Dahlia bending under its load of snowy flowers. There the days and nights are nearly of equal length, and I must say I enjoyed the social gathering to tea by the lamp light, (for there are neither coals nor gas,) and the cheerful evening spent together in Music, Chess, or work and talk. Moonlight walks in the garden, or along the levada, the water courses which cover the hills in all directions are so named, were at times a pleasant variety, where some lively friends joined us in our walk.

The climate in winter is cool and pleasant; at times too cold for houses where there are neither fireplace, nor fires except an apparatus of the rudest kind in the kitchen for cooking. It is composed of large hollow stones with a hole at the top, on each hole rests a pap, and the stones rest on a hearth both high and large. The oven is likewise a hole in the stone wall, heated by means of brushwood thrown inside, which is taken out ere the meat is enclosed, and a lid covers it to keep in the heat. Wood and broom are used to put under the pots, when cooking, at other times the fire is put out.

Montreal, 24th July, 1854.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.—(*Mus messorius.*)

The Harvest-Mouse is the smallest of the British quadrupeds; so small is it, that a full-grown one weighs no more than sixty-five grains. It is a lively, active, playful little creature; its eyes are dark; its general color is a delicate reddish fawn; but the under

parts are white ; the ears are short and rounded ; the tail is rather shorter than the body. The length of the head and body is two inches six lines. The nest of the Harvest-Mouse is a very singular construction ; it is usually suspended on some growing vegetable, a thistle, a beanstalk, or some adjoining stems of wheat, with which it rocks and waves in the wind ; but, to prevent the young from being dislodged by any violent agitation of the plant, the parent closes up the entrance so uniformly with the whole fabric, that the real opening is with difficulty found. The nest is most artificially platted, and composed of blades of wheat nearly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball ; it is so compact and well closed, that it can be rolled across a table without being injured.

The Rev. W. Bingley, in his Memoirs of British Quadrupeds, has the following very interesting remarks, illustrating the habits of an individual for some time kept alive in his possession. " About the middle of September, 1804, I had a female harvest-mouse given to me. When there was no noise, she would venture to come out of her hiding place at the extremity of the cage, and climb about among the wires of the open part before me. In doing this, I remarked that her tail was prehensile, and that, to render her hold the more secure, she generally coiled the extremity of it round one of the wires. The toes of all the feet were particularly long and flexile, and she could grasp the wires very firmly with any of them. She frequently rested on her hind feet, somewhat in the manner of the jerboa, for the purpose of looking about her, and in this attitude could extend her body at such an angle as at first greatly surprised me. She was a beautiful little animal, and her various attitudes in cleaning her face, head, and body, with her paws, were peculiarly graceful and elegant.

One evening, as I was sitting at my writing-desk, and the animal was playing about in the open part of its cage, a large blue fly happened to buzz against the wires ; the little creature, although at twice or thrice the distance of her own length from it, sprang along the wires with the greatest agility, and would certainly have seized it, had the space betwixt the wires been sufficiently wide to have admitted her teeth or paws to reach it. I was surprised at this occurrence, as I had been led to believe that the harvest-mouse was merely a granivorous animal. I caught the fly, and made it buzz in my fingers against the wires. The mouse, though usually shy and timid, immediately came out of her hiding-place, and, running to the spot, seized and devoured it. From this time I fed her with insects whenever I could get them ; and she always preferred them to every other kind of food that I offered her. When this mouse was first put into her cage, a piece of fine flannel was folded up into the dark part of it as a bed, and I put some grass and bran into the large open part. In the course of a few days all the grass was

removed; and, on examining the cage, I found it very neatly arranged between the folds of the flannel, and rendered more soft by being mixed with the knap of the flannel, which the animal had torn off in considerable quantity for the purpose. The chief part of this operation must have taken place in the night; for although the mouse was generally awake and active during the daytime, yet I never once observed it employed in removing the grass. On opening its nest about the latter end of October, 1804, I remarked that there were among the grass and wood at the bottom about forty grains of maize. These appeared to have been arranged with some care and regularity, and every grain had the corcule, or growing part, eaten out, the lobes only being left. This seemed so much like an operation induced by the instinctive propensity that some quadrupeds are endowed with for storing up food for support during the winter months, that I soon afterwards put into the cage about a hundred additional grains of maize. These were all in a short time carried away, and on a second examination I found them stored up in the manner of the former. But though the animal was well supplied with other food, and particularly with bread, which it seemed very fond of, and although it continued perfectly active through the whole winter, on examining its nest a third time, about the end of November, I observed that the food in its repository was all consumed except about half a dozen grains.—*Chronicles of the Seasons.*

EDITORIAL.

The July number of the "Maple Leaf" was issued later than usual. The extreme heat, together with the prevailing sickness in the city, affected business, and prevented the necessary despatch. Our publisher found it difficult, for a while, to retain men enough to keep the press in motion. Such being the case, we trust our subscribers will overlook the tardiness.

Notwithstanding the heat, we have received a good number of original articles for this issue. Mrs. Traill's pretty little narrative will be liked. The charm of her writings is their truthful simplicity of style. She is, we believe, about to send forth a work of practical character, which will be very useful to settlers in Canada. We are expecting to receive a specimen number, when we shall notice it more particularly.

We have to thank "Persolus" for his continued interest in the "Maple Leaf." His articles exhibit a cultivated taste, not only, but most of them seizing on some passing incident, or sentiment, bring out fine thoughts, and convey elevating moral lessons.

We welcome the communication from "A lady residing in Montreal," and hope she will favor our readers with more of her interesting notes.

"Edla" has sent us a sweet little poam, inspired by the pure influences of Green Mountain scenery. "S. E. H." and "Isidor" have also our thanks, and we are glad to find that Mrs. Hayward does not forget us, though the first chapter of a promised tale from her facile pen has not reached us. We hope to lay it before our readers in the next number.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

"O Lord how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

There is no branch of earthly study which is so worthy the attention, not only of the scholar, but of every intelligent mind, as the study of nature. The diligent perusal of this *First Book*, written by the hand of the Almighty, will infix in the soul, beautiful and enduring lessons of the wisdom and skill of its great Author. Its teachings will enlarge the mental vision, elevate and purify the sensibilities, and furnish ample scope for the greatest activities of those faculties of the mind, which otherwise, would either lie dormant, or be employed in a manner worse than useless. It is certainly true, that by occupying our minds in studying the works of nature, we take the surest course to free ourselves from the thraldom of those narrow and contracted views, which a constant attention to our own physical wants is calculated to produce. And whatever has the tendency to draw away our minds, even for a brief season, from our every-day wants, and personal concerns, is elevating to the soul.

We have called this an *earthly study*, and so it is; for by the study of nature, we mean researches and inquiries concerning the globe upon which we dwell, and its myriads of inhabitants, from man, at the summit of the scale, down to the lowest form of animal life, and we would by no means exclude the vegetable kingdom from the field of our inquiry; yet, though it be an earthly study, it must lead the thoughtful mind upward from earth to the Great Being, who is the Creator and Upholder of this vast assemblage of animate and inanimate matter. We have here a vast field for research; so vast, that the longest term of years allotted to human existence will in no wise exhaust its resources. The more one learns here, as elsewhere, the more he may learn of the skill and wisdom everywhere displayed in the works of God. And no study can be more fascinating than this. Those who give themselves up wholly to it, as a pursuit, become so charmed with it, as to regard other branches of knowledge with disrelish. While it is, doubtless, both wrong and unwise to devote our energies exclusively to any one study, to the neglect of others, or of our ordinary duties, yet it seems strange that an in-

telligent, inquiring mind can live in this "beautiful world of ours," surrounded by objects of such deep interest, and give no heed to the countless examples of contrivance and skill, which examples are, one, and all, so many illustrations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of their Maker. But very many do this. Very many see no beauty in the blue sky over their heads, with its hosts of glittering stars, and its moon with placid face; to their ears, the green earth, with such a vast variety of animal life, and teeming with its luxuriant vegetation, speaks no language, or at least one they do not care to understand. True, the sun, in his glory, shines upon them, but they deem him but the herald, summoning them to another day's toil, or another day's pleasure. As he issues from "his fair chambers in the east," he speaks not to their hearts of One, mightier and more glorious far, and beautiful than the sun. The dim old forests, decked in their summer apparel, or stripped of their foilage by the rude blasts of autumn, have no voice for them. The babbling brook, the placid lake, the majestic river, waken no response of joy in their bosoms. The grey peak of the distant mountain, shrouded in mist, may rise to kiss the clouds, they heed it not. The flower, blooming by the wayside, or in the poor man's garden, or mid the desert sands, tells to them no tale of the loving care of God, the merciful All-Father. They crush the "wee daisy" under their feet, all unmindful of the beauty of its delicate cup, and slender stem. The songs of the birds, those minstrels of nature, carolled forth in joy and gladness, are unheard, or if not unheard, are unheeded by them.

The grass may grow, the flower bloom, the sun shine, the rain-drops fall, the streams rush on to the mighty deep, they seem to care not, so their chase after wealth is not checked, so they are not hindered in their hot pursuit of worldly fame. True, to many the question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is the *great* question; and to a vast majority of our race, it is so of necessity. But still, though such cannot, and ought not, to devote themselves to the study of nature, as a pursuit, they can, and ought, to avail themselves of the cordial of peace and joy, which even an occasional interview with her will yield. If the leisure moments of the man of toil, now too often spent in the haunts of dissipation and vice, or worse than wasted, in imbibing the moral and intellectual poison, con-

tained in what is termed "light reading," if these moments were employed in gaining some knowledge of those works of nature immediately around him, we can scarcely estimate the result. Happily there are some noble examples of men, who have devoted their hours of relaxation from severe manual labor to the acquisition of natural science, and, in many cases, their attainments would do honor to the closest student. In this way, many valuable collections have been gathered, in the various departments of natural science, as Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany; and many a cabinet of dried insects and stuffed animals in the poor man's home, attests the practicability of prosecuting these studies, under similar circumstances.

It is, however, generally true, that unless there be a strong natural bias in that direction, the uneducated working-man will not voluntarily seek his recreation here. He must be encouraged to do so. The man of cultivated mind and refined feelings walks forth under the canopy of the starry sky and moonlit firmament. As he looks up to the shining vault, his heart thrills with emotions of sublimity. On the same evening, perhaps in the same neighborhood, a weary laborer returning from his daily toil looks up to the same sky, but no emotion of sublimity or beauty swells in his bosom. If he thinks of the moon and stars at all, it is only as lighting him home from his toil. Why this difference? We must ascribe much, perhaps most of it, to their different circumstances in life. In the one, the original tendency of the mind to admire what is beautiful and wonderful in nature has been strengthened; in the other, repressed. But there are thousands above the reach of want, who are under no necessity of working for their daily bread, who can see nothing to admire in nature. They cannot understand the zest with which the naturalist pursues his favorite study. They call it the merest folly to spend so much time in examining "bits of rocks," or in studying the structure and habits of quadrupeds, birds, and insects. To their obtuse minds, it seems as child's play to be so charmed with the delicate organization and brilliant hue of a simple flower, blossoming on the highway, which the first careless foot may crush. *They* are more *nobly* engaged in collecting heaps of shining dust, which too soon the "rust will corrupt." They are bending all the energies of their immortal minds to gain a treasure, which, even if gained, will perish with the using. So fully have

they succeeded in enslaving their higher powers to the service of their lower nature, that now they can find no delight in beholding the works of the inimitable Artisan. To such I speak not—they would not hear me; but to the young—to those whose tastes are yet uncorrupted by the gaudy tinsel of the world of fashion and pride—to them I would address a word of advice. If you would possess a source of unfailing pleasure—if you would know of a fount of perpetual freshness—seek acquaintance and familiarity with the handiwork of the Creator, as seen everywhere in this beautiful world. It is a study that one never tires of; it is ever opening fresh springs of wonder and delight to the humble student.

If to any one branch of study, and to any one text-book, I am indebted more than to another, it is to this—the study of God in his works, and to Paley's work on Natural Theology, as opening up the subject to my mind, in all its freshness and beauty. I love to recall the hours spent in the study of that work, under the instruction of one, whose mind and heart were fully imbued with its spirit. Every recitation was a new pleasure; and the profit derived from those lessons I trust I bear with me yet.

But, while I have said so much in favor of studying the book of nature, I would not be understood as advocating the neglect of that younger, but more *precious* book, THE BIBLE. By no means; for I truly believe, that till one is imbued with the spirit God's word, he is not capable of reaping the largest benefit from the study of nature. Rather let these, like sisters, go hand in hand—the younger ever leading the way—inasmuch as Nature, being here blind herself, can in no possible way show to us the "*way of life.*" But with Revelation for a guide, she will point to us many beautiful illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Being who is the Father of both. Let us seek to know more of Him in his works here; and hereafter, if we are his children, we shall be taken to see Him in that bright and glorious world, of which the poet says:—

> "The stars are but the shining dust
> Of his divine abode."

S. E. H.

Montreal, August, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

"THE SHIPS, HE CRIED, THE SHIPS OF THE LONELY ISLES."

BY PERSOLUS.

I have had a pleasant ramble, and enjoyment prompts my wanton pen. What a difference between the sultry sluggish air of the counting-house, and the cooling grateful breeze from our bright river! Often have I fancied that I met it, like a strange and bewildered wanderer, struggling to find its way through the close dusty streets. I would feel a refreshing puff upon my face, but ere I had time to catch a single inspiration, 'twould be gone, completely lost in the choking pent-up atmosphere, that rots within our city and its suburbs.

I am very fond of ships. In days not very far "Lang Syne," one of my most valued playthings, was a miniature ship, ingeniously constructed with a leaden keel. Often did I wade through mud-puddles, after my little boat; which, though but a toy, and perhaps sailing in a wash-tub, I looked upon as

> "A glittering ship that hath the plain
> Of ocean for her own domain;"

and on board of which I had hair-breadth escapes innumerable, from long low polacres, and rakish privateers; but I was not always the "chase" for the glory of our country, and the honor of that country's meteor flag. I had the satisfaction of soundly drubbing, in many exciting engagements, and finally capturing, a certain "Paul Jones," who much troubled my budding patriotism; inasmuch as he had (vide the appendix to an American edition of Walker's Dictionary) frequently, with half the weight of metal, half the men, and despite the most adverse winds, and all other such considerations, succeeded in hauling down our proud flag, even on its own imperial seas. We had martial law in those days; and be sure, I never saw as much grace and elegance in the varying motion of the yard arm of my little ship, as I did when my hated enemy depended therefrom. But I must close the gates, or the stream of memory will whelm me in its rushing flow.

Broad rivers have abrupt turnings, just like little rills; so also, doth the strange metaphysical faculty of thought, whether in a small or great mind, abruptly change its tour. Thus justified, I

am again in the present, and strolling along our wharves. I amuse myself by comparing the build and rigging of the different vessels in front; and although a mere land lubber, unable to see either as a seaman or shipbuilder, I cannot fail to notice a giant form and strength in their blackened hulls. And when my eye follows the graceful, airy cordage, from the staunch bulwarks to the summits of the towering masts, a clear sense of Hogarth's line of beauty fills my mind. No matter how much begrimmed with tar, or how funereal its color, a beautiful thing is a ship. And every one that lies along the dock, the trim brig from the Indies, as well as the dignified three-mast vessel hailing from some noted port far across the sea, all are rich in pleasant and stirring associations. How many sunny seas have they sailed through; and again, how often has their canvass been torn to shreds, and their stately masts made to bend, like wands, before the storm king's power. Here is one very much shattered, her figure-head carried away, doubtless in some fierce conflict with the treacherous deep, now safely moored in a peaceful haven; she is gently bobbing up and down, as if in sympathy with the full pulsations of the noble stream on which she rests. The little waves ripple laughingly along those sturdy sides, where once the mountain billow dashed itself to foam; the masts are bare and naked, as when she lay rocked

> "In the cradle of the rude imperious surge;"

Or when,

> "In the visitation of the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by their tops,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,"

she sped before the driving gale, her groaning timbers throbbing with energetic life.

But there is a ship in motion; a pretty name too, the "Sunrise," with her bow turned eastward, (how fitting!) she is clearing the port. There is danger on the sea, but no evidence of fear with her; the gay pennon that flutters from her mast, appears the very personification of that daring hope, which is so repeatedly successful. I hold no Bills of Lading from her captain, yet am I interested. Whither away, thou ship? 'Tis a startling question. Ask whither away!

July 18, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LETTERS.

They are the harbingers of joy, the bright picturings of home scenes and endeared associations; they come to us in the artless style and pathos of expression suited to the flow of affectionate feeling; they enclose gems of thought, dashes of wit, and glow with fanciful delineations. Divested of formality, yet tenderly alive to the nicer courtesies of feeling, bringing to light many a forgotten pleasure, burnishing many a long-gone joy till its memory is radiant, speaking of present hopes and pleasures, present anxieties and sorrows, a well-written letter, coming from the home of our love, receives our warmest welcome, and bespeaks from us a tenderness which we cannot express in words.

Letters—we mean neatly, well-filled sheets—plainly directed, how pure and beautiful they look! bringing the absent friend before us. We enter into his feelings, sympathise in his hopes, our hearts beat with pleasure as he recounts his plans, and gain strength as we read of his victories over self, his noble endeavors to live usefully and worthily. Often when we are discouraged, sick of our own thoughts, pained at our own imperfections, ready to say "Who will show us any good," we receive a letter, and forget ourselves as the well-known writing meets our view. Encouragement and sympathy blend in every line, and pervade the whole. O what a treasure is that well-timed letter! What a soother of our morbid heart! what aspirations take the place of our former gloom, and how strong grows the link that binds us to that absent friend.

A letter from home,—the husband and father eagerly opens it. He sees the same peculiar chirography that charmed his eye lang syne, when a ray of beauty first rested upon his life,—perhaps not quite so firm now as then, for household cares have blunted the pen's free course, and the expressions are tempered, for experience has added a shade of prudent thought to the still fair brow of the writer. Every line is filled with tender devotion to his happiness, and every affectionate mention of his absence, every right sentiment expressed by his children, she weaves in as flowers into her sentences, the burden of which is, their deprivation at his absence, and their ardent desire for his speedy return. If that husband's heart had grown indifferent, or too

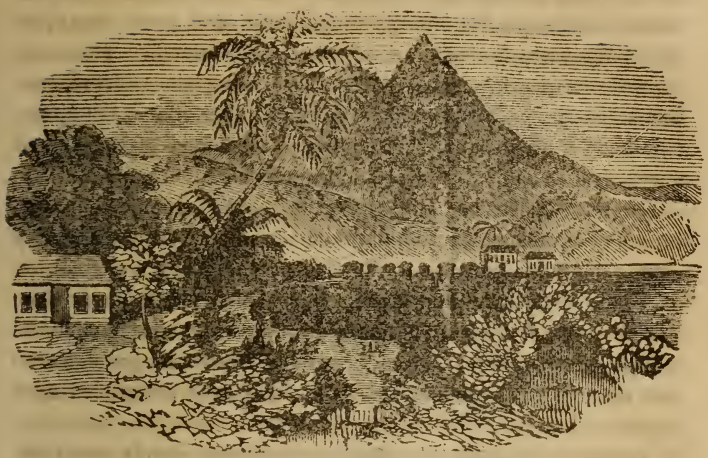
much occupied with other things to realize the charming ministration of loving ones, the cheerful letter, coming to him fresh from the domestic circle, will draw him towards it irresistibly, and warm into new life, holy sympathies in its joys and occupations.

We have seen a mother whose heart was bound to an absent son, a youth of promise, who left her to better their fortune. From a distant land, written amid the hurry of business, at intervals that others would have consumed in idle conversation, his letters come regularly, cheering her widowed heart, and raising hopes of future happiness with the son of her love. He gives her graphic descriptions of the country, its scenery and inhabitants; and endeavors to make her acquainted with the characters who most interest him. He knows that the fire of imagination has not died out of that warm spirit, and that the pleasures of his youthful heart will be appreciated by the mother who, while she taught him to regulate his desires by the standard of right, set an example of cheerful interest in all his joys.

Tupper has said, beautifully said, "A letter timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection." We ought, then, to prize letters, and never let them lie neglected. It is a good habit to answer them at once, at the earliest leisure,—not in careless style, as if we thought anything in the shape of a letter would do to send our friends, but carefully, cultivating a refinement of expression and a natural flow of sentences that shall commend us to others; for letters are transcripts of our minds, and indexes of our hearts.

August 10, 1854.

A Good Man's Wish.—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid down in the grave, have some one in his manhood stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him;" or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, say to her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the costliest monument of marble.



View of Upolu.

GEMS OF THE OCEAN.

Give wings to your imagination, young reader. Soar away over land and sea to the far off and wide-spreading Ocean denominated the Pacific, and there poising your wing, look down upon the innumerable islands that lie scattered over tha tvast extent of water. There they stand, earth's loveliest spots, all beautiful by reason of their natural scenery, their glowing verdure, their pleasant climate, and their brilliant sky. I call these islands 'Ocean Gems,' and so they are. Gems in the sight of the naturalist, because here some of nature's rarest works are found; gems in the estimation of the philanthropist, because here he has found a fine field producing laurels for his brow; and gems in the view of saints and God and angels, because from these islands of the Southern Sea, bright souls have gone up to glory; there the cross has triumphed; and often from their shores, there mingle with angel-songs and voices, the sweet offerings of holy prayer and praise to heaven.

Over these Ocean Gems I want you for a little time to pause and look about you, while I present to you some brief descriptions of their character. More than one sort of island meets the view. There are the beautiful volcanic islands, some of which have towering mountains rising to the height of from 10,000 to 15,000

feet. These are the most beautiful of all the islands. The immense mountains rise directly from the sea, and tower away, till their lofty peaks are lost amidst the clouds above. The most fantastic shapes are assumed by these mountains. Here, one stands out like a vast pyramid; there, another like a tall spire; and there, a number together, giving you the idea of the rugged towers and strong walls of some gigantic castle. Running in between these noble mountains, are deep valleys abounding with scenes of exquisite beauty and grandeur. There grow the stately palms, the noble bread fruit, the elegant cocoa-nut, the great banana, the Brazilian plum, besides many other vegetable productions of tropical climes. Trees of gigantic size, and splendid with foliage, always green. Here, beauty, wildness and grandeur, all mix together, and produce scenes of loveliness unequalled upon earth.

There is no doubt that these mountainous islands are of volcanic origin, and that, at some very remote period, they were pushed up from great depths in the sea by the action of volcanoes. There is evidence that, at some time or other, they have all been under water; for on the tops of the highest mountains yet reached, corals, shells and other marine substances, are found. You may think what a heaving there must have been below to raise up these hills; what earthquakes to rend them asunder; and then, perhaps, what burning and boiling on the island for ages, till the volcanoes had cooled down, or burned out their fire, and left the place fit for man to live on. Then, following the volcanic in order of beauty, are the crystalure islands. These are thought to have been at one time coral, but being upheaved by some great convulsion to from 100 to 500 feet as they now stand above the level of the sea, and thus exposed to the action of air, and light, and sea, for many ages, the rocks have become hard and bright, and are now crystalized carbonate of lime. These islands are not so magnificent as these above named, but extremely beautiful, and though less rugged, are even more clothed with a fine and luxuriant vegetation than those with loftier and more broken hills.

Still lower than these, only a few feet above the level of the sea, are the far-famed coral islands. These are often small, and always flat and low. The soil on them is very thin, and the vegetation in general less luxuriant, though some of them are very

fertile and beautiful. These islands are universally believed to be the work of the little coral insects, which beginning their labours far down in the sea, have toiled on with constant perseverance, adding particle to particle of the lime they gathered from the surrounding sea, till they had piled up a wall of many hundred feet in height, and reached the surface of the ocean. There their work has ceased, and the rolling waves have done the rest to finish the island for the residence of man. Sand, rubbish, trees, sea-weed, and other matters, have gradually been washed upon the island, so forming a sort of soil on its surface in which trees and plants might grow. Seeds have been dropped by birds, or brought by the sea, and by and by the island has been covered with lovely shrubs and trees.

Such are the gems of the ocean. Fancy yourself as placed like a bird in the air, high up above the lofty hills of the island of Upolu; and now look far and wide upon the sea, spreading out on every hand. Just below you is the Samoan group, with Savai, Upolu, Tuituila, and others of the volcanic class. Some hundreds of miles to the south-east are seen the Hervey islands, one of the largest of which is Aitutaki. Far to the east of these again are the Society islands, the chief of which is the ill-used but ever deeply interesting island of Tahiti, and beside it the lovely little Eimeo. East of these you see the Dangerous Archipelego, studded with little islands; and on, far to the north of these, the Marquesas group. Looking due north—far as the eye can reach—you catch a glimpse of the Sandwich islands, where Hawaii, the largest, is still burning and boiling away. On to the west and north-west, innumerable islands are to be seen;- and coming nearer, and close at hand, are the New Hebrides, the Figii, the Friendly, and other groups. All these islands are more or less filled with people. Many of them are yet covered with pagan darkness, but about 200 have now been claimed for Christ; and from their lovely groves, sweet songs and holy prayers go up daily to His throne, the delightful earnest of *all* being some day converted by his love.—*Selected.*

Men will have the same veneration for a person who suffers adversiry without dejection, as for demolished temples, the very ruins whereof are reverenced and adored.

[For the Maple Leaf.

LILAC COTTAGE,

August 16, 1854.

Dear Editor,—It is several weeks since I left your city for a season of relaxation among the hills and valleys of New England. I need not tell you that, as I left its glittering spires and noble mountain in the distance, a thousand strong affections clasped their invisible links around Montreal, and earnest prayers ascended to heaven, and fell like a benediction over the place.

Could *I* have directed, how quickly would I have transferred the busy, careworn brains and languid frames of many of its denizens to the quiet retirement I myself was seeking, but this might not be, and I satisfied myself with the hope that for them *too* a day of rest would dawn.

I am passing my time in one of the most quiet and rural little nooks to be found among the Green Mountains. The village consists of about twenty houses, among which may be numbered a neat little church and school-house.

The place is humble; it boasts no attractions save those which nature has lavished on it, and these, to the eye accustomed to the sameness of brick walls, and the smoky atmosphere of the crowded city, are sufficient of themselves.

There is an old saying—"God made the country; man made the town"—which is perhaps the best comment on the difference between the two. This charming little place is not new to me, though years have sped since I last visited it. Its hills and valleys, its rocks and trees, are all dear to me,—dear, because over them brood sweet memories; around them cluster pleasant associations, which glimmer like evening stars over the landscape of the past.

But, as I write, I forget that of all the readers of the "Maple Leaf," none will be interested in "Lilac Cottage,"—none will care for its quiet retirement; to none, save myself, will it matter that within its walls loved voices have echoed; that dear forms have sat with me in the deepening twilight; that gentle hands have clasped mine, and links of friendship, stronger than death, have been cemented. Oh! no, this will not interest strangers; they cannot look down into the heart, and

behold engraved on its living pages the glowing pictures of *by-gone time.* For them I must speak of the present, and gladly would I describe the beauty which seems to hover like a guardian spirit over this romantic section of country.

We are environed by the Green Mountains, and as far as the eye can reach on the distant horizon, are defined the wood-crowned summits of the Adirondack. Here and there, between the hills, glimpses of the lake, which forms the western boundary of Vermont, greet the eye; while over all, like a halo, rests the pure, warm sunlight. The road, passing the door of the cottage, winds its way down a hill, and is lost in the woods beyond. The houses—good, substantial farm-houses—stand on either side of the road, short distances apart, and, at the farther end of the village, stands the *burying ground,*—a place of such deep interest to the living, that it may not pass unnoticed.

A few evenings since, I strolled down to this hallowed place; I had not been in it for many years, and memory called up, very vividly, the time when I had stood there, and beheld a beloved brother consigned to his last resting place. I was then very young, and, as I saw the coffin lowered into the earth, and heard the mournful echo of the clods as they fell on it, I felt that there could be no balm for such a sorrow, but *now,* as I stood by the green mound which had so long covered all that was perishable of my beloved J——, I no longer thought of the frail, but beautiful tenement, over which had been pronounced the solemn words, "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," but of the radiant spirit for awhile a dweller among the mists and shadows here,—now an inhabitant of the glorious spirit-land. The voice, which swelled so musically as it poured forth the song of the redeemed on earth, now accompanies an angel-lyre amid the jubilant hosts of heaven;—the smile, which rested like a halo over the face of the dying boy, has been replaced by the beauty which *immortals* wear.

"Made perfect through suffering," he now revels in the scenes he longed for here; even though his pilgrimage was short. *He* has gone *home,* but often at the twilight hour, when the great heart of Nature beats with gentler pulsations, and thought involuntarily reaches out over the broad universe, he seems once more present with us,—suggesting high aims and

holy purposes,—leading us, with invisible hands, from earth to heaven. And so of *all* the loved and lost,—"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." This idea seems to many, who accept nothing which they cannot understand, too visionary for belief; and yet, if we were to base all our belief on what we *know*, how limited would be our intellectual and moral vision.

How little, for instance, do we *know* of the process by which animal and vegetable life are produced or sustained, and yet, who doubts that the earth is clothed in her beautiful garments, or that *we* live?

If, then, we cannot explain what we *see*, shall we refuse to believe what we cannot see, simply because it is mysterious? The book of Nature and of Revelation alike forbid it. Let us beware, then, how we set down, as visionary, the belief in which so many find comfort,—viz., that the spirits of the departed minister to us here.

But I have been led on to say more than I intended on this disputed point, and refrain, feeling quite incompetent to touch a subject which has puzzled so many wiser heads than mine, and on which so much has been said and written. And now to return to the little grave-yard. The tombstones are nearly all white, though some have grown gray with the lapse of years. These stones are monuments of severed ties, telling tales whose sequels are written on high; records are they of heart-rending separations, only to be compensated by the endless re-unions of heaven. Thus much for the resting place of the dead, though memory loves to linger over the scene, and imagination to picture the glory of the waking at the resurrection.

There is little of note in M—— to interest strangers. In one part of the town there is a cave, which tradition says the red man once occupied as a rendezvous. The mouth of the cave is reached by a succession of what may be called natural stairs descending in a defile of rocks. Near the entrance is a small cavity in the side of the rocks resembling a fire-place, and said to have been used for that purpose. The burned and blackened appearance of the back seems to warrant the fact.

Though this cave is not to be compared to many of the

wonders of nature in other places, yet the wild rugged scenery by which it is surrounded, will well repay a visit. The cave is about forty-two feet in depth and ten in width, and is divided into two apartments. At a little distance from the cave, on the side of the hill, is an immense rock called the *Natural Oven.* In shape it resembles the old-fashioned brick ovens, which we sometimes see in the country. The roads in this vicinity are rough and hilly, and riding over them may be supposed to be anything but monotonous.

On the whole, there is about everything here, a sort of freedom and independence one cannot help liking.

I shall soon turn my steps northward, but I shall not go back with indifference. Since I have been here, *Friendship* has strengthened her stakes, and though she must lengthen her cords to follow the wanderer, she is powerful to do so. The strong bands of affection will reach back from my heart to encircle the friends who have made me so happy. Still young and joyous, the loved of other years are to me unchanged, and though some are united in stronger bonds than those of friendship, that fact has not weakened old ties. But I trespass on your patience, and must bid you adieu.

EDLA.

[For the Maple Leaf.

EVENING AMONG THE GRAVES.

The other evening I wandered into a burying-ground at that holy hour when "even the very leaves seem stirred with prayer," and the spirit of contemplation flings its mantle over the soul. It was one of those lovely evenings when the great king of the firmament sinks to repose in more than regal splendour; when we can almost imagine that the angels of heaven have gathered around the great luminary in his western palace and doffed their garments to make a couch for him. At such moments as these, the beauty and harmony of the natural world, which God has made, contrast strangely with the endless jarrings and twisted deformity of the artificial world, which man has made. The time and place were peculiarly fitted to foster such reflections, and dreaming and pondering in this strain, I loitered among the dead until the sun completely disappeared, and the cold night-breeze

was creeping among the graves. "Melancholy past-time, cheerless recreation," some will say. Melancholy, it is, but not altogether cheerless, and certainly neither uninstructive nor unprofitable. Perhaps it is a singular habit, but from my earliest days the churchyard has been a favourite haunt of mine. "Lang syne" I was wont to indulge this propensity by scrambling over the close-laid stones in the High Church cemetery of Glasgow, my native city. I have since loitered in the grave-yards of England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain and America; wherever my wayward fate has led me, I have visited the homes of the dead. I have strolled amongst them when the snow crisped under my feet, and nature, like the sleepers beneath, was hushed in the embrace of death; and I have mused over them when the fresh green grass was glancing in the sunbeams and the "gowans" were springing thick among it, and all nature was bursting into glorious life, as we believe the dead who "die in the Lord" will one day do. In all seasons, and in all places, a visit to a "field of the dead" inspires holy feelings and pleasingly melancholy thoughts. Whether we stand over the bed of some one whose gaudy monument tells that the sleeper below was rich in this world's goods; or over the unmarked hillock which tells that its peaceful tenant was one of the many children of poverty who in death, as in life, remain undistinguished; one cannot spend an hour in such meditation without being better and wiser for it, at least for the moment; and we would be permanently so, were it not that the first brush we receive from the world brushes the calm holy breathings from the soul, as the first touch of the fingers takes the down from the wing of the butterfly. While we are thus engaged, the great world of humanity, with all its harassing cares and petty vexations, is for the time shut out; we can hear its din, but for the moment we have no sympathy with it, but feel a kind of pity for it, and involuntarily quote the words of inspiration—"we spend our days as a tale that is told;" for all that is near us at that moment, conspires to impress the mind with the fleeting nature of man's earthly career, and the very evening air among the grass whispers in the listening ear "Prepare to meet thy God!"

ADA.

Montreal, August, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

NOTES OF A SIX YEARS RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA.

NO. II.

One of the Madeira peculiarities which annoyed me much on my first landing was, that every poor peasant thinks it only politeness to speak to you in passing. "Com s'ta?" "Sta baa." "Passon bein o' noite?" "How are you?" "Quite well." "How did you pass the night?" This is the unvarying salutation, and seeing I knew nothing of the language, or of the meaning of what was said, I did not feel quite at ease to be stopped at all times in my rambling expeditions. The Portuguese gentlemen again think it their duty to take off their hats to every lady, if she will only give them the opportunity by raising her eyes in passing them, a circumstance which sometimes prevented my recognizing my own English friends, so afraid was I of countenancing these impertinent Signors, who are always to be found in clusters at corners of streets, or in the (Prasas) public walks, ready to pervert any poor silly servant girl who, being newly come out, is foolish enough to permit their attentions. The Portuguese manner of disposing of property has something to do with the idle and useless life the Morgado or nobleman leads. When the proprietor of an estate dies, the property is equally divided amongst the heirs, and though there is but a bare subsistence, still he must not soil his hands by trade. Their custom is to make a bargain with a wine merchant for the proceeds of their estates, which are all cultivated with a view to the Madeira wines, so famed in all countries. The wine merchant consents to divide the sum agreed upon into twelve portions, and the Morgado calls every month to receive his stipulated payment. The estate itself is farmed out to some industrious man, the invariable arrangement being, that after the church has received a tenth, the landlord and tenant divide the profits, while the tenant at the same time has to bear all the expense for trellis-work, out-houses, or anything required. The Portuguese are very affectionate in their greetings to one another; and it certainly is somewhat startling to see great black-bearded men rush into each other's arms, and hug and kiss each other from ear to ear. The Portuguese are all Roman Catholics, and even some of the English residents have been led astray. Of course there are numberless holidays which the English resi-

dents engaged in business at other times, very frequently devote to country excursions. In this way, my kind friends shewed me the Corrals, Cape Geram, Mount Church, and many other interesting points of scenery. Higher up, amongst the hills, the scenery reminded me of some parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Everything is on the grand and majestic scale,—high rocks, deep ravines, wooded valleys, path-ways but a few feet in width, where one false step of your horse, sends you rolling down what seems a fathomless abyss. These real dangers, and the fatigue resulting from bad roads, right up or down hill, deprived me of much of the pleasure which the beautiful scenery would otherwise have afforded me. The horses, too, are very uncertain, unless one keeps their own pony,—a course which is not advisable, unless you can make up your mind to ride several hours a day, for if not ridden regularly they are quite unmanageable. The general custom is to apply at the stables, which are kept in town, where both horses and bouragucéras, or grooms, are provided. Whether you are to have a good horse or not depends much upon the manner in which you fee your groom. The groom himself is a curiosity: as soon as the horse begins to trot he takes hold of it by the tail, and its wildest gallop can seldom induce him to let go his hold.

Montreal, August, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

In an apartment furnished not only with every luxury of modern days, but also embellished with exquisite gems of rare and ancient art, the walls adorned with paintings by the best masters, the very atmosphere around breathing the abode of a refined and intellectual mind, sat a man apparently in the prime of life. Among the dark rich locks shading his finely developed head and brow, were, however, scattered lines of grey, and over his handsome features was spread a shade of gloom, as he sat gazing intently on the cheerful light of the wood fire before him. Suddenly, his eye flashed with an almost supernatural brilliancy, the proud and finely chiselled lip curled with scorn, he sprang up from the reverie in which he had been indulging.

"Why should I have allowed the idle remarks of a thoughtless

mortal thus to move me! But it is past, and it will not again be within his power to annoy me. 'Happy old Bachelor,' too often used, but how misapplied an expression. How would those who laughingly address that stale vulgar jest to me, start with horror could they see the wearied worn heart concealed by a seemingly calm exterior? Happy," and the long sigh which followed this soliloquy, as he again sunk down on the couch from which he had arisen; told, indeed, of a heart but ill at ease. And how often do we hear that expression thoughtlessly spoken by those who see not beneath the surface.

Many a wounded and noble heart lies buried under that apparently joyous, but to many the truly joyless portion of a bachelor.

One perhaps, with warm enthusiastic feelings, woven with every honorable emotion of which the human soul is capable, has been wrecked for ever by the false heart of her to whom his early faith was plighted. In some, perhaps, the shock, so sudden, so overwhelming, has in time yielded to the deep love of a true woman. A mother, or loving sisters have bound up the scattered links of faith and hope, and by their untiring devotion, he has again ventured to seek for, and win a love worthy his own. But it may be, he had no other ties to bind him to earth, and his soul, tempest-tossed and reckless, from the one bitter and abiding pang, has never sought to sun itself again in the light of womanly affection.

In another, death may have snatched from his fond clasp the being so formed to bless him, and her tomb has become his living grave. In another, some feeling of wounded pride, some misunderstanding, which could, by the slightest concession on either part have been fully explained; some imagined want of confidence or it may be

> "A look unkind, or wrongly taken
> A love, that tempest never shook,
> A word, a breath like this hath shaken"

For my own part I never see a man whose heart is unshared by woman's love, treading alone the rugged pathway of life, but I feel there has at some time or other in his career, been an epoch, which would stir the deep founts of womanly sympathy. And should even the pang have been self-inflicted by his own reckless or proud self-will, yet the punishment has been more

than an atonement for his folly. But we ask pardon for this digression, and will once more introduce our readers to that luxurious apartment, and its solitary tenant, Col. Fortescue.

A few moments before our opening scene, the door had closed on a man apparently some years younger, than he who sat there. They had for some time been conversing on various subjects, when, emboldened by Col. Fortescue's cordiality of manner, and his long intimacy with him, he, in an unlucky moment, had, to gratify his own curiosity, and to fulfill a wager he had laid with a friend, ventured to touch on (he well knew) a forbidden subject.

"Col. Fortescue, do now gratify me by informing me of the real cause of separation between you and the beautiful Emilie de Béranger."

The next moment, but little aware of the smothered wrath and agony those few words had aroused, he would, how gladly, have recalled them. A deadly paleness overspread the features of Col. Fortescue. He essayed to speak, to move, but the past agony of a life prevented him.

Mr. Seymour sprang to him, entreating him to be calm, and imploring pardon for the pain he had unwittingly given him.

He haughtily moved him aside, and in a few minutes rising, his commanding figure, drawn to its full height, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon him, he spoke, though in a hollow and sepulchral tone.

"Mr. Seymour, we have for many years been intimate friends; but I never expected to see the day when you would encroach on that intimacy to touch a sacred and forbidden subject. Henceforward we are strangers." "Leave me Sir," as Mr. Seymour again attempted to excuse himself; "leave me, and know there are human hearts whose hidden founts of joy or of sorrow must be let alone, save by Him to whom all hearts are open."

From that hour they never met, and in a few days Mr. Seymour found himself in possession of a valuable appointment in the Presidency of Madras. He but too well knew to whom he was indebted for it, to one, whose heart, though scorched by the bitter fire of unavailing regret, yet overflowed with noble and generous emotions.

Perhaps our readers will be anxious to hear to which class of

bachelors Col. Fortescue belonged, but before they ascertain that fact, they must be content to retrace some five and twenty years of his life, which, however, we will reserve for another chapter.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, Port Hope.

A CALIFORNIA SCENE.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY J. M.

The valley of the Sacramento I should judge to be about four hundred miles long, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles in width. Leaving the city of Sacramento and travelling about one point south of east, thirty-fivemiles, or there abouts, over a slightly undulating country, we come to the Macosumnes river. About one mile and-a-half before we reach its waters, is a somewhat abrupt descent from the table-land into the flat or bottom-land which forms the valley of the river. The shelf-like eminence which overhangs the flat is nearly one hundred and fifty feet above. Taking my stand on this spot I obtained one of the most remarkable views that ever met my eye. It was in early Spring, when Nature was dressed in her most lovely attire. The scene was better suited to a painter than a feeble pen; but I could not help reflecting, how inferior are the works of art when compared to the majesty of God's handiwork. The grand, sublime and beautiful, on the most magnificent scale, were blended into one and the same view. I was filled with awe and wonder when for the first time I stood on Table Rock and gazed upon the Falls of Niagara; but no such peculiar sensation came over me, as on this occasion. That was a unity; this a combination of many elements in exact harmony.

On the west was the Sacramento Valley, stretching out as far as the eye could reach in almost every direction, spotted here and there with clumps of trees, which mark the winding course of the American river until its placid waters combine with those of the Sacramento, and flow still onward to the ocean. A little farther to the right, was the Coast Range, presenting a long line of craggy cliffs, piled one upon the other in so confused a mass as to give one the idea that the refuse of creation had been "tipped up" there, hurly-burly, without any particular regard to arrangement;

opening its massive walls to the right and left, as if in proud submission, to permit the waters of the majestic Sacramento to pass on. Still farther north, rising majestically above the other peaks, and looking down upon them as if in scornful derision, the Buttes stand out, a kind of guardian sentinel over the inferior portion of the mountain family, a huge guidepost to direct the traveler along his way. This is what Benton proposed as the everlasting monument of Washington and of the glory of America. What an idea! Only think of a sign-board extending across that huge pile, the glittering letters carved out two miles apart which the emigrant as he passes over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada at the distance of one hundred miles, reads plainly, making out the words—WASHINGTON and AMERICA. Apparently but a short distance to the south, the Table Mountain modestly raises its form, and looks very much as though it had been beheaded. Trees are visible on its rugged sides; but the top is flat, giving it the appearance of the base of a cone, or a table, from which it received its name. Still further to the south, and almost buried in the distance is Mount Diabolo, which overlooks the Bay of San Francisco. The Mexicans have long had a superstitions belief that evil spirits had their abode there. Turning to the east, the grandest spectacle is here beheld. Below, the gentle waters of the Macosumnes wind slowly through the valley; flowers of every hue meet the eye; at least a hundred varieties fill the air with their delicious odors; grass of luxuriant growth waves in the breeze; while above, commencing apparently but a few miles distant, and extending to the utmost limit of view on either side, the Sierra Nevada are covered with deep snows. Not like distant clouds as seen in the west on a summer evening, piled up like bags of cotton, but one continuous line of deep, deep snow. These snows continue till late in the summer, wasting gradually away when the heat becomes so intense that they yield to its warm embrace; all except here and there a spot on the more elevated peaks. Between, among the hills which rise gradually, one after another, and along the upper part of the Macosumnes as you ascend into the mountains, are thousands of miners busily delving, like so many moles, from morning till night, day after day, washing in the cold water which flows from the everlasting snows above them.

But a short distance from this locality, where the hills begin to

present an abrupt form, and the traveler begins to grow weary from the prospect before him, is a spring of perennial flow, from whose waters many a tired pilgrim has slaked his thirst. I sat down by its side, thinking more of the journey before me than of quenching my thirst. Near by I observed a grave; standing at each end was a roughly hewn pine slab, partially decayed, upon one of which, had been carved with a knife, "C. Mason," the name of him who slept beneath. It was a miner's grave. On inquiry I learned that it was my old friend and acquaintance, Charles Mason, of Connecticut. He was the only son of a widowed mother, a noble fellow—frank, generous, open, who by his own exertions had obtained a fair education; of poor, but respectable parentage, and moderately ambitious. In '49, when the gold-fever raged so generally throughout the country, he became its early victim. He left all the endearments of home impressed the parting kiss upon his mother and sisters, and with buoyant hopes of speedily obtaining a competency for their support, sought the far-off land of California. He swung the pick and shovel in these deep gorges; his merry laugh rang through the hills; the sound of his voice echoed along the peaks, and his counsel was listened to by his companions. Time passed smoothly on, till relentless disease seized him as his victim, and prostrated his manly form. His malady commenced with a diarrhœa, but terminated in a fever. Confined to the rough couch of his narrow tent, he passed day after day in lonely meditation, as he felt his strength fast wasting away. "O, that I could see my mother!" would he often exclaim, on suddenly awaking from a feverish dream. But no mother stood by him to smooth his burning brow, and with guardian-angel care, ease his rough passage from life; no sister bent over him as he contended with the fell destroyer; but a few cold, unfeeling strangers only were there, as the icy bands of death closed around him, and his manly spirit was released from its earthly tabernacle. He died. No friend shrouded his remains, and prepared him for the coffin; no parents shed tears of affection over his clayey form; no sobbing wife or sisters bent over his coffin-lid to catch the last lingering look; no throng of mourners followed him to the tomb; no church-bell tolled at his departure; no venerable clergyman uttered a prayer at the funeral, and administered heavenly consolation to the weeping. Wrapt in his own blanket, a few neighbor-

ing miners bear him a few paces back of his tent, and deposit him in the ground. Hurriedly, the coarse gravel is thrown in upon the uncoffined corpse. He is buried. There, by the side of that cool spring, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, sleep the remains of Charles Mason. No marble monument marks the spot; no lettered tomb-stone stands at the head of the grave; no rose-bush or weeping-willow grows there, planted by the hand of affection; that dear mother cannot pay her weekly visits there, and shed burning tears over the grave of her only son. But there the mournful howl of the coyote is heard; the wild birds scream in the mountains, and the hoarse winds whistle through the branches of the tall pines. As the widowed mother gathers her little family around the domestic altar, and lifts her feeble voice to heaven in prayer on every returning eve, one seat is vacant; one seat is vacant around the fire-side of the family circle; one vacant seat at the table; one in the old church pew.

More than two years elapsed before that sorrow-stricken family could hear anything of the fate of Charles, and then not till accident enabled me to forward them the melancholy intelligence.

How many have thus found their graves among these mountain ranges, who left home with strong hopes and stout hearts--visions of gold dancing through their minds. How many sleep thus lonely on the plains; how many on the Isthmus; and over how many have the curling waters closed, as their lifeless remains were cast unceremoniously over the railing of the steamboat and the unseaworthy sail-vessel. Many an unrecorded tale of sorrow, suffering and death has followed in the train of California gold-hunting.

Call it weakness if you please, but when the life-giving spirit shall quit this mass of flesh and bones, my prayer to Heaven is that this lifeless form may find a lodgment in the old family church-yard by the side of my mother.

"Let my death-slumber be where a mother's prayer,
And a sister's tear shall mingle there;
For 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,
To know, when its fountains shall gush no more,
Those I so fondly have yearned for will come
To plant the first wild-flower of spring on my tomb."

—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

TO———

Am I not thine—thy truest friend?
Thine by a deathless tie—
A friendship which will never end,
A love that may not die?

Yes, I *am* thine—around thy heart
My mem'ry still doth twine,
And of my inmost life, a part
Is thine, *forever* thine.

I linger o'er the vanish'd hours,
Sacred to love, and thee,
And on their graves I scatter flow'rs,
Sweet flow'rs of memory.

I *know* that often on thy way,
In sorrow, or in glee,
Thy heart will turn to life's young day,
And kindly think of me.

And yet our paths are sunder'd wide,—
Between us, billows roar—
My bark is *tossing* on the tide—
Thine moor'd by *home's* green shore.

Over thy calm, unbroken life,
May no dark clouds descend,
Oh! may no notes with discord rife
With thy heart's music blend.

But may the strongest, *purest* ties
Of hearth, and home be thine,—
A type on earth of Paradise—
Affection's holy shrine.

Perchance, on earth, we ne'er may meet,
But on the evening air,
Wafted to heav'n with incense sweet,
I'll breathe thy name in pray'r—

And, though thy lips move not in words,
Thy *heart* will pray for me,
And o'er the tuneful spirit-chords
Will sweep the melody.

Thus—thus on *earth*—and then, in *heaven*,
When life's short dream is o'er,—
Where friendship's ties are never riv'n—
We'll meet to *part no more*.

EDLA.

August, 1854.

THE CHEERFUL BOY.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

This morning, it was raining very fast, as it had been doing, almost without intermission, for the past three days, when I put on a thick dress and overshoes, wrapped myself in a large shawl, and, taking an umbrella, started out. I soon had reason to regret having carried the last named article, for the wind blew so hard that I found it impossible to keep it raised; so I put it down, and walked on, without any shelter from the driving, pattering rain.

"What! walked out when it was raining so?" I hear you ask.

Yes, for I wanted to go to the post office. I was away from home, and I *knew* that a mail had arrived during the night, and *hoped* it had brought something for me. Though I thought the weather might clear up during the day, I did not feel like waiting in suspense; so, as there was no one to send, I went in the rain to see if there were any letters. It was very cold and disagreeable out, and the streets looked deserted. People were glad to stay by the warm fire, and read or talk, so as to forget the cheerless state of things out of doors.

As the cold winds chilled me, I drew the folds of my shawl closer and hurried on, thinking of the letters I hoped to get from home; and when I reached the post office, there they were, sure enough! just the ones I wanted! My heart told me they were for me, as soon as I espied them in the box, and before I was near enough to see a word of the direction on them. Yet other persons' letters besides mine are placed in that box. As I went back, with those letters in my hand, I cared nothing for the cold, nor for the rain, which was still falling, for I was thinking what a treat I should have in reading them. I turned them over and over as I walked rapidly forward, and had just pulled one open far enough to see the words, "All well, and send love to you," when my attention was arrested by hearing a child singing, in clear tones, "at the top of its voice." I looked around, and saw a little boy coming, with a heavy load of something that looked like a bag of meal. His thin clothes were already drenched by the rain, and the sight of his bare feet, on that wet, cold ground, made me shudder. The wind blew him about so that he could scarcely walk, and once I stopped, thinking "there, he is going

to fall now!" but no, he regained his footing, and his hat, too, which had been blown off, though he was bent nearly double by the load he carried. As he came nearer, I saw that he was "all in a shiver" from the cold, yet still, he sung as merrily as before. "That little fellow has a brave heart," I thought to myself; and I slackened my pace, that I might observe him more closely. Encouraged by my smile, he nodded, and said, "Aint it cold to-day, lady?"

"Indeed, it *is* cold," I answered, "and you ought not to be barefoot in such weather as this; have you no shoes?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have a pair, but mother won't let me wear them in the rain; she says the wet will make them go just as fast again, and that poor folks must be careful not to abuse their things."

"Why did you come out, then?"

"Oh, I *had* to; there was no meal in the house for breakfast; and though my brother *and me* could do with potatoes, mother couldn't; so I had to *fetch* some."

"Didn't I hear you singing, just now?"

"Oh yes; I was singing to keep the cold off."

"Does that keep it off?"

"Well, it keeps me from thinking how cold I am, and that is just the same," he said, pleasantly. "I always sing when I am cold or hungry, and that makes me forget it. When I get tired a working, too, I begin to sing, and then I can work along without knowing it."

"Who taught you to sing?"

"Oh, nobody *learnt* me; I just picked it up of myself, though I've *heered* more tunes since I went to Sunday School than ever I'd a thought of."

"You attend Sunday School, then?"

"Yes, I wouldn't miss it for *nothin'*—it's so pretty to hear them all singin'—I go this way," he added, as we came to a cross road.

"How far do you live from here?"

"About a half-a-mile, I reckon."

"A half a mile further to go in this rain, and you so cold and wet, now?"

"Oh, I'll soon be there," he said, as he trudged on, and in a moment I heard him singing, as cheerily as if he were warm and dry, sitting by a bright fire.

"That is right," I said to myself. "Sing away, and forget how uncomfortable you are. Though poor and uneducated, you are a true philosopher. You don't sit down and grieve over hardships; when things don't go right with you, instead of fretting about it, you raise your voice and drive away the vexation, by singing. Even hunger and fatigue cause you little annoyance so long as you can sing! That's wise! sing on—sing cheerily on through life! Sing away all the sharp corners and rough edges which would otherwise wound you."

And then I thought what a good thing it would be if all boys and girls had his courage; but I know some who have not. I have seen boys, older than he, who thought it a great hardship to be required to get up of a morning in time to breakfast with the family. They have a pleasant room to sleep in, are awakened by a kind voice, and find comfortable clothes all laid ready for them to put on; they know that a nice breakfast is prepared for them, and yet they are so cross that they seem much more disposed to scold than to "sing." Suppose they had to trudge off, in a soaking rain, with no shoes, for the materials to make breakfast of, would they be able to sing as they toiled on with their heavy load? Others feel cross because they are required to go to school, and spend their time in gaining knowledge. I have seen some of them sauntering along, with their books in their hands, looking as miserable as if some great hardship was demanded of them; when, if they appreciated their privileges as they ought to, they would go singing for very joy, to think the opportunity was thus afforded them of gaining an education,

Some little girls think it very hard that their mothers require them to mend their own clothes; and when they sit down with their needles and thimbles, they pout out their lips, and say to themselves, in a fretful way, "Oh dear, how tiresome this work is! Mother need not make me do it!"

My young friends, does the task seem any easier by fretting thus? If not, just try singing at your work, and see if you do not get on faster with it.

Take care, all of you, or that poorly-clad illiterate boy I saw this morning, will accomplish more in life than you do, because he makes his duties and troubles seem lighter, by singing over them, while you make yours heavier, by fretting and pouting.—*Cin. Herald.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

SONNET.

JUDITH

"The beautiful Widow of Manasseh."

O thou brave woman's heart, that beats so high
With inborn nobleness, a giant stay,
Whose aid thy feebler warriors well might pray;
Though they were Titan's sons, whose arms outvie
The mythic gods of Saturn's warlike sky.
Bold as the Persians, dauntless as the Medes,
Yet weak as infants, when thou doff'd thy weeds,
And dared the hosts of Assur's chivalry.
Thou valiant one, who on Bethelid's plains
Turned firmly to thy God, and sought that He
Would move thy woman arm to clear the chains,
And let its kindred, the oppressed go free,
Hector himself would quail beneath thine eye—
And memory loves thy name, fair Merari.

PERSOLUS.

July, 1854.

[Written for the "Maple Leaf."

"I LOVE GOD, AND EVERYBODY, AND EVERYTHING THAT GOD HAS MADE."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

An aged man lay on his death-bed. For many wearisome days and months that bed had been his home. Through the long days of the sultry Summer he was there—unable to rise and go forth in the glad sunshine, and to the green forests that he loved so well. True, loving hands cooled his fevered brow, and moistened his parched lips. The gentle tones of affection greeted his ear, and sought to cheer the weariness of the sick chamber. The youngest and loveliest of his household band, forgot not to bring to her father's pillow the wild flowers which, in health, he had with so much delight made his study; but it was not, after all, like gathering them in their forest home, with his own hand. As the curtains at evening were drawn aside to admit the fresh breeze to the couch of suffering, how often had he longed to go forth again—once more to walk erect in health and strength—again to visit his loved haunts, and, more than all, to engage again in his much

loved work of breaking the "Bread of Life" to a cherished flock, who were now without an under-shepherd to go in and out before them. The beautiful, but sad days of Autumn had also found him there. Only in imagination, aided by memory, had he seen the changes going on in nature, in which the fresh greenness of Spring and Summer were exchanged for the varied tints of Autumnal colors. He had not, as formerly, seen the ripe fruits and golden corn gathered by the husbandman. True, many gifts of delicious fruits came to his bed-side, but though he thanked the givers, deep in his heart was the desire again himself to go forth, to pluck the fruit and flower. He had lingered through the long dreary Winter. He had listened with sadness to the wild raving of the Storm-King, and had seen from his window the snow-wreaths, covering field and hill. Latterly, his thoughts had made frequent visits to the burial place, where, it seemed too probable, a snowy bed would be made for him before another Spring should again gladden the earth. By degrees he had come to look forward with calmness to this last resting-place. The inner struggle and conflict had not been slight, as he thought of bidding a final farewell to the beautiful world, which all his life long he had loved so to behold in its various phases of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. He had passed through the trial of giving up his beloved people, with whom, for nearly a third of a century he had labored in the Gospel. At first, he would gladly have toiled on longer in his Master's vineyard, for he knew that though the "harvest was great, the laborers were few." Then, too, he had suffered the anguish of giving up his precious family. It cost many days and nights of agony when he anticipated leaving these loved ones, unprotected, to the mercies of the world. But now the conflict is all over. His faith and hope burn brightly, and with undimmed eye he can look upon the faces of those he so soon shall see no more. As he thinks of those of his fire-side circle who are safely gathered into the fold above, he longs to be there also; and he can cheerfully trust the lambs he is shortly to leave behind, to the loving care of the "Good Shepherd," knowing that he will gather them also, in his own good time, into the heavenly fold.

But one longing desire yet lingers in the breast of the dying

man: 'tis to look again upon the earth in its Spring-tide beauty. He would again hear the voice of singing birds—again inhale the odor of the early Spring flowers before he goes hence, to be here no more. He knows that he is going to a world where it will be *Spring-time always;* yet his heart longs to look once more upon the scenes he has loved all his life-time. His wish is granted. The bright glad Spring has come again. Through the open window comes the fragrance of leaf and blossom; the youngest daughter has been to the woody dell, where bloom the earliest violets, and brought hence not violets only, but others of her father's favorites. The birds are singing in peace and gladness their evening song. Around the death-couch are gathered the sorrowing children of the dying Christian, with many who knew and loved him for his Master's sake. His three daughters—the youngest just in the freshness of early womanhood—have received their father's dying counsel—they have, as they believe, heard his last words. For some time he has been unconscious, and the lethargy of death is fast stealing o'er him. Suddenly he arouses; he speaks in a voice scarcely audible, asking them to sing his favorite hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." With faltering tones they begin, but when they come to the stanza beginning, "There everlasting Spring abides," the dying father joins the strain, and in a firm voice sings through the verse. The effect is startling. A solemn silence of several moments ensues. Again he speaks—"*I love God, and everybody, and everything that God has made.*" It is the language of his heart—a heart ever overflowing with love. He repeats it in a louder, plainer tone—"*I love God, and everybody, and everything which God has made.*" And these are his last words. He speaks not again. A few more feeble breathings, and that loving heart is at rest. He has gone to behold the *God he loves,* and to drink in more fully the deep beauty there is in the works of God. S.

All is order, all is harmony in the universe, because the whole universe is a thought of God; and it appears as a combination of organisms, each of which is only an integral part of one still more sublime. God alone contains them all, without making a part of any.—*Guizot.*

EDITORIAL.

The Summer, so sultry and oppressive, is over now, according to the calendar, though she often encroaches upon Autumn, giving us July heat in September. All will welcome the cooler days, which this month usually brings; and we hope that the change in the weather will restore to our city, numbers, who, a few short weeks since, fled with their household treasures from the first breath of the pestilence. Happy will it be for them if, when gathering again round the social board, in their own homes, they find no vacant seats at their table, no missing faces in their family circle. To many of those who have remained here through the season, the coming of Autumn will but deepen the remembrance of the sad scenes of suffering and death which they have witnessed, it may be in which they have participated. How many desolate homes and hearts does the coming of September find in this city, and in other places, which have suffered from the ravages of the Cholera. The Death-Angel has looked in upon many a happy household, and suddenly "changed the countenance" of one—perhaps of more than one—of those who were the joy or reliance of the family. Many orphaned hearts are proving the bitterness of the cup which has been pressed to their lips—they know what it is to be fatherless or motherless; and in some instances entire families have together gone down to the grave. It seems as if it were almost a merciful stroke which cuts down a whole family at once, if they are but prepared to go; for then there are no breaking hearts left behind to mourn over their dead. Now that the dark cloud is lifted, and we can breathe freely, the past seems like a troubled dream; but, alas, there is too much painful reality in it: many hearts, yet bleeding with agony, will carry to their graves the remembrance of the Summer of 1854 in this Cholera-smitten city. But with earnest gratitude we would acknowledge the mercy which has rebuked the pestilence, and given us again health and prosperity. Surely we ought to be a *wiser* and a *better* people after so fearful a lesson.

We wish to anticipate, and at the same time to disarm all criticism with regard to this month's issue of the "Maple Leaf," by saying that it has been prepared for the press in the absence of the Editor, who left the city as soon as the sickness abated, so that she could do so. A number of letters have been received from her, in all of which she makes grateful mention of the cordial hospitality she has received in Upper Canada. We trust that she will derive the highest benefit from her journey, in renewed health and invigorated spirits, and that no future number of the magazine will suffer from her absence. With this explanation, we resign the editorial chair, to which we are all unused, and commit our labors to the clemency of the reader.

The little piece, "A Cheerful Boy," being from the pen of a very dear friend, we were glad to insert, though not written for this Magazine.

To the regular contributors of the "Maple Leaf" we return thanks, for their promptness in sending their communications. A number of other articles have been received, which are carefully laid aside, awaiting the return of the Editor.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN DUBLIN.

I found myself approaching "Dublin sweet city" one fine morning in the month of June, *Anno Domini*, 1847; the year of the potatoe disease, death in Skibereen, Lord John Russell's "ten millions," soup kitchens, public subscriptions civil and military, charity sermons, charity concerts, charity balls, and charity boxing-matches, (a fact,) all for "poor ould Ireland." The morning was cool, and the country I passed through beautiful. Here and there, on the hill-side and in the dale, the smoke was rising lazily, but picturesquely, from some humble Irish cabin. How interesting they are, and how they add to the beauty of the landscape, these Irish huts, when they are seen by the light of the rising sun, and the ivy which luxuriates around their old mud walls is glistening with dew; or when seen by the rich light of the sunset, their lowly moss-covered chimneys are dyed with the crimson light of departing day. But, alas, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" when you approach one of them, the aspect of everything changes, and the Irish cabin, like many more things in this world, is most interesting and beautiful when seen from afar.

As the morning sun was casting his glories upon the waters of the Irish channel, and lighting up with the smile of Aurora the gloomy brow of the "Hill o' Howth"—of St. Patrick notoriety, I found myself within the boundaries of Clontarff, a small ancient town, about three miles to the north-east of Dublin. Here, in 1013, the battle of Clontarff was fought, so famous in Irish history. I looked around me for some rustic chronicler with whom I might converse on the celebrated engagement, and I found one in an old peasant who was leaning over a low turf wall, listlessly gazing around him, whistling a few bars and singing a few lines alternately. As I approached him he was ranting over with great spirit the words—

> "My name is bould Morgan Macarthy from Trim,
> My relations all died, except one brother Jim—

"Good morning, sir," said I, accosting him.

"Good morning, *kindly*," was his ready reply.

"You are merry this morning," said I.

"Well," he replied, "sure what's the use o' being down-hearted these hard times."

After a few more words, I brought forward the subject of the celebrated battle, and he pointed out to me the ground where it was fought, and told me exultingly of the utter defeat of the Danes, and pointed out the very spot where Brian Boru, king o' Munster, "druve" them into the "say." The nationality so conspicuous in the Irish character, awoke in the old peasant with the recital, and I could not help feeling touched myself, and felt a kind of sorrow at parting with him.

Leaving Clontarff, I struck in towards the city. From the road, the city view lying spread out in the distance is grand and imposing; while on the left, the Bay of Dublin, said to be the most beautiful in the world, next to that of Naples, lies with its waves and woods, mountains, shores, and sky. Dublin is very ancient. It is said to have been a place of importance in the time of the Romans. The impression it made upon my mind on my first entrance into it was a rather unfavorable one; though taken singly or separately, Dublin has many fine buildings, some of her bridges, over the Liffy, are handsome, while others are meagre enough. The Custom-House, with its statuary and architectural decorations; the Bank of Ireland, where the legislators of Hibernia, half a century ago, held their deliberations; the Castle, the abode of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireland's King; the Four Courts, with its ancient gate-ways and weather-beaten statues; and Sackville Street, with its fine monument to Nelson standing in its centre, all attract the attention of the stranger,—but the narrow streets and brick buildings, with which they are generally surrounded, impair the grandeur of their appearance.

I spent the early part of the day within the walls of Trinity College, among its play grounds and shady walks. I almost felt inspired as I trod the same ground where Goldsmith had conned his task, and the author of "Lallah Rhook" had, perhaps, loitered at sunset, humming over some Irish melody. This University is said to be one of the most richly endowed in Europe. Dean Swift was educated here. And it is said that he entered rather freely into the follies and pranks of youth when a student. Once after being guilty of some irregularity, he was obliged to go down upon his knees and beg the pardon of one of his superiors. This superior owed his position in Trinity, not to his worth or talents,

but to the patronage of the Duke of Wharton, who presented him with the living, on one of the most degrading of all conditions! What an impressive lesson is here for youthful genius! Let the young who imagine that talents will atone for indiscretion and imprudence, look upon this young man, whose name was soon to be ranked among the great names of his country, bowing before such a man, and learn that genius without prudence and good moral behaviour cannot save them from humiliation and disgrace.

Leaving Trinity College, I visited the Royal Dublin Society House. It contains an extensive Museum, a fine collection of paintings and statuary, and a library of twelve thousand volumes, besides manuscripts. The Museum, among the more remarkable of its contents, has a mummy brought from the Great Pyramid; a skeleton of the fossil deer of Ireland more than twelve feet in height, dug up from a bog in the County of Limerick; and a bronze image, of Boodha, brought from one of the sacred caverns of the East, that cradle of man and his religions. The collection of minerals and rocks is very extensive; two pieces of rock, one from Mount Sinai, the other from Mount Calvary, attracted my earnest attention, for I thought they might have been trod upon by Moses and the Messiah, the two great lawgivers of the Jewish and Christian faiths. The Ornithological department is also well furnished, and there is a goodly variety of the strange inhabitants of the deep, with a multitude of "four-footed beasts" and "creeping things." When the mind has been for some time absorbed in the contemplation of the wonders of nature, animate and inanimate, with which these rooms are stored, the following passage from Job, written in large letters above the principal entrance, sinks upon it with impressive solemnity:—"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall declare unto thee: Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

After Kildare Street, I visited the two Cathedrals,—Christ's Church and St. Patrick's,—both very old. Christ's Church is a massy edifice; St. Patrick's has a more ancient appearance; the ironical Swift was Dean here, and he is now buried within its walls by the side of Mrs. Hester Johnson, his well-known "Stella."

After nightfall the streets of Dublin have a very animated ap-

pearance, at least they seemed so to me, for I could not help thinking that there was a dull listlessness hanging over them during the day; but at night all is life and bustle. The street lamps which shone brilliantly, and the glaring lights streaming from the shop windows illumed the various streams of human beings as they glided onward; the fine lady and the squallid fruit-vender, the sparkling gentleman and the hollow-cheeked mendicant. Passing along Sackville Street bridge, I leant over the parapet to gaze upon the Liffy flowing darkly on its way. There has always appeared to me something solemn in a river flowing through a large city in the night time. And I have often thought, as I gazed upon it, that it resembled the life of man. The water which then flowed dark and silent beneath me, had in the morning flowed through rural banks, to the songs of birds, gilded by the beams of the rising sun, and kissed by the balmy breath of the morning—like man in "life's morning march" when everything seems to him bright and beautiful, and he is himself fair and unpolluted. The river at night has become contaminated with the filth of the city, and though the city lamps throw the glimmer of their lights upon its bosom, they are but poor substitutes for the brightness of the morning, and it creeps gloomily on to its destination. So is it often with man; though friendship, love, and other heavenly feelings which linger, and are sometimes seen like "angel visits" among us, throw, like the city lights, their feeble glimmerings upon his heart, yet it is night, dreary, dark night, with him when compared with his morning course.

As I strolled leisurely towards my place of rest for the night, I was attracted to the wall which runs along the river's edge all through the city, by a crowd which appeared to be collected round some object of interest. On pressing myself into the centre of it, I beheld the most mournful spectacle I ever witnessed. A poor woman who appeared to have come from the country, for she seemed to have been travelling, was sitting in the dark, with her back against the wall dying of hunger, with a child in her arms already cold and stiff in death! Poor little thing, it was saddening to look upon its stiff emaciated features; and yet it was a relief to think that it had escaped from a world where, in all probability, had it lived, it was destined to experience nothing but hunger and poverty! The dying mother and dead child were taken off in a cart to one of the hospitals, of which Dublin has more, of one

kind and another, than any city I have ever visited. With this melancholy incident I close my "Reminiscence of a day in Dublin."

ADA.

Montreal, Sept. 1854.

(For the Maple Leaf.

LOVE.

BY PERSOLUS.

"It is decreed by Heaven above,
That soon or late we all must love."

There is something, I suppose a guardian angel, whispering me *Beware;* but then, I am safely chambered in the quietness of my room, and, therefore, whence the danger? I can sit here comparatively free from trembling, and fancy I see bright eyes flashing, and lily hands clutching with a keen energy the *Maple Leaf.* Ah, Love!

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above."

A potent word is love. To the affected 'tis not only a definition to every word in the vocabulary of our language, but it also gives a "local habitation and a name" to those otherwise inexplicable thoughts and emotions that burn in the breast of every Adam, when he cries aloud—

. . . . "Return fair Eve,

. . . . . .

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim—
My other half."

When first this fair earth began its course, there was everything to love, and nothing to hate, consequently the earliest or most ancient historic records give due precedence to love as the first acknowledged or noted mental passion. With this graceful and profound exordium, I once essayed a brilliant and philosophic speech before the members of a very respectable club; but alas, the myrtle was beyond my reach, for *she* was there, and thus were my searching arguments and polished peroration lost, forever lost. How could it be otherwise? Some person has written that

"The mail-clad warrior trembles, in her presence, like a child."

And, although I am not aware that a real mail-clad warrior ever woo'd *her*, I have often seen strapping militia-men turn

pale and tremble nervously, when in her presence. Their "mighty swords," forgetting all grace and dignity, would dangle foolishly, placing the wearer in every possible awkward "fix" and uncouth attitude. Though but a glance, it gave to the sunbrowned face a deeper tinge, streaking the cheeks with a changing white and blue, making even the ears a transparent crimson, softened the hand, hard with toil, and made it keenly sensitive to those tickling little fingers, that would find their way through the knottiest beard, and laid upon your eyelids, would weigh them down so gently, yet with unequalled power.

Dipping my pen I purposed the expression of individual thought, but so overwhelming is the rush of thought already within, that of necessity I yield, and doffing the spangled and attractive garb of the "lion," am well content to don a less showy costume, while I perform the humble duties of scene-shifter to a few of the "greater lights" who are, with your kind permission, to tread the stage. The bell rings, and the curtain slowly rolling upward, reveals a poet of the olden time, our first great artist, the musical Spenser, and whom I beg to introduce with a stanza from Barry Cornwall, the poet of the heart; 'twill do for the epilogue.

"Love the poet, pretty one,
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,
Lessons of the earth and sun—
And of azure air."

Spenser has but little to say, but will say that little as few others could.

"O sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living breasts, kindled first above,
Amongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poured into men, which men call love.
. . . . . .
'Tis that sweet fit which does true beauty love,
And chooseth virtue for its dearest dame.
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame."

Circumscribed as are my limits, I should not, but must quote from him again, this for the

"Forsaken woful solitary maid."

It is the passionate language of "Una."

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,

Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd with pity of my sad estate;
But he my lion and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd."

Many will find these lines difficult to read, but those who are well acquainted with the particular speed, and at other times apparent sluggishness, of Christabel, will be able to read and feel the presence of a spirit almost divine.

But here is something which the majority will like much better, 'tis from Marlowe. He, too, had tasted love, the keen appreciative love of a poet; for when Faustus summons Helen, he speaks as love could only prompt:

"Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss,—
Her lips suck forth my soul! see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips—
And all is dross that is not Helena.
. . . . . .
Oh thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

I think these lines exquisite; they insensibly lead one to Coleridge's "broad breasted old oak tree," inducing the same feeling.

"I guess 'twas frightful then to see
A lady so richly clad as she,—
Beautiful exceedingly."

The dreariest days may darken, clouding life with gloom, but every day is not a dark one. These changes are but temporary, and are by the wise, patiently borne. I have met many who could not endure the slightest cross in love, although 'tis as true in this case as in any other, that those who would wear the crown, must first learn to bear the cross. Thus, love may be "a re-delight," "a labyrinth of doubts," or as many other things, vexatious and painful, as the always experimenting little beauty may choose to make it; but as was said long ago, who does not say now.

"Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge her in my heart."

I think just now, that the best illustration we have of love is from the universal pen of "Will, of Avon."

"When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms:
Pray so, and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function; each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens."

The chief charm of love is constancy, and those who fancy that love "may fly like a bird from tree to tree," will experience the most bitter disappointment. A wanton fancy never knew those

"Hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes *long* subdued,
Subdued and cherished *long*."

That "ocean of life" on which all young lovers are embarked, can never prove a "sunless sea," if they do but love faithfully; if false, then must all order and beauty perish, for "Chaos is come again."

A clergyman lately illustrated the necessity of corporal punishment for the corroction of Juvenile depravity with the remark, that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the *switch* to get it off."

Decidedly Cool.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoian told him he was wounded, and suggested to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leathern strap. While they were hastening from danger a grape shot took "Illinois'" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinoians are the greatest liars. Here's a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word they say."

SPONGES.

There are few subjects which have so long puzzled naturalists as the real nature of Sponges, whether they are vegetable or animal substances. Great names may be mentioned as maintaining each side of the question, and some indeed vacillating from one to the other, and back again. But, thanks to the aid of the microscope and the patient and accurate observations of Doctor Grant, the fact may be considered as now firmly and satisfactorily established that they are living creatures, of a low organisation indeed, but still of a most curious nature.

"Sponges," says Dr. Johnston, "appear to be true zoophytes; and it imparts additional interest to their study, to consider them, as they probably are, the first cradle of organic life, and exhibiting before us the lowest organisation compatible with its existence."

"Having put a small branch of the *Spongia coalita*, with some sea-water, into a watch-glass, under the microscope," Dr. Grant says, "on moving the watch-glass, so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention, but

after twenty five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from the tube without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice at short intervals for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time, but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity. About the end of this time, however, I observed the current become perceptibly languid; the small opaque flakes which had been thrown out with so much impetuosity at the beginning were now propelled to a shorter distance from the orifice, and fell to the bottom of the fluid within the sphere of vision; and in one hour more the current had entirely ceased." From numerous experiments on many species, Dr. Grant infers that all Sponges in a living state exhibit this sort of circulation, imbibing the untainted water by the pores, and propelling it in regular currents through the wide canals.

The Sponge *Halichondria oculata* may be found hanging from the under surface of rocks about the low-water mark of spring tides. A very curious specimen of this was found growing on the back of a small crab, a burden apparently as disproportionate as was that of Atlas, and yet the creature was seemingly little inconvenienced with its arboreous excrescence. Indeed, the protection and safety which the Crab would derive from the Sponge might more than compensate the hindrance opposed to its freedom and activity. When at rest its prey might seek without suspicion the shelter afforded amid the thick branches of the Sponge, and become easy captures; while when in motion scarce an enemy could recognise it under such a guise, and the boldest might be startled at the sight of such a monster.*

Another species of Halichondria, the Funnel-shaped Sponge, is found occasionally on the shores of the northern islands, bearing an analogy to the Neptune's Cup of the Indian Ocean, vastly inferior indeed in size, but excelling it in neatness of texture and sponginess.

Some Crabs of the Caribbean Islands "have on their backs houses of Sponge excavated and fitted to their shapes, under which they lie concealed while their prey approaches. In one species the houses were inimitably cut, having loop-holes for the eyes, and ridges on which the dorsal legs were fixed. The sponge

* Johnston on British Sponges.

does not lose its vitality, though it is probably cut and modelled by the Crab, a circumstance which would assist it in deceiving the animal on which it feeds."*

A few species of the Sponge of the Ulvæ family are used at table. The Laciniated Purple Laver (*Porphyra laciniata*), belonging to a genus distinguished by the delicacy of color and glossy hue of the frond, is very abundant on rocks and stones. This and the Common Purple Laver (*P. vulgaris*), if indeed they are not both the same plant distinguished only by size, is much eaten in many places, particularly in the south of England, pickled with salt, and preserved in jars, and, when brought to table, served up with lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. It requires a little courage, perhaps, at first to taste it, but it is in general very much liked by those who once eat it. The collecting and preparing it affords occupation to many families on the north coast of Devonshire.

According to Lightfoot, the inhabitants of the Western Islands gather it in the month of March, and, after poundingand macerating it with a little water, eat it with pepper, vinegar, and butter. Others stew it with leeks and onions. In Scotland and Ireland it is called Sloke or Slokaun.

A green species, most abundant, called Green Laver, or Oyster-green (*Ulva latissima*), is also served at table in the same manner as the former. This diet is esteemed good, as almost all esculent vegetables are, for scrofulous habits. Lightfoot says that the islanders ascribe to it an anodyne virtue, and bind it about the forehead and temples to assuage head-ache in fevers and to procure sleep.

A singular species, named *Ulva thermalis*, from its place of growth, was found flourishing in the hot-springs of Gastein, where the water was of the temperature of 117 ° Fahrenheit.

This plant, also, which is attached to the stem of the Tangle, belongs to a genus of exceedingly delicate, rose-coloured plants, marked occasionally with faint veins towards the base; the surface of its frond is also very glossy: it derives its name, Dotted Nitophyllum (*Nitophyllum punctatem*), from the seed spots which are scattered about the frond. Another common species, the Lacerated Nitophylum (*N. laceratum*), has the power of attaching itself by the edges, and creeping, as it were, upon the rocks and plants in its way; so much so, that it can hardly be gathered without some resistance and laceration.—*Selected.*

* Zoological Journal.

[For the Maple Leaf.

"SINGLE YET!"

BY EDLA.

"Single yet! Is it *possible* that one who used to talk so eloquently of the beauty of a life-union, has failed to form one for herself?" This exclamation and question were addressed to me, with reference to a mutual friend, by one who had launched her bark on the sea of love, and was sailing before favoring gales on its gentle waters.

Over *her* no clouds had gathered—no voice of tempest had broken the sweet calm of *her* life—no scathing lightnings had flashed athwart *her* way. Ah me, thought I, as I heard the remark, how little does the *world* know of *heart-histories;* how little does the looker-on see of the depth of tenderness often concealed under the gay exterior—the heart-wrung sigh which heaves beneath the ringing laugh!

The one of whom we had been speaking had been my earliest, most intimate friend, and to me, more than to any other, had she unveiled her heart.

She was a *plain* girl—nature had lavished on her no beauty, and yet there was a *certain something* about her, no one could tell *what*, which always insured her a full share of attention. The gift of language was peculiarly hers; and I have often seen her surrounded by a group of gentlemen listening, spell-bound, to her conversation, while many a more beautiful girl was for the time unthought of.

It was well known that several gentlemen had been deeply interested in her, and, as she was dependent on her own exertions for the means of support, it was to many a matter of wonder that year after year passed by, and left her *still single*. Had any one asked *me*, I could have told them why, with all her earnest enthusiasm and appreciation of the happiness of a well-ordered home, *she* was still tossing, a stray waif on the sea of existence. I could have pointed them to a time when, in early youth, the treasure of a noble heart had been laid at her feet. She was very young—*too* young to analyze the difference between *friendship* and *love*, and accepted the gift, ignorant of its value, or the necessity of returning an equivalent.

Time passed on, and her residence was changed, from the picturesque little village where she had passed the early spring-

time of youth, to a place which seemed at first utterly void of attraction; but it was destined to be to her the point from which to reckon the longitude of life. In this obscure little place were to be found only a few persons of her own age, and, among them, still fewer whose tastes and pursuits were at all congenial to her. She had enjoyed few scholastic advantages, it is true, but those few had been improved to the utmost. She had read much, and possessed a fund of information, which would have done credit to many a daughter of wealth. Possessed of a temperament highly susceptible of the finer emotions, she revelled in the beauty of nature, and her heart beat in full measure to the sweet notes of the poet's lyre. As she gazed into the deep blue sky and counted the glittering stars, those watch-fires of angels, or over the broad green earth, with its untold wealth of beauty and love, she wove bright dreams of a glowing future, and her heart went out longingly in search of some kindred spirit,—and she was not long left to search in vain.

One there was—a young man some few years her senior, who was prosecuting his studies in a neighboring college—whose home was near hers. In the vacations he was her near neighbor, and an acquaintance soon sprung up between them, which was not long in ripening into intimacy. Day after day found them together, reading, or talking, or at times sitting side by side in silence. I know not what strange spell bound him. I often thought it was only pity. *She* never asked or *thought;* it was enough for *her* that he was beside her—that she was listening to the music of his voice—that his dark, earnest eyes were gazing kindly into hers.

When he was absent, in term-time, she was ever looking eagerly for his return, and all her pursuits were planned with reference to him. If she read a fine poem, she remembered all the passages which would please him; if a story, her admiration of the hero was measured by his resemblance to Eustace. A song pleased her only as she thought its notes would fall pleasantly on his ear. And all this she did, and felt, without suspecting that he had become to her heart a part of its life—that he was more to her than a brother might have been.

Rumor indeed said that he was already engaged, but this did not trouble her—she only asked to be his friend.

With this strong attachment weaving itself into her very

being, it is no wonder that, as time wore on, she felt that she could never be happy with him, to whom she was virtually pledged; and as soon as she began to realize it, she frankly told him so, offering him a sister's affection as a small substitute for the devotion he had hoped to win.

And now life assumed to her a new form—set free from the old bonds, she seemed to herself like a bark cut loose from its moorings, and drifting amid breakers and quicksands.

Oh! how she longed for some friendly hand to grasp the strong cable of affection—but while she was waiting, it was winding itself more and more firmly around the young student.

Do not deem her weak. Do not blame her that she did not stem the tide ere it grew too mighty for her. Hers was a *woman's* heart, and far down in its depths the waves of a deathless love were surging. Had *fortune smiled* on her, you would have *lauded* her devotion.

As it *was*, the storm-king was gathering his hosts to crush the life from her young heart—the clouds were already lowering portentiously over the horizon of her life—the cold waves were slowly, but surely preparing to roll over her, and O, saddest of all, she must stand unmoved and buffet the tempest alone. No cry of alarm must betray her position—no scalding tear must tell of her anguish. A fearful struggle was to be hers—God help her to endure it!

Oh! how rapidly flitted away the months of that last Summer, and when Autumn had donned his russet coat, how sadly she counted the days, for she knew that, when the first snows fell, she would be alone, for *he* was going away to assume the duties and responsibilities of his profession. They had talked over together all his hopes and plans—even his intended marriage. She schooled herself to sympathise in all, and for *his* sake she loved his chosen bride. Yes she *really* loved her, and would ever speak of her, as a sister might. Henceforth the gentle being, who had been crowned with the garland of affection by his hand, was to be, next to him, the dearest object in life. Oh! how she prayed that he might indeed find happiness in her, and, though she had won from her a priceless jewel, she did not envy her—she only prayed that God would teach her how to wear it.

If Eustace ever guessed the truth, he gave no evidence of it.

He had no sister, and seemed gladly to take her home to a brother's heart. After their separation they kept up a correspondence, and in the letters, which came at intervals, she seemed to live over again all that was lovely in the past.

At last a letter in his well-known hand came, telling her of the consummation of his happiness, and calling on her to sympathise with him in his joy. I shall never forget the look of hopeless, *inexpressible* anguish which she wore that day. I shall never forget how, on her knees that night, when she thought herself alone, she prayed for him and his bride, and then, as she asked for power "to suffer and be strong," I thought how pure and deep was that love, which gave no place to envy—which only longed for his happiness.

She rose from that prayer, outwardly calm. She had not *laid down* her burden, but an Almighty arm was helping her to bear it. This had been the one, *great* sorrow of her life, and, as its dark waters rolled over her, she had cried "Lord save or I perish," and the arms of Infinite Love had closed around her sinking soul.

The next day she wrote to Eustace, entering into the fulness of his joy, and telling him how truly she was, what he had called her, "his sister." And then she walked on in her lonely way; but hers was no sickly sentimentality. She was no love-lorn maiden. *Disappointed* she was not for she had had no expectations. He was to her all that he had ever professed to be—her *friend*. * * * * * *

Years made no difference in her love to him; though time swept over him, with its indellible impress, leaving ever broader and deeper the line, and the shadow, yet, amid all its changes, he still stood forth to her gaze, crowned with the halo of youth and of love. With his image thus graven on her heart, she could not give her hand to another. This is why she is "*Single yet*," and, though it is a story, which no one, who hears her ringing laugh, would guess, it is nevertheless a *true* one.

Environed by her prayers, he still keeps on the even tenor of his way, and wonders, with others, why his best friend, as he still calls her, does not marry.

"*Single yet!*" Sad words, if they are indeed true, but how few are *really* single. How few hearts, in this world of ours

beat for self alone! How few are there which have not some sacred reminiscences—some well-trod footpaths in memory's domain, over which wander the spectre forms of olden loves!

"*Single yet.*" O speak it not lightly, you cannot tell how mournfully these words may echo through the galleries of the heart—what monuments they are of withered hopes, of bleeding hearts!

But if single *here*, there is one strong consolation, in *heaven* there will be no barriers to divide hearts. We shall meet our kindred spirits. We shall know as we are known—there will be no mistakes *there*.

It is this hope, which cheers my friend, and, as day by day, she commends her loved ones to His care, who is unfailing, she looks forward to an endless union on high. God grant her enduring love may meet its reward.

Montreal, Sept. 16th, 1854.

AUTUMNAL TINTS.—OCTOBER.

Perhaps there is not a more beautiful sight throughout the whole year, than that which is presented by our woods and groves in the month of October. The richly-diversified tints and hues of forest-trees at this season give an air of grandeur to the landscape, which is altogether unrivalled; and yet accompanied as it is, and must be, with the thoughts of decay and approaching desolation, the scenery of autumn generally inspires the observer with pensive emotions, approaching to sadness.—The eye of man is gratified by a mild and almost uniform tint during the period when the sun is brightest; but at the close of summer the richest and most varied hues are imparted to the landscape, and the yearly exhibition of the phenomena of vegetation is thus terminated by a brilliant and beautiful display.

Many persons regard the autumnal coloring of the leaves of trees as the consequence of a diseased state of the foliage, which precedes its final decay; others ascribe it to an alteration or diminution in the nutritive juices, which prepares the way for the fall of the leaf by paralyzing the upper net-work. But although in general it is true that the fall of the leaves is preceded by their change of color, yet there are many cases in which the leaves fall green; and this fact must be considered of some importance,

because if the change of color in autumn foliage were a token of disease, and a commencement of death, we should expect the token to be constant throughout vegetation; but if it be a consequence or continuance of the regular action of the same agents which preside over the other functions of the plant, and thus exhibit a sign of life rather than a token of death, it is to be expected that such variations should occur.

It is well known that it is at the end of summer, or in the course of autumn, that the change in the color of leaves is produced. However varied their tints may be, they nevertheless, with few exceptions, come to shades of yellow or red, which are at this period the predominant colors of the landscape. This change is far from being sudden. In general the green color in the leaf disappears gradually; many leaves, however, as those of the acacia and apricot, begin to grow yellow here and there, and in spots. In others, as the pear tree, &c., spots of a beautiful green remain for a long time on the orange or yellow ground of the leaves. Some leaves, those of the sumach for instance, begin to change at their edges, and especially at the tip. The nerves, and the adjacent parts of the *parenchyma*, or pulp which connects the veins, seem to retain the green color longest. It has been observed that leaves of the deepest green assume the red color, and those whose green is pale, the yellow or yellowish tint.—Most of the leaves, however, which become red, pass through the yellow as an intermediate tint, as in the sumach.

Light exerts a great influence upon the autumnal change in the color of leaves; for in those which naturally overlap each other in part, the uncovered portion is always more quickly and more deeply colored than the rest. By entirely sheltering from the action of light either whole branches, or parts of leaves, it has been found that the change of color is prevented. If an entire leaf is excluded from the light, it falls from the stem in the green state; if a portion of a leaf is shaded, the remaining part changes color, while the shaded portion retains its original hue. If leaves, or portions of leaves, which are yellow before reddening, as those of the sumach, are placed in the dark, the leaves fall off yellow, or the covered part retains that color, while the rest becomes red; thus proving the necessity of the action of light in all the stages of coloring.

It is well known that the green parts of plants absorb oxygen

during the night, and exhale a certain proportion of that gas when exposed to the action of the sun. It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that the leaves already colored do not disengage oxygen gas by exposure to the sun's light: that when the leaves are either colored in part, or at the point of changing color, even although they yet appear green to the eye, they from that moment cease to give out oxygen when exposed to the sun: that the leaves on arriving at the very point where the tendency to the autumnal coloring commences, continue to inspire oxygen gas during the night, and in a quantity always decreasing in proportion as the coloring advances: and hence it is to the fixation of the oxygen in the coloring matter of the leaf that the change of tint is most probably owing.

The green substance of the leaves possesses peculiar properties, and appears to be the seat of the modifications which take place in the appearance of the foliage. It has often been proved that if a green leaf is left in an acid, it becomes yellow or red, and that if it then be placed in an alkali the green color is restored. So, on the other hand, if the yellow leaf of a tree be allowed to remain for some time in potash, or any other alkali, it becomes of a beautiful green, without experiencing any other sensible alteration.

If the reddened leaves of the sumach, or of the pear-tree, are treated with boiling alcohol, the liquor becomes of a fine blood-red, and by evaporation deposits a resinous substance, which becomes of a fine green by the action of alkalies. An acid in this case restores the red color. As the green is frequently seen to pass through the yellow hue before arriving at the red, we might naturally conclude that the latter is at a higher degree of oxygenation. Hence the autumnal change in the color of the leaves may be owing to the successive fixation of new doses of oxygen, which continue to be absorbed without being exhaled. This would explain the phenomena presented by certain leaves, as those of the *Arum bicolor*, which exhibit the three orders, red, yellow, and green, at once, or those of the *Tradescantia discolor*, which present a beautiful red color at their under surface, while the upper is green. Experiments made by M. Macaire prove that the same coloring principle that is found in the leaves may also be found in the flowers.

The red substance obtained from the colored calyxes of *Salvia*

splendens was rendered green by the alkalies, and became red a second time by the addition of an acid. The red principle obtained from the petals of red geranium, Bengal roses, asters, &c., followed the same rule ; while from yellow flowers a yellow coloring matter was obtained, which was rendered green by alkalies. White flowers appear to contain a slightly yellow substance, modified by some natural process. Reddish-blue flowers, such as those of the gilly-flower, yield a tint at first rosy, then purplish, and leaving a residuum of a fine violet color. The flowers of the blue sweet violet give also a substance of similar hue, which, like the others, is rendered green by alkalies, and red by acids; it is soluble in cold water, and might be kept in a state of powder, were it wished to preserve the color of violets.

From these and numerous other similar facts M. Macaire endeavored to prove—1st, That all the colored parts of vegetables contain a substance capable of changing color by slight modifications. 2nd, That it is to the fixation of oxygen, and to a sort of acidification of this coloring matter, that the autumnal change in the appearance of leaves is owing.

The ascent of watery exhalations from the earth during the middle of the day, and their sudden condensation at night by the chilling frosts of this month, make it in general a time of mists and fogs: the singular appearance of these, as they sometimes come gradually over the landscape, is well described by a modern writer. "The vapour rises visibly (from the face of a distant river, perhaps,) like steam from a boiling caldron ; and, climbing up into the blue air as it advances, rolls wreath over wreath till it reaches the spot on which you are standing; and then, seeming to hurry past you, its edges, which have hitherto been distinctly defined, become no longer visible ; and the whole scene of beauty, which a few moments before surrounded you, is, as it were, rapt from your sight like an unreal vision of the air, and you seem (and in fact are) transferred into the bosom of a cloud."

It is very interesting to observe the beautiful provision made for the dispersion of seeds, which are now fully ripe, and if not disseminated by the active care of man, are yet provided, each according to its peculiar character and requirements, with the means of "sowing themselves." Such seeds as require protection from the variations of the weather during their progress to maturity are enveloped in husks, or shells, or *stones*, as we are

accustomed to call them, on account of their excessive hardness; others are inclosed within a case or pod of peculiar texture, fitted at once for protection and nourishment; some lie within scaly cones, others in husky sheaths, while numbers are provided with a delicate apparatus for transmitting them to other spots, and are called winged seeds. Whether contained in stone or pod, husk or shell, the kernel or seed is set free by the opening of its prison-doors, as soon as it has attained full maturity, and is ready to be deposited in its proper soil.

Although from the age of Numa, October has been the tenth month of the year, it derives its name from its original position in the Alban Calendar, being compounded of *octo*, eight, and of *imber*, a shower. It was dedicated by the Romans to Mars, and bore for a short period the names of Faustinus and Invictus, but quickly regained its original appellation. The ancient Saxons called it *Wyn Monath*, or the wine month, and also *Winter Fyllyth*, from the near approach of that season.

In old pictures, this month is represented by a man sowing corn; but, in more modern ones, by a man with a basket of chestnuts, and clothed in a mantle of the color of the decaying leaf, which at this period begins to strew the earth, and clothe it in a sad-colored garment. The scorpion is the sign which the sun enters on the 23rd of this month.—*Selected.*

WONDERS OF THE SEA SHORE.

"A kind of shell called the *Pecten Jacobæa*, or Pilgrim Scallop, was formerly worn on the hat or coat as a mark that the wearers had crossed the sea for the purpose of paying their devotions in the Holy Land. It was not, however, only the mark of pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but this species has been termed the shell of St. James the Greater, as being his peculiar cognizance. The great Spanish military order of Santiago de la Espada is said to have been instituted in memory of the battle of Clavijo, in which no less than 60,000 Moors were killed. At the battle (such was the belief) St. James appeared on a white horse, the housings charged with escallops, his own particular cognizance, fighting for the Christians under Ramira, King of Leon, in the year 844. The saint was thus represented in his military character on the standard of the order used in the army of Ferdi-

nand and Isabella at the conquest of Granada. The city of Compostella, in Gallicia, became the seat of the order of Saint James, from the legend of the real body of the saint having been discovered there in the eighth century, and which became almost immediately an object of pilgrimage. Ships were loaded every year with devotees to his shrine, who carried out large sums to defray the expenses of their journey, and it appears that the pilgrims in many instances united trade with their devotion.

Some went for payment of a vow,
In time of trouble made;
And some who found that pilgrimage
Was a pleasant sort of trade.

An order of knighthood, denominated the Ship and Escallop-shell, was instituted by St. Louis, to induce the nobility of France to accompany him in his expedition to the Holy Land. And Guillim, in his *Display of Heraldry*, says, "Such is the beautiful shape that Nature hath bestowed upon this shell, as that the collar of the order of St. Michael in France, (founded by Louis XI. in 1476,) in the first institution thereof, was richly garnished with certain pieces of gold artificially wrought, as near as the artificer could by imitation express the stamp of nature." The jewel to the collar represented the saint trampling on a dragon. It is still borne in the arms of many families, but whether legitimately, according to the poet's verse, is perhaps difficult to determine:—

For the scallop shews in a coat of arms,
That of the bearer's line
Some one, in former days hath been,
To Santiago's shrine."

A Joke.—A well-known physician in a certain town, is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments.—Once she met him in Broadway, as he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

[Written for the "Maple Leaf."

WHAT IF?

What if the hope of the heart were lost?—
What if, with his sable wing,
The stern, unbending spirit of fate
Dark shadows should o'er us fling?

What if the love, that shines on us here,
Should fade, and vanish away—
What if the gloom of the midnight deep
Should fall on the rising day?

What if the friends, we so dearly love,
Should shrink from our warm embrace,
And our hearts should sad and weary grow
As we run life's onward race?—

Still can we turn to a higher hope,
A purer—holier love—
To a morn which midnight darkens not
Earth's shadows and mists above.

We still can look to a blessed land,
Where friends will be *friends for aye*—
Where partings come not, to wound the heart—
Where *love* holds an endless sway.

We ne'er shall tire of that glorious life,
That measureless wealth of joy—
The gold of our hearts will ever glow
Untarnish'd by grief's alloy.

EDLA.

Ferrisburgh, Vt., August 18th, 1854.

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

CHAP. II.

Near the far-famed and beautiful Lakes of Killarney stands an ancient and castellated mansion, the view from which forms, even among the many rivalling each other in picturesque loveliness, a gem of concentrated beauty.

On the southeast side ran a wide stone terrace in the Italian style, large stone lions guarding each flight of steps leading to it from successive terraces below, forming the descent to the pleasure garden.

At the foot of this ran the Loune, a broad and noble river, rising

a few miles distant in the lower Lake of Killarney, and here broken by small, irregular, and richly wooded islands, connected by rustic and picturesque bridges, forming a succession of turbid rapids. The islands, beautifully wooded, are the favorite resort of that ancient bird of the land, the Heron, who build their nests in the highest trees. From the upper terrace the eye gazes with delight over the winding waters of the Loune to the landscape beyond.

Issac Walton would have revelled in the rural shades on its picturesque banks, and the burnished fins of the salmon would have delighted him equally, with natures sweetest sounds. There is a peculiar feature connected with the salmon of this river; long after salmon fishing is over in other streams, they resort hither, as though they too could appreciate a scene so fraught with loveliness.

On a small mound, some distance above the islands, rises one of those most ancient and singular round towers so peculiar to Ireland, and so fraught with touching interest connected with the past.

The principal approach to the mansion was by a massive stone bridge, with its time-worn buttresses, on ascending from which, the magnificent panorama unfolds its diversified beauties. The first and grandest feature in the landscape is the Purple Mountain, towering in shadowy grandeur to the left, deriving its name from the tint peculiar to it, forming one side of the famous Gap of Dunloe. At its foot stands an ancient rookery, with its gigantic trees, coeval with the lapse of centuries; beyond rises Brandon Mountain, whose top is covered with eternal snow. The Mountains to the West continue to form one grand amphitheatre, and at their base lies a beautiful and sun-lit landscape. Still farther, they are lost in the azure firmament, the view terminated by the far-famed "Magilleguddy Reeks." Another feature and a most striking one in this wonderful blending of scenery is the Gap of Dunloe, a natural pass formed by the the Purple Mountain, and another nearly equalling it in height. For many miles this singular and romantic pass may be clearly seen, and at the close of day, when the sun throws the gilding rays of his departing glory on the deep and narrow gorge, one might fancy it the entrance of the golden gate of Eden, so calm and still is the magical scene around. All this diversified love-

liness is rendered still more striking by the view which meets the eye of the spectator as he glances to the North ; there extends, far as the eye can reach, a wide moorland waste, and the wearied vision aches as it traverses this vast monotonous plain, unbroken by aught to relieve its death-like stillness and dreariness, an apt similitude of the physical beauty and mental prostration of the land. Ireland, for thy poor misguided sons a dawning of brighter days has already begun,—kindled in the west,—and we hail it as the embers of a fire which shall yet run throughout the length and breadth of the land, when her sons may seek the truth, not from the crafty words of men's wisdom, but direct from the source of Light. The thunders of the Vatican may be launched over her valleys, but the perfumes of a holy and pure worship will yet arise from them ; as the lonely wild flowers raise their heads unharmed by the lightning that flashes over the rocks above them. A hush of deep expectation is even now taking place at the giant-like contest between truth and superstition. The former is seen approaching with celestial power the false altars of the land. Already are heard the whispers of the seraphim, the gentle voices of angels through the still air, expressive of that sympathy which I think we are authorized to believe the invisible hosts of heaven take in this lower world.

And yet this dreariness does but enhance the transcendent beauty of the former view, the very contrast rendering it still more striking. Who can gaze untouched upon such a scene, or without the heart rising in gratitude to the giver of such good? Let the sceptic or the doubting spirit stand here, watching the sinking of the setting sun behind the distant mountains, its departing rays shedding a softened glory over the landscape, then reflect that the darkness stealing over this world, visible to him, brings light to another hemisphere. After the hours of rest he again awakens to see the glorious orb of day shine upon him ; will not his spirit believe, if, indeed, it ever doubted, that man, so surely as he lies down in his last long sleep, will rise again to commence, according to his life on earth, a course of uninterrupted brightness, or one of endless misery? Can we look untouched on such a scene? Will not our hearts, casting off the dross of earthly worldliness which they have contracted, rise with gratitude to Him, at whose all powerful word arose this fair and beautiful creation? In the words of the sweet bard of Erin, we well may say,—

"Some flowrets of Eden we still inherit,
Though the trail of the Serpent is over them all."

But while gazing thus the spirit leaves, far behind it the dross of earthly worldliness, and an earnest longing after what is fair and good must surely rise in the heart, however sin may have heretofore reigned there. In this, one of a fallen earth's most lovely homes, and among scenes of so inspiring a nature, resided a gentleman of the old school, descended from a Hugenot family, whose predecessor had for many years occupied the above mentioned mansion. His family consisted of two surviving daughters, Constance and Emilie de Beranger. Some years before he had lost his beloved wife, and his affections were now centred in them; and they did, indeed, experience the fullness of of a father's love. Their mother dying when the little Emilie could hardly appreciate her irreparable loss, the child had clung in all the strength of her loving nature to her older and more thoughtful sister, who, with untiring devotion, had endeavored to supply the place of her lamented mother.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, Sept. 19.

(To be continued.)

[For the Maple Leaf.

OUR JOURNEY.

Homeward bound, we exclaimed, as the door closed upon the friends who accompanied us to the cars, and the quick click of wheels announced the moment of departure. Homeward! at the thought up gushed in torrents the warm blood till our heart beat tumultuously, and the very air seemed endued with new vitality. We adjusted a travelling bag, leaned back in our seat cheerfully, and felt a wonderful elasticity of spirit. In a moment memory busied herself with the scenes we had witnessed during the past few weeks. We saw again the beautiful variety of our Upper Canada landscapes,—the grand flow of the river, the far stretching Ontario, the regularity and elegance displayed in the cities, and above all, with a sweeter and more powerful effect, the faces of the friends, whose voices had sunk into our heart in tones never to be forgotten. Yes, we were turning towards our home treasures. How inexpressibly dear does each loved one become to the wanderer, and how fancy runs wild with her fairy sketches

of the forms and grouping, the sayings and doings, tableaux vivantes of the precious household band, as the traveller hurries on his way to meet them! We had been absent for several weeks, and no wonder we wished the almost "lightning" speed at which we were dashing on might be uninterrupted until borne as on a stream of electricity, the whole majestic train of cars should wheel up at the terminus opposite Montreal. But perfection, even in modes of travelling, has not yet awarded her palm of victory to any invention, nor will she, probably, until in the latest era of time the most approved ærial carriage shall be patented, and man, provided with wings, shall fly swifter than eagles across deserts and over lofty mountains. Till then the traveller will find ample time for speculation as he journeys from one "station" to another, and he will do well to give the reins to imagination, and delight himself in a world of his own creation. If he is alone, as we were, and looks in vain for some friendly eye to sympathise in the glance of pleasure which he casts upon the glowing beauties of hill and wooded valley, he will need to forget himself, and weave a garland from the materials he can see in nature before him, and the human forms within and immediately near.

It was a lovely day, and the flourishing little city of London appeared to good advantage. Its fine features were warmly appreciated by us, as it vanished in the distance, and the last glimpse we could catch of its cozy dwellings gave birth to pleasant recollections of the friends we had left, and the hospitality we had received. Henceforth this is to be a spot to which memory will journey, and the beautiful view we had obtained from the top of the Court House, where a friend conducted us, will live fresh in our mind as long as that mind can enjoy a bright landscape, or re-create the past.

We passed two days in London very pleasantly. We think we should like to live there. It seems to be a place where one could feel at home, and take root, and where business thrives. The city is laid out with great regularity, the streets are very broad and straight. We experienced a peculiar temporary accession of strength while walking through those broad streets, similar to the impression we had in Toronto, while walking down Yonge Street; a kind of sympathetic emotion of grandeur, a prophetic foreshadowing of the future greatness of these young cities, already so dignified and imposing in their character. The railroad

coming in at London has given a wonderful acceleration to enterprise; the people are intelligent, industrious, and successful. We could not help feeling a great desire to go on westward to the end of the Canada route, the mind so naturally reaches forward in the direction of a definite end; but, though we could have reached Detroit in a few hours, we concluded that the desire to see the end of a railroad route would be equally strong when we could once be in a full career in an opposite direction, and, therefore, deferred visiting that part of the country until a future period. Railroads and telegraph connect Montreal with all the important places west; it is really magical to witness their operation when applied to every-day life. A lady who was travelling in the cars with us, received by telegraph in Detroit, at 7 o'clock one evening, the news of her father's illness, at 7 o'clock next morning she left Detroit in the cars, took the Canadian route to the Suspension Bridge, then the New York Central railroad, at 10 o'clock that night arrived at Port Byron, a place near Syracuse, where her relatives reside. A few years ago letters were nearly a week travelling between these points.

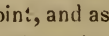
The country between London and Hamilton is finely diversified. The two streams uniting at London to form the Thames, meander through the country for miles along the railroad route, their windings add much to the beauty of the hilly landscape, which is constantly changing to the eye of the spectator. One moment he sees a deep ravine, through which flows a little stream, and anon a thrifty settlement, with its saw-mill and flouring establishment testify to the activity and prosperity of the inhabitants. A stranger who looks upon this country,—sprinkled as it is with growing villages and well cultivated farms,—perceives at once that it is a desirable location for enterprising people. Paris, Brantford, and Dundas are fine flourishing places in this vicinity, easy of access, and inviting from their picturesque situation.

Hamilton, at the head of navigation on lake Ontario, is fast acquiring importance and substantial commercial character; increasing rapidly in population, and numbers many churches and public institutions. It is situated about a mile and a half from the steamboat landing. Omnibuses and carriages are in readiness to convey travellers from the wharf to the city. The weather was so warm, while we were there, that we did not dare to go about as much as we wished. The mountain, back

of the city, its chief ornament, bears some resemblance to Mount Royal. There seems to be room enough in the great business streets, and as one looks down at the long line of stores, he is impressed with the fact, that a great amount of business must be transacted there. The hotels of Hamilton are respectable, some of them are on a large scale, handsomely furnished, and well attended. At the City Hotel the most admirable system seemed to prevail. Colored waiters anticipate the wants of travellers in a quiet, polite, and efficient manner.

In travelling one cannot help philosophising a little; calling to mind what a wonderful world this is, what untold myriads swarm over its surface, each individual heart carrying a little world within itself; one cannot help thinking of the sorrows and joys, the beauties and deformities that appear in close proximity amid its every-day scenes, and realising that human nature is the same in essence everywhere. Still, as we journey from one place to another, we meet kindred spirits, for there are invisible telegraphic lines running here and there through the world, keeping open communication between hearts. Thus thinking we are apt to feel aware of the majesty that gathers around human existence, and perhaps are much more benefited by journeying, because we get time to think, than we could be any other way. For ourselves we felt so cheered by all we saw of prosperity in Upper Canada, that we turned homewards with new energy to the city of our adoption and love. We came back by way of Lake Champlain and Rouse's Point, and as the spires of Montreal came in sight with the line of noble wharves in front, we thought no city could present a more beautiful appearance.

Montreal, September, 1854.



THE BEAR AND THE MONKEYS.—A great number of monkeys lived in a delightful country stored with all manner of pleasant fruits. A bear travelling that way by accident, and considering the beauty of the residence, and the sweet lives the monkeys led, said to himself, "It is not just or reasonable that these little animals should live so happy, while I am forced to run through forests and mountains in search of food." Saying this, he ran among the monkeys, and killed some of them, and dispersed others. But, uniting their force, they fell upon him, and bit and mauled him with such effect, that he was soon covered with blood, and did not ultimately escape without great difficulty. Combined exertions of the individually insignificant are more than adequate to repel the aggressions of the individuully strong. Union is strength.

EXTRACTS FROM "SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS."

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, we rode with a party of friends to see some of the *notabilia*. First, to Bothwell Castle, of old the residence of the "Black Douglas." The name had for me the quality of enchantment. I cannot understand nor explain the nature of that sad yearning and longing with which one visits the mouldering remains of a state of society which one's reason wholly disapproves, and which one's calm sense of right would think it the greatest misfortune to have recalled; yet when the carriage turned under the shadow of beautiful ancient oaks, and Mr. S. said, "There, we are in the grounds of the old Black Douglas family!" I felt every nerve shiver. I remembered the dim melodies of the Lady of the Lake. Bothwell's lord was the lord of this castle, whose beautiful ruins here adorn the banks of the Clyde.

Whatever else we have or may have in America, we shall never have the wild, poetic beauty of these ruins. The present noble possessors are fully aware of their worth as objects of taste, and, therefore, with the greatest care are they preserved. Winding walks are cut through the grounds with much ingenuity, and seats or arbors are placed at every desirable and picturesque point of view.

To the thorough-paced tourist, who wants to *do* the proprieties in the shortest possible time, this arrangement is undoubtedly particularly satisfactory; but to the idealist, who would like to roam, and dream, and feel, and to come unexpectedly on the choicest points of view, it is rather a damper to have all his raptures prearranged and foreordained for him, set down in the guide-book and proclaimed by the guide, even though it should be done with the most artistic accuracy.

Nevertheless, when we came to the arbour which commanded the finest view of the old castle, and saw its gray, ivy-clad walls, standing forth on a beautiful point, round which swept the brown, dimpling waves of the Clyde, the indescribable sweetness, sadness, wildness of the whole scene would make its voice heard in our hearts. "Thy servants take pleasure in her dust, and favor the stones thereof," said an old Hebrew poet, who must have felt the inexpressibly sad beauty of a ruin. All the splendid phantasmagoria of chivalry and feudalism, knights, ladies, banners, glittering arms, sweep before us; the cry of the battle, the noise of the captains, and the shouting; and then in contrast this deep stillness, that green, clinging ivy, the gentle, rippling river, those weeping birches, dipping in its soft waters,—all these, in their quiet loveliness, speak of something more imperishable than brute force.

The ivy on the walls now displays a trunk in some places as large as a man's body. In the days of old Archibald the Grim, I suppose that ivy was a little weak twig, which, if he ever noticed, he must have thought the feeblest and slightest of all things; yet Archibald has gone back to dust, and the ivy is still growing on. Such force is there in gentle things!

I have often been dissatisfied with the admiration which a poetic education has woven into my nature for chivalry and feudalism; but, on a closer examination, I am convinced that there is a real and proper foundation for it, and that, rightly understood, this poetic admiration is not inconsistent with the spirit of Christ.

For, let us consider what it is we admire in these Douglases, for instance, who, as represented by Scott, are perhaps as good exponents of this idea as any. Was it their hardness, their cruelty, their hastiness to take offence, their fondness for blood and murder? All these, by and of themselves, are simply disgusting. What, then, do we admire? Their courage, their fortitude, their scorn of lying and dissimulation, their high sense of personal honor, which led them to feel themselves the protectors of the weak, and to disdain to take advantage of unequal odds against an enemy. If we read the book of Isaiah, we shall see that some of the most striking representations of God appeal to the very same principles of our nature.

The fact is, there can be no reliable character which has not its basis in these strong qualities. The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle needs the strong to sustain it, as much as the rock-flowers need rocks to grow on, or yonder ivy the rugged wall which it embraces. When we are admiring these things, therefore, we are only admiring some sparkles and glimmers of that which is divine, and so coming nearer to Him in whom all fulness dwells.

After admiring at a distance, we strolled through the ruins, themselves. Do you remember, in the Lady of the Lake, where the exiled Douglas, recalling to his daughter the images of his former splendor, says,—

> "When Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
> And Bothwell's walls flung back the praise?"

These lines came forcibly to my mind, when I saw the mouldering ruins of Blantyre priory rising exactly opposite to the castle on the other side of the Clyde.

The banks of the river Clyde, where we walked, were thick set with Portuguese laurel, which I have before mentioned as similar to our rhododendron. I here noticed a fact with regard to the ivy which had often puzzled me; and that is, the different shapes of

its leaves in the different stages of its growth. The young ivy has an indented leaf; but when it has become more than a century old every trace and indentation melts away, and this I found to be the invariable shape of the oldest ivy, in all the ruins of Europe which I explored.

This ivy, like the spider, takes hold with her hands in king's palaces, as every twig is furnished with innumerable little clinging fingers, by which it draws itself close, as it were, to the very heart of the old rough stone.

Its clinging and beautiful tenacity has given rise to an abundance of conceits about fidelity, friendship, and woman's love, which have become commonplace simply from their appropriateness. It might, also, symbolize that higher love, unconquerable and unconquered, which has embraced this ruined world from age to age, silently spreading its green over the rents and fissures of our fallen nature, giving "beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

There is a modern mansion, where the present proprietor of the estate lives. It was with an emotion partaking of the sorrowful, that we heard that the Douglas line, as such, was extinct, and that the estate had passed to distant connections. I was told that the present Lord Douglas is a peaceful clergyman, quite a different character from old Archibald the Grim.

The present residence is a plain mansion, standing on a beautiful lawn, near the old castle. The head gardener of the estate and many of the servants came out to meet us, with faces full of interest. The gardener walked about to show us the localities, and had a great deal of the quiet intelligence and self-respect which, I think, are characteristic of the laboring classes here. I noticed that on the green sweep of the lawn, he had set out here and there a good many daises, as embellishments to the grass, and these in many places were defended by sticks bent over them, and that, in one place, a bank overhanging the stream was radiant with yellow daffodils, which appeared to have come up and blossomed there accidentally. I know not whether these were planted there, or came up of themselves.

We next went to the famous Bothwell Bridge, which Scott has immortalized in Old Mortality. We walked up and down, trying to recall the scenes of the battle, as there described, and were rather mortified, after we had all our associations comfortably located upon it, to be told that it was not the same bridge—it had been newly built, widened, and otherwise made more comfortable and convenient.

Of course, this was evidently for the benefit of society, but it was certainly one of those cases where the poetical suffers for the prac-

tical. I comforted myself in my despondency, by looking over at the old stone piers underneath, which were indisputably the same. We drove now through beautiful grounds, and alighted at an elegant mansion, which in former days belonged to Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott. It was in this house that Old Mortality was written.

As I was weary, the party left me here, while they went on to see the Duke of Hamilton's grounds. Our kind hostess showed me into a small study, where she said Old Mortality was written. The window commanded a beautiful view of many of the localities described. Scott was as particular to consult for accuracy in his local descriptions as if he had been writing a guide-book.

He was in the habit of noting down in his memorandum-book even names and characteristics of the wildflowers and grasses that grew about the place. When a friend once remarked to him that he should have supposed his imagination could have supplied such trifles, he made an answer that is worth remembering by every artist,—that no imagination could long support its freshness which was not nourished by a constant and minute observation of nature.

EDITORIAL.

The summer heat so oppressive in our cities, offers a reasonable excuse for our wishing to have a change, and the facilities for travelling are increasing so rapidly, that almost every one can avail himself of them at least for a short time. In the present age so much is to be learned, and kept in mind, it becomes a kind of duty for all to move about some. Besides in travelling we come in contact with character, form new associations, and call upon memory to "lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes."

We felt happy to get away from the dusty city, and look out upon a scene unbounded, save by the imaginary boundary of the horizon, and it was inspiring to see the evidences of so much manly energy and skill as continually presented themselves to our view during our journey up the St. Lawrence. Pleasing as this was for a time, and rich as it made us in happy remembrances of kind friends as well as lovely scenery, we gladly found ourselves back in our cozy little sanctum ready to devote ourselves to our labors with fresh zeal. And sure we are that life and labor with all their earnest realities will become doubly interesting to us from the accessions of thought gathered from the varied scenes we beheld during our little trip. We are happy to express our thanks to the kind friend who presided so efficiently at the editorial table during our absence; the September number which came out under her supervision abounds in excellent matter.

The "Gap of Dunloe," written by Mrs. Hayward, for the *Maple Leaf*, promises to be deeply interesting. The description of mountain scenery is given with a delicate appreciation of beauty that indicates the eye of an artist.

[For the Maple Leaf.

AMERICA RICH IN HISTORIC INCIDENT.

THERE is scarce a spot of ground in classic Greece, or Italy, that has not been traced in description, by artistic travellers, and rendered vividly beautiful in the glowing colors they have spread so delicately yet lavishingly upon it. The vine-clad summits of Grecian mountains have been brought before us, with their deep green foliage shading into richer hues, under the broad flush of southern sunlight. Heavy clusters of grapes purple and silver-tinted, with fair groups of sweet-scented blossoms, have been painted to the life, beautifully contrasted with lucious fruit peeping out amid the shining leaves of the orange tree. Scarce a ruin of ancient Egypt, lifting time-worn memorials of grandeur towards the skies, but has found its sculptured beauties shadowed forth in enthusiastic description by artist and tourist. The Alpine pass, and awful sublimity of the down-rushing avalanche have had devoted admirers. The dreamy serenity of Italian landscapes has been so aptly described, that one could almost hear the soft rustle of balmy airs, and the musical dip of the gondolier's oar, or the sweet cadence of the moonlight serenade, floating like the strain of some angel's lyre above the waves of the Mediterranean. A kind of halo rests on the craggy sides of Sinai, and fills with enchanting light the vales of Palestine. The thought of Lebanon with his venerable cedars, fills us with awe, and we call it holy ground where Horeb rears his head, or Pisgah's verdant top overlooks the fertile plains of Jordan. The Christian heart expands with delight as he sketches the scenery of that clime so rich in interest. While pondering the records of past ages he does not forget that the tide of human life which flowed rill-like from the earthly paradise, is destined to flow broad and deep into the paradise above. Look where we will in Asia, on the shores of the Mediterranean, or where the Himalayas, peak above peak, lift their majestic forms crowned with perpetual snow, or set ourselves down in imagination among the fanes of Benares and Mecca, and we feel im-

pressed with great and solemn emotions, until, all glowing with feeling, we desire to bear our part in restoring her to the golden prosperity of early times. The whole eastern continent abounds in classic shrines, memorials of deep interest, and natural beauties peculiar to itself.

America never can become venerated in the same sense as the old world. The imposing flow of ages has swept over it, but history breathes no record of the remote past replete with memorable incident, and pictured in the semi-luminous drapery which lapse of years lends to acts of doubtful excellence. No orator, or poet has celebrated the mighty achievements of the warriors and statesmen who once figured on this continent. We have only a modern history to look back upon. Though that history does recount deeds of many, really mightier than Cæsar and Alexander, and some imbued with a spirit akin to Paul's, yet our cities are comparatively new, our institutions in their infancy, and we, as a people, must travel in spirit to the halls of the ancients to satisfy our love of the venerable and magnificent, — a love which finds ample material upon which to expand, and grow vital when we turn to the vivid imagery of Sacred narrative, and follow the pen of inspiration back to Eden, whose "loftiest shade," like a vanishing picture of beauty, lures us onward to creation's dawn when "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." This love for the old world grows with our growth, our hearts send out fibres that cling to the cross and the sepulchre, and thence rise to the new Jerusalem to be nourished near the river of life.

America, though comparatively modern in history, and lacking the fascination which gathers around the eastern world, is rich in resources for perfecting the human intellect, and feeding that admiration of the lofty and grand which is implanted in our hearts for a wise and benevolent purpose.

The idea that so vast a continent lay becalmed ages upon the bosom of our earth, that the waves of the Atlantic made ceaseless music upon a beach extending hundreds of miles, while the Pacific, the father of oceans, kept time in mountain surges upon the opposite shore has something of the sublime about it. Vain man dwindles into his true position when we realise that this vast expanse of country, so lovely and diversified, lay centuries, for aught we know, undisturbed in its virgin purity, beautiful

to His eye alone, who penciled its bold mountains, and hollowed channels for its rivers; and thought gathers another element of sublimity, when we infer that the moment when all this wealth of beauty was to be opened to the world, was selected by that Providence who guided three fragile vessels over the then unknown ocean to its shores in safety.

We have said that America would never present the same venerable aspect as the Old World; true, but will she lack scenes of deep interest to the lovers of nature and art? Here is a varied surface. Nowhere does sterility prevail for a great distance. The golden sunsets of her tropical regions vie with the beauteous blending of cloud tints in Italy, while the fertility of the soil furnishes delicious fruits and innumerable flowers. Farther north, mountain ranges stretch through the country, and rolling away from these toward the sea coast, the land presents gentler inequalities of surface, varied by noble rivers and lakes. One of the most interesting features of America is her prairie land. Spread out for miles in extent, the prairie country is perfectly level, covered with tall grass, which, when agitated by the wind, resembles the waves of the sea. There is the same boundlessness of extent that is noticed at sea, and this, together with a sense of loneliness, makes an uncultivated western prairie imposing and awful. The number and length of the rivers of America far exceed those of the eastern continent. Many of them flow hundreds of miles, gathering tributaries, increasing in size and rapidity, until they mingle with the ocean. Cataracts dash and foam, or rush in immense volume into fathomless abysses, while caverns and mines reveal the mineral wealth of the country. The climate of North America is bracing, giving to the inhabitants a more abiding energy than is natural to those of the Old World, and they exhibit this energy in becoming masters of the grand natural resources of the country, and turning them all to assist the march of improvement.

One of the most fascinating features of American history is the interesting delineation of aboriginal character and prowess.—The dim spectres of the Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons, the deeds of the majestic Delawares, or the savage Mohawks, are presented to the youthful student of American history;*

* We speak of American history as a whole, embracing that of Canada and the United States.

their majestic forms, and solemn gravity, aptly represented by the rich colors of olden times. In fact the legends of Indian warriors, their customs, and grave code of honor, go a great way towards giving the annals of our country a romantic interest. In this respect there is much more of real fascination than can be brought out in the history of the early inhabitants of Britain, who lacked that grandeur of soul which nerved many an Indian like Philip of Mount Hope, or the just Massasoit.

But America, though so young in historic story, already numbers many spots sacred to warm remembrances, where hundreds of pilgrims resort to keep alive the memory of her heroes and patriots. She boasts of Plymouth Rock and the brave men who "raised their songs of lofty cheer," and heard them echoed from the "dim aisles" of the almost leafless woods. She points to the rock-built city of Quebec, and shows where the pioneers of civilization held council with the red men of the forest, and set their pallisades on an eminence overlooking a wild and magnificent country; and the multitudes who now visit this spot, sacred to heroic records, bear enthusiastic testimony, not only to the sagacity and good taste of the early founders of that city, but to its unique beauty of appearance.

The stranger is informed of the wall which once encircled the city of Montreal, when her dwellings, scattered among the wigwams of Indians, were few in number; and he is also told that the lovely island of Manhattan, under the renowned administration of the tobacco-loving, doubting, and slow moving Dutch, could not then, as now, compete with that of Montreal, whose wild beauty of scenery was only equalled by the fearless prowess of its first settlers. And where beats the heart of the true American that throbs not with quicker pulsation when he thinks of the brave struggles of our fore-fathers? Champlain, Frontenac, Washington, Montcalm and Wolf have become household words, and the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, as well as the heights of Abraham, are endeared to our proud remembrance.

The dark eyed Indian maiden who saved the heroic Smith from the uplifted club has become the type of many noble hearts among the aborigines of our country, who were noted for a courtly dignity of manner and eloquence of speech.

Nature's magnificence is still the same. Forest and valley, mountain and plain, are enchanting in their beauty. But the red men are best known to us in history, and best remembered when the sighing winds and falling leaf seem to speak of the spirits of those who once built their council fires where the mighty tide of civilized life now rolls.

The study of Indian life and character will form a taste among our young people for grand scenery, and win them to admire that self-control and bravery which sustained the Indian in the most trying reverses. While we would familiarize their minds with the facts of ancient history, we would have them make American history their own by an actual transfer of its incidents to their glowing minds and hearts. The men of iron nerve and enduring perseverance, who struggled to establish institutions which are the pride of the New World, have long since passed away, but the record of their magnanimity lives, and our children will embody in verse and song the story of American liberty and American bravery, and thus in process of time shall we have a literature purely national and purely original. Though America cannot vie with the Eastern Continent in holy associations, nature has so garnished her landscapes as to leave nothing to wish for, in point of beauty and diversity; and man has so set his impress throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the march of intellect goes on with celerity; and the time is not distant when, arresting the mighty machinery of home improvement, she will be able to look across the billows to ancient Asia and Africa, and say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Montreal, Oct., 1854.

MY AUNT MARY.

A SKETCH.—(*Original.*)

I have rarely seen a lady of such unequivocal beauty as my aunt Mary. Her features are perfectly symmetrical; rather of the Grecian order. Her complexion is fair to transparency, contrasting finely with her raven locks and fine dark eye. A faint color in the cheek, the rich ruby lip, the intellectual expression, and the deep melancholy which almost always rests on her lovely face, her graceful, yet dignified deportment, and agreeable con-

versation, lend a charm to her appearance which render her an object of peculiar interest. But how much is this interest increased when the particulars of the events which cast a shadow over her future life are related?

Aunt Mary, at the early age of eighteen, left the fashionable, though practical boarding school, of which she had for three years been a member, an accomplished scholar. Her mind is of no common order; and her natural love of intellectual pursuits led her to look deeply into those studies which, in the opinion of her instructors, were sufficient for the education of the female mind.

After her release from school she spent much time in visiting, in company with friends, most of the places of interest in the Northern States.

On one of these excursions she became acquainted with Herbert E., a young man of extremely prepossessing appearance, possessing a noble and finely cultivated mind, and that rare gift, the power of conversing well, and delightfully too, on almost any subject

The congeniality of disposition and feelings existing between young E. and aunt Mary, together with the peculiar fascination of his manners, was a charm against which the heart of my aunt Mary was not proof. Nor was the impression made by my lovely aunt less enduring, and when the declaration of his attachment was made, it was answered most favorably by the object of his devotion, and her parents, who were happy to obtain for their daughter a man of such intrinsic worth.

The father of young E. lived in a pleasant village, a few miles from aunt Mary's, and it was owing to her absence, and that of the young man, at their respective institutions, that they had never met. Immediately after graduating, E. commenced his profession—the law—in a flourishing village in the western part of this State, where he was rapidly rising to eminence.

During the intense heat of summer he indulged himself in a trip to Niagara and the Canadas, and it was on this excursion he first saw and loved my aunt. An early day was named for their union, and the intervening time sped swiftly by in making preparations for that important event. A short time before the day appointed for the wedding H. E. returned home. To improve his health, which had become somewhat injured by close appli-

cation to the duties of his profession, he employed the favorable opportunity then offered for equestrian amusements. Not unfrequently he was so incautious as to greatly fatigue himself by a long ride, and would find it necessary to call at my aunt's to rest himself before proceeding further.

On one of these interesting occasions, a day or two before the one which was to crown their happiness, he called as usual, and so agreeably did the time pass that the hour of eleven surprized them still "holding sweet converse."

The lover lingered one moment at the gate to hear the entreaties of his Mary that he would be careful of his personal safety; for the night had closed in dark and stormy, and his steed was one of high metal.

She permitted one fond embrace, and they parted. The road which he took was one of danger, it lay along the margin of a rapid stream. As it was a much shorter distance to the village by this road, he was induced to take it, notwithstanding the peril he would encounter. The swollen waters had crossed the road in some places, and the horseman could perceive that his steed was annoyed by the waves as the wind blew them occasionally over his feet. To avoid exciting his horse beyond the power of control, E. attempted to guide him up a slight acclivity into a field, which opened into the main road. Meeting with some obstacle, the animal gave a bound which threw his rider with such violence as to cause insensibility.

The next morning E.'s body was found further down the stream, and conveyed to his bereaved family.

But who shall attempt to describe the grief of those fond parents as they witnessed in the clay-cold corpse of their gifted and accomplished son, the ruin of their fondest hopes; in him they lost the only stay of their old age.

This agonizing intelligence was imparted as gently as possible to aunt Mary, who seemed perfectly stupified by her unutterable grief. But to portray her anguish, while leaning over the lifeless form of him who was her idol, would be impossible.—She there beheld the annihilation of every fond hope, the destruction of those blissful dreams of felicity he himself had planned when animated by delightful prospects, and buoyant with life and hope.

But now, he lay before her *dead.*

Oh ! it was terrible to think of it, and she sank into a sort of insensible apathy from which nothing aroused her until his body was consigned to its kindred earth. Then indeed did the extent of her bereavement break upon her with fearful distinctness, and the result of this mental agony was to prostrate her upon a bed of lingering and dangerous illness, from which she rose with a heart purified by the severe chastisement which had been inflicted on her. She had learned that she could have but one object of worship, and that one her Father and her God.

Though her own life has been shaded by gloom she endeavors to find forgetfulness of her sorrows by relieving the wants and distresses of the wretched, and suffering, around her.

Her loveliness of disposition and character still shine pure and fresh as in the days of sunny and untried girlhood, though receiving an additional charm from the holy influence of the Christian graces, and the spirit from on high.

SIMPHEROPOL.

(Extracts from Russian Shores of the Black Sea, by Oliphant.)

Simpheropol, in the Crimea, contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Though it seems to lie in a plain, a great part of the town is situated on the precipitous edge of the steppe, from whence a magnificent view is obtained immediately below ; and at the foot of abrupt rocks, two hundred feet high, runs the tiny Salghir, dignified with the name of a river, and if not entitled to it from its size, worthy the appellation by reason of the lovely valley which it has formed in its northern course. Orchards and gardens, containing every sort of fruit-trees, and abounding in rows of tall poplars, line its banks, until the hills, becoming higher and more thickly wooded, form a ridge, which is connected with the Tchatir Dagh, a noble back-ground, and one which does full justice to this lovely picture.

Fortunately the annual fair, which takes place the first week of October, was being held during the period of our stay, and then it is that the greatest variety of costume, and all the characteristic features of the Crimea, are most opportunely collected for the traveller's benefit.

An enormous square, many acres in extent, contained an indiscriminate mass of booths, camels, carts, droskies, oxen, and

picturesque groups. Here may be seen the red-bearded Russian mujik, in jack-boots and sheepskin, in close confabulation with a gaily-dressed Tartar, who has just galloped across the steppe, and who sits his horse as if he were part and parcel of him. He wears a large white fur-cap, a red striped embroidered jacket, fitting closely to his body, with wide open sleeves, while his loose dark blue trowsers are girded with a bright-colored sash, amid the folds of which the massive handle of his dagger appears, and his slippered feet are thrust into clumsy stirrups at the end of very long leathers. His horse is a wiry little animal, possessing an infinitely greater amount of intelligence than beauty. Farther on among the crowd, and distinguished by his green turban, floats the robe of some pious Hadjè ; nor does he seem in the least scandalized by two young ladies in a drosky, not only devoid of fereedjè, but even of bonnets, and wearing only the jaunty little caps of the Parisian grisette. We might very fairly suggest, however, the propriety of their profiting, in some degree, from the example of the muffled females over the way, who seem afraid to expose to the profane gaze of men the dyed tips of their finger nails. In the narrow lanes formed by carts and tents, Greeks, in a no less gay though somewhat different costume from that usually worn in their country, are haggling with Russian Jews in long black beards, and long black cloaks reaching down to their ankles. It is an even bet who will have the best of such a bargain.—Savage-looking Nogays, and Cossack soldiers, are making purchases from Armenian or German shopkeepers. There are large booths, like gypsies' huts magnified, which have no connection with the ragged representatives of that wandering race who swarm at the fair, but which contain quantities of most tempting fruit, huge piles of apricots, grapes, peaches, apples, and plums, of any of which, one farthing will buy more than the purchaser can conveniently carry away with him. Besides these booths, there are heavy carts, with wicker-work sides and ungreased angular wheels, which make that incessant and discordant creaking familiar to those who have ever heard a Bengal bullock-hackery.—Presiding over the whole scene, not in the least disconcerted by the uncongenial forms which surround them, are hundreds of camels, in all sorts of positions, chewing the cud with Eastern philosophy, and perfectly submissive to very small ragged Tartar boys, who seem to have entire charge of them, and who do not

reach higher than their knees. Rows of shops enclosed this miscellaneous assemblage, containing saddles, knives whips, slippers, tobacco-pouches, and morocco-leather boots, all of Tartar manufacture, besides every description of European article. It was some satisfaction to feel, as we moved through the busy throng, in plaid shooting-coats with mother-of-pearl buttons, that we too were adding another variety to the motley costumes of the fair at Simpheropol.

[For the Maple Leaf.

MUSINGS.

"Ay! they that fix
Affections perfect trust on aught of earth,
Have many a dream to start from."

Like a joyless spirit now
She wanders through her home,—that home,
Ah! can it be, once so o'er-fraught with happiness,
That oft it bore the stamp of that bright world,
Among the bowers of which, ere sin had marred
The impress of their Maker, they did wander,
First parents of mankind in Eden's vale!
But now, like a dark spirit, sorrow broods,—
Her sorrow only—other spirits hold their sway,
Eating life's happiness—all torturing thoughts
Of doubt, and dread, and vague uncertainty
In the dim future—throwing a pall
Over the warm deep love which there had gush'd
Like welcome Spring in some far desert land!
A love which storm had crushed not,
Or sunshine could allure. O better far
To close the eyes, so wildly loved in truth,
Than live and know them changed, to feel
Them resting on the form,—Ah! once how dear,
With looks of coldness or indifference.
Better by far to die in early youth
Leaving thyself deep treasured in the heart
Of the beloved one, than thus to live
When change has crept with stealthiness so soft,
That 'twas as from a dream thou wakedst up,
To drink of bitterness far worse than death!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A Rhode Island clergyman lately illustrated the necessity of corporeal punishment for the correction of juvenile depravity, with the remark that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track, it takes the *switch* to get it off."

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

REFLECTIONS.

Autumn, with its gathered fruits, its garnered grain, and its many tinted leaves; Autumn, with its days of glowing sunlight, when it seems as if Nature was gathering her forces for one, last, grand display before she is wrapped in her wintry shroud; and, more than all, Autumn, with its sweet associations, and tear-bedewed memories, is here.

I love the Spring with its bursting freshness, and the Summer with its music and sunshine, but far *more* do I love their melancholy successor. In these days my heart is full of the past. Every falling leaf and passing cloud calls up some sweet, though it may be sad, reminiscence, and I live over again the Autumns of long ago.

As I sit by the bright wood-fire my thoughts are wandering away to a far off home, where the first bright years of my life glided away, with scarcely a care or a sorrow. *That* was the *Spring*, then came a golden-hued Summer, darkened ever and anon by storm-clouds, and shaken by deep-toned thunders. Here and there, some cherished tree, kissed by the hot-breathed lightning, withered away, leaving only a scathed and blackened trunk to tell what *might* have been; but still it was *Summer*, and even amid *ruins* the song-bird's voice made sweet melody.

Now the Spring-time is gone, and the Summer, seen from the mountain I have been climbing, far away in the mist-shrouded valley, looks angel faced. Over that valley wander loved forms, and sweet voices sounding there, wake an echo in my heart of hearts.

But not alone for its associations of the past is the Autumn pleasant to me. It is itself a beautiful *present*, and speaks in unmistakeable tones of a glorious future.

Gathered fruits and garnered grain are true and beautiful emblems of the labors and affections which crown a good life, and though Autumn, in its turn, must surrender to stern old Winter, it is ever done with a view to the verdant Spring-time approaching—just as man, when the bleak winds of life have swept over him, lies down in the winter of the grave, looking for, and believing in, the dawn of an endless life.

EDLA.

Montreal, October 19, 1854.

MOUNTAIN SLIPS AND TORRENTS OF MUD.

In the higher recesses of mountain regions, the Alps for instance, slow and silent processes are in operation, sometimes for many years together, which not only produce changes in the form and character of mountains, but at length issue in the most unexpected and appalling effects. These processes may be, *first*, the gradual, but irresistible, motion of those icy streams, called glaciers; or, *secondly*, the penetrating of water from melting ice and snow through fissures or openings in rocks, until, by alternate freezing and thawing, it separates portions of their substance; or, *thirdly*, the softening of immense beds of clay, on which many rocks are found to rest. From such causes as these, arise the land-slips, inundations, avalanches, and torrents, to which the Swiss valleys and villages are liable. It was owing to the gradual softening of extensive beds of clay, that a most destructive land-slip took place in 1806 from the Rossberg, a mountain in Switzerland, nearly five thousand feet high. Suddenly, and within the space of five minutes, a portion of this mountain, a league in length, one thousand feet broad, and one hundred feet thick, was precipitated, together with a torrent of mud, into the valley beneath, and destroyed three villages, more than three hundred houses, stables, and huts, and about four hundred and fifty human beings, besides whole herds of cattle.

This fearful catastrophe was witnessed by Dr. Zay, from whose description the following passages are selected:—

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2nd of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, and a sort of cracking noise was heard internally. Stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon on the 2nd of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man who had been digging in his garden, ran away in alarm at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure larger than all the others was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes

before five o'clock the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had oftened predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man running by that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying, he had time to fill another pipe. The young man continuing to fly was thrown down several times and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once." In another house a nurse, while crossing a room, leading a child by the hand, was suddenly thrown down. "The house, as she afterwards said, appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a teetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." They were both afterwards dug out of the ruins alive; it appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about fifteen hundred feet from where it stood before. In another place a child, two years old, was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattrass upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which it had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, one end of it was filled up; and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the farther end, was inundated, and some houses washed away, and the flood carried live fish into the village of Stimen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position."

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau. Some persons who, from a distance of four miles, were observing with a telescope the summit of the Rossberg, state, that all at once a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible,

they sought some friends who had gone before them into Goldau, but this village was lost under a heap of stones and rubbish, one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but confusion. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers ; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi: its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as they might have been by cannon.

Such are the fearful effects of a mountain-slip. The glacier may also be the cause of no less imminent dangers.

The Val de Bagnes, near Martigny, has been more than once devastated by means of masses of ice and snow from the glacier of Getroz, completely blocking up the mountain torrent which feeds the river Dranse. Behind this barrier the waters accumulated in a fearful manner in 1818, forming a lake which was estimated to contain eight hundred millions of cubic feet of water. Notwithstanding the most persevering and ingenious efforts to drain this lake by means of a tunnel cut through the ice, the waters burst through the barrier with a tremendous crash, carrying away rocks, forests, bridges, houses, and cultivated lands.

Between Martigny and the lake of Geneva, in the month of August, 1835, a torrent of mud descended from the summit of the Dent de Midi, into the Vallais near Evionaz. The following account of this catastrophe has been communicated to us by a gentleman who visited the spot in August, 1838.

"It would appear, from the accounts of the people in the neighborhood, that one day in August, 1835, a crashing noise was heard in the mountain, and shortly afterwards the *ecoulement* or torrent was seen to issue from the ravine, overthrowing and carrying along with it trees and everything else that it met in its course. The advance of the slimy torrent, although not rapid, was irresistible, and in about a couple of hours it had covered, in a fan-like form, the whole slope down to the Rhone. No lives were lost; but the peasants who lived in a few scattered cottages in the ravine,

and in the vicinity of its mouth, were scared from their dwellings, and suffered some considerable loss of property. I was assured that no water was seen:—It was like a deluge of bluish grey mud, intermixed with slaty rocks, and exhibiting much the same appearance to the eye as it does at present. It continued to flow, but gently, for two or three days, and then stopped.

As it moved down from an immense height, the momentum it acquired carried it forward at last with irresistible violence, sweeping away blocks of stone many tons in weight, which floated like corks upon the surface. It covered the high road for a length of about nine hundred feet, and overwhelmed many fields, orchards, and some few houses. Such phenomena are by no means new in that neighborhood. It appears, from the accounts of the people in the neighborhood, that "some very long time ago, the Rhone, in that part of its course, flowed much more nearly through the centre of the Vallais, and that a town or village, named Penassez, stood upon its bank, but that a *debacle* from this same ravine overwhelmed Penassez, and drove the Rhone eastward, to the channel which it now occupies, at the very foot of the opposite mountain, the Dent de Morcles, which bounds the Vallais on that side."—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

A SKETCH.

"The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine.
Angels should paint it, angels ever there."

There he lay, the cold hand of death already on his brow, and his emaciated features settling in the repose that knows no waking. Peacefully he sank to his everlasting slumber. No traces of suffering disturbed the serenity of his brow, or marred the holy calmness that pervaded his last moments; the spirit of his life, struggling onwards, had at last reached the confines of time, and was about to pass into the vast unknown. Not a sound was heard; no sigh of complaint was uttered; for the deep solemnity of the death-chamber hushed our voices, and we knew that the spirit passing away in death's deep silence would inherit the reward of the just. No shuffling tread broke the solemn stillness; no dissonant note of grief fell amid the awful gloom. We heard the voice of the minister breathing words of

heavenly comfort to the departing spirit, and we were resigned.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

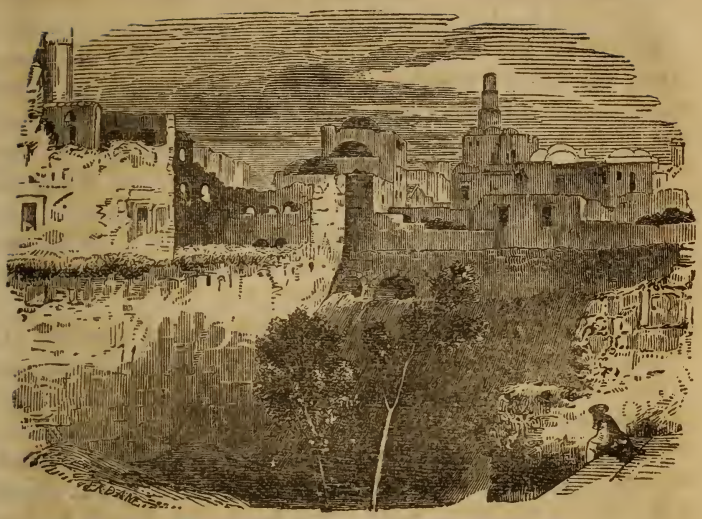
He was not old, but he had lived a good life. Checkered as his days had been by cares and griefs, his hopeful spirit had borne up with all, and his life of self-denial and disinterested kindness had not been unfruitful of much good to his fellow beings. He had not entered much into the gaieties of life, and knew but little of its boasted joys; his pleasures were *his own*, and his enjoyments, hid, as they often were, in the recesses of his own warm heart, nevertheless painted their impress upon his benevolent countenance. Others had blessed him "by day and by night," and prayed for his weal; he had lived to be honored and loved; he died to be regretted and remembered.

It is evening; the tints of the setting sun deck the heavens, and his glorious beams light my way. I stand by the cold sod that lies green above *his* dear remains, and my thoughts seek to hold communion with the spirit world. I feel happy in the consciousness that God watches over the precious dust here fast mingling with its native element, and blesses the soul He has taken to Himself. Oh! that I may be inspired with strength to live as he lived! to do as he did! This wish shall merge in purpose, and hereafter in solitude, or in the deep stillness of midnight, I shall be able to think of his death-bed, and rest in happiness.

ISIDOR.

Montreal, September, 1854.

JAPANESE CULTURE.—The Japanese are far from being as much behind the times as we are apt to imagine. There is probably no country, not Christian, in the world, so educated, cultivated and refined. Their mechanics are in some things more ingenious and skilful than our own. Their farmers, if they fall behind ours in enterprise, beat them in thrift and economy, and in the quantity of produce they raise under the circumstances. They had printed books long before we had. They watch the progress of European science and art, and avail themselves eagerly of its discoveries. Their coasting trade is large and busy. They take and read the Dutch newspapers, and thus keep themselves posted up in the progress of western events. They knew of the coming of Commodore Perry's squadron, and were prepared for its arrival.



[For the Maple Leaf.

JERUSALEM.

Palestine is the land, of all others, towards which the heart of the Christian turns with interest and love; the scene of events, which, for sublimity and pathos, have no equal in history. Palestine, the ancient home of the Jew, the present possession of the infidel, how full of thrilling interest is the name! It is the land, which of old, was trod by patriarch and prophet; the land over which Abraham journeyed, in full belief of the promise that it should be given to his seed for an inheritance, when as yet he had no foot of it in possession; and where, centuries after, his descendants lived under the immediate government and protection of the Almighty. It is here that David the king reigned, where he wrote those beautiful psalms which have been the language of God's people in all ages. Here was the law given amid awful solemnities, and here also was first published the Gospel. It was in Palestine that, according to the promise, Christ was born. It is most dear to every pious heart, because Jesus called it his earthly home. He journeyed through its towns and villages, over its hills and plains; he sailed on its waters; and, when foot-worn and weary, he rested beneath the shadow of its trees. But, though

all its dust is precious, yet most of all does the Christian long to walk the streets of Jerusalem, the holy city, because here were spent the last hours of the mortal life of the glorious Redeemer, the Son of God and the Son of Man! We envy not him who feels no kindling of soul as, in imagination, he visits the scenes consecrated by the Saviour's presence; whose heart does not burn within him as, in fancy, he accompanies the chosen three as they ascend with their master the Mount of Transfiguration, or retire to the Garden of Gethsemane.

The events which immortalize the Jerusalem of old are, to the Christian, the earnest of the joys he hopes to possess in the new Jerusalem above.

But a visit to modern Jerusalem must awaken emotions of sadness, for, instead of a city magnificent in its splendor, as was the ancient city, it presents a most poor, dirty, and miserable appearance.

Ancient Jerusalem is thought by some to have been founded by Melchisedec, king of Salem; if this be true, it was one of the oldest cities in the world. The first certain knowledge we have of it is when Joshua led the twelve tribes to the promised land. It was then in the possession of the Jebusites. Only a part of it was conquered by Joshua. The place was then called Jebus, and the conquered portion was inhabited by the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. It thus remained till king David's time, when it was taken by that brave and war-like prince. He made Mount Zion his chosen residence, expending much labor and skill in fortifying it. Here was his palace; and here, too, he found his grave, so that Mount Zion was appropriately called "the city of David."

The palmiest days of Jerusalem, as regards earthly splendor, were in the reign of Solomon, who greatly extended and beautified it. He built on Mount Moriah, one of its three hills, the magnificent temple, so much the pride of Israel; and he made the city so rich and splendid that it had no equal in the then known world. Those were its most glorious times. Then all the Jewish nation used to go up to worship at its temple, and hold their solemn feasts within its sacred walls. But these times of pomp and splendor lasted not long. Scarcely had Solomon been laid in his grave, ere its glory began to decline. In punishment for the sins of its inhabitants, God sent

various and terrible judgments upon it, till at last, in the reign of Zedekiah, it suffered a three years' siege from the Assyrians, and finally surrendered to them. Its conquerors set its beautiful temple on fire, razed its walls, destroyed all of beauty or magnificence that the city contained, and carried many of its citizens captive to Babylon. After lying in ruins seventy years, the city was re-built and restored in a measure to its former grandeur. The temple was re-built, but, though a beautiful building, it was greatly inferior to that erected by Solomon.

After this restoration the city passed through various changes. It was taken by Ptolemy, and many of its citizens were carried captive to Egypt. Then Antiochus Epiphanes plundered it, and desecrated the temple by placing in it an image of Jupiter. This so enraged the Jews that a rebellion broke out, which finally resulted in the recovery of the city by its rightful owners. In their possession it remained till about sixty-three years before Christ, when it was conquered by the Romans under Pompey, and 12,000 Jews were massacred in the courts of the temple. It was still under Roman sway when Christ was born, and continued so seventy years after, till in consequence of a revolt by the Jews, a Roman general was sent against the city, and, after a long and fearful struggle, it was completely destroyed. Nearly a hundred thousand persons were taken prisoners, and many more perished during the seige. Since that dreadful time it has never regained anything like its former magnificence. The city has passed through many hands, being at one time under the rule of Pagan, then of Christian Rome; in one age possessed by the Arabians, and changed to a Mahomedan city, then passing under the control of the Turks. In A.D. 1100, owing to the insults and persecutions heaped upon Christian pilgrims to the holy city by the Turks, attempts were made by European Christians to rescue Jerusalem from them. This was the beginning of the Crusades, or wars of the Cross. Thousands of zealous, though fanatical, persons united together in endeavors to wrest the holy city from the infidels. In these wars were enlisted many of the noble and mighty of Europe, and though we by no means approve of their doings, yet one cannot help sympathizing with their desire to redeem Jerusalem from the tyranny of the Turks, nor can we but admire

the bravery and enthusiastic zeal with which they pursued their purpose. After a severe struggle of forty days the Crusaders were victorious, and the city surrendered to them. For more than eighty years they retained possession of the place, and many thousands of pilgrims annually flocked to its sacred shrines. In A.D. 1187 the city was again taken by the Turks, in whose possession it remained (with the exception of four years, when it was in the hands of the Christians) till 1822. At this time it became subject to the Pasha of Egypt, who retained it under his power till 1841, when it was restored to the Turks, who are still its rulers.

Though the wild enthusiasm of the days of the Crusaders has passed away, it still is visited by many with the deepest interest. It is now inhabited by Mahomedans, Jews, and Christians. Its present condition is a striking commentary on the truth of the Holy Scriptures, showing how precisely God fulfills all his threatened judgments. Though once "beautiful for situation —the joy of the whole earth," it now presents no remains of its ancient beauty. Eighteen hundred years ago the place where it once stood was ploughed over as a field, and not a stone left of its glorious temple which was not thrown down. Now, alas! it is in the hands of the enemy, and only by sufferance can its ancient people visit its ruins. The place so precious to them, as the scene of their nation's glory, has been wrested from them, and they are scattered throughout the world a nation of out-casts. And all this has befallen them because of their sins, especially because of that climax of guilt, the rejection of the Messiah—because they put to death the Lord of Glory!

Yet, even in the ruins of Jerusalem the Christian sees ground of confidence and hope, confidence in that God who has so fully vindicated his honor, and hope, that as his threatenings have been so exactly fulfilled, so his promises of mercy will not fail. By the eye of faith the Christian looks forward to the time as, perhaps, not far distant when Jerusalem shall again be the home of the Jew, who, if he "abide not still in unbelief," shall become a living branch of the true vine. The signs of the times seem, to the observing mind, to point to the fulfillment of those prophecies which foretell the restoration of God's ancient people to the land of their forefathers; when

after that the "fullness of the Gentiles be come in," they, too, shall acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth, whom their fathers rejected, as the true Messiah—the Saviour of the world.

To that blessed consummation may our hearts be directed, and for this may our prayers ascend, till Jerusalem again becomes the city of God; "beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth."

S. E. H.

Montreal, October, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

AUTUMN.

Welcome, welcome, grand old Autumn,
Though thou art not crown'd with flow'rs,
Gathered closely round the hearthstone,
Glad we greet thy coming hours.

Love we well the Spring and Summer,
But the thoughts of days of old
Cling with closest, fondest pressure
To the Autumn brown and gold.

We remember how in childhood,
By the crackling Autumn fire,
Sat we, drinking in the lessons
Taught us by a sainted sire.

We remember how the sunshine,
Through the crimson curtains, shone
On that head that long since glisten'd
In the light that gilds the throne.

Many an Autumn since hath vanish'd,
Many a joy been quench'd in tears,
But those pictures of the old time
Fade not with the lapse of years.

Still we love the glorious Autumn
For the joys he once hath brought,
Still we keep the rose-hued mem'ries,
In our life's deep tissues wrought.

EDLA.

Montreal, Oct. 19, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A THIMBLE.

I have not much recollection of my young days. That I am from a respectable ancestry I know, for, though not exactly belonging to the *silver* family, I am *cousin-germain* to that brilliant "connection." I belong to the *german-silver* "branch of the house." The various stages of my early education, and preparation for "coming out," I am ignorant of, but I know that this preparation for my *debut* before the world was carried on in rather a hot manner, and, before I was "licked into shape," I received many a hard blow from the brawny hands of my master. My moral education must also have been strictly attended to, for, though a thimble, I am no *thimble-rigger*, and I can solemnly affirm that no treacherous pea has ever been concealed by me.

I distinctly remember the day when I left my native town, Birmingham: that manufacturing atmosphere of smoke and iron filings. It was rather a great day for me, for I was destined to make a trip across the Ocean, and, in the new world, commence the busy scene of active and, I flatter myself, useful life. I, together with a great number of my companions, was carefully stowed away for the voyage, and being, as you may perceive, of "genteel connections" I was awarded the best berth in the box. Our voyage was a short and prosperous one; our good ship the Canadian steamer *Ottawa* having exceeded the poet's idea of "walking the waters like a thing of life."

Not long after my arrival in Canada I was taken to a large warehouse, where I remained not only in "*bond*," but in *bondage*; however, by the kindness of the Custom House officers I was soon removed from my prison house, and again allowed to breathe a purer atmosphere. The master into whose hands I had now fallen was one who could not appreciate my excellent qualities, and—thus giving only a too common specimen of want of appreciative discrimination of genius—he made every exertion to get me off his hands. He succeeded; and this time a lady in the "fancy and Berlin wool line" was my purchaser. This lady, after carefully brightening me up with a little powder, set me on the counter of her grand shop, and enclosed me in a glass case, where I enjoyed a congenial circle of acquaintanceship. I was put in the midst of jewellery, bijouteire, and trinkets of every

color, form, and value. But here, I may remark, I got my first lesson in life. I found out that what we of the metals often say, "it's not all gold that glitters" is too true. What was my surprise to find that the rich and sparkling broach on my right turned out to be a very near relation of the *paste* connection. Picture my disgust when the topaz ring which, perhaps, had tempted many a stylish servant girl, upon more intimate acquaintance, was found to smack terribly of the cut glass "set." And when the "yellow metal" itself, lying in massy ornaments around me, was silent upon the subject of acids, and changed color in their presence, I came to the conclusion that every pretension in this world is as hollow as—I am myself; in fact, that as many holes can be picked in most things, as the needle's head will find in "your humble servant."

As I had detected all this soon after I was introduced to the gaze of the public, it may readily be supposed that I longed for a speedy removal. But before this wished-for event took place, I had ample opportunity to see a "little shopping," and it may not be uninteresting to detail in what way that momentous operation is conducted. I remarked that it was a general rule that the shopper should never know, before coming into the shop, what she wanted to buy. Indeed the main delight of shopping consists in a sort of blindfold *entree* into the midst of "pretty things," and then a sudden removal of the handkerchief, followed by a dash at every thing. In this way I was often disturbed and removed from my *otium cum dig;* but, from a little circumstance in my formation, I was always returned to my place, after being uncomfortably squezed on delicate fingers that had fingered the piano keys and the dinner dishes alternately. The fact is I was rather delicately formed; to such a degree that I am prevented from entering into an alliance with a good many fingers. Quite well do I remember a lady with a very strong and hearty body, but a *die-away*, fainting manner, coming upon me in her miscellaneous search one morning. She was a person formed by nature for a hardy prosecution of field work, but from some insane notion of her own physical incapacity she was accustomed to live on the verge of vertigo. The fingers of this fair shopper, however, dissipated any apprehension of the presence of consumption—except of the good things of this life;—consequently when I was taken on trial, I was found to be totally unserviceable, and,

in the course of my probation, proved a severe trial of patience to her. Having been found unfit for this lady's fingers I was of course pronounced unfit for any other fingers. But I knew that that was a mistake, and on being returned to my retreat I took occasion to ruminate on the vanity of all flesh. Not long after my fruitless interview with this lady, I was presented to a fashionable girl who informed my mistress that she had joined a *Dorcas* affair, and required me, as, perhaps, she would be expected to do a little needle-work. I heard the conclusion of the bargain with feelings of pleasure, I felt eager to enter into the world, and I was not sorry, at any rate, to leave the "fancy store." I was accordingly packed carefully, for fear of the damp air, and was sent home to my new mistress.

My impressions upon entering into fashionable life I will give in the next chapter of my adventures.

A. T. C.

Montreal, Oct., 1854.

No man not a savage has a right to educate his children with a view simply to the passive enjoyment of life. This is wholly to mistake the end and meaning of life. Life was never meant to be a mere pleasure save to the brute. To higher natures, it has always been, and always will be, a school, a discipline, a journey, a march, a battle, a victory. The law is absolute and wholesome, growiug out of the very divinity of man's source. No amount of fortune, therefore, can exempt a man from its operation. It leaves no one where it finds him. If it does not elevate him above the lambent stars, it makes him grovel in the dust of the earth.

THE BETTER LAND.—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them; they wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy,—our fellow-worshippers for ever.

PARISIAN WHAT-NOT.

MATERIALS.—A piece of pale blue moiré silk, claret velvet, pure gold braid, gold thread, and gold and ruby beads.

The Parisian what-not is an article of furniture very little known in England, where, however, it deserves, from its usefulness and elegance, to be generally adopted. It is a sort of embroidered pocket, standing on a table against the wall, to contain odds and ends of all descriptions. The back, made of silk, and covered with cardboard, is quite flat, the foundation is nearly a half-round, and the front takes that form. It sometimes has cords, by which it is suspended to the wall. These what-nots are worked in braiding, canvas work, crotchet, or embroidery.

The beautiful specimen we now give, is of embroidery in application. The entire pattern is cut out in claret velvet, laid on a light blue moiré ground. The edges of the flowers, &c., are worked with gold thread; the stems with coarse gold cord. The fibres of the leaves and the thorns in gold bullion. The eye of the flower is imitated by gold and ruby beads. The scroll, also formed of velvet, is edged with gold braid, and all the pattern on it is worked on the same.

When made up, the bottom of *strong* cardboard is to be covered, as well as the back, with light blue moiré, like the front, on the inner side, and with claret on the outer. The front is to be lined with thin cardboard only. The work covers it on one side, and blue mioré on the other. A cord, to match, finishes the edges; and also, if desired, serves to suspend it to the wall.

For the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

CHAP. III.

The education of the young and beautiful Emilie was to Constance a source of untiring delight, and their father's greatest happiness was in providing them with every possible amusement and pleasure that could make home, what *home* ever should be, the centre of joy and social delight. All that art and nature combined could supply, he had endeavoured to gather around them, and though they lived in great retirement, yet their variety of occupations and pursuits prevented them from ever either wishing for change, or finding any monotony from their calm course of life. The wings of the house were of a more modern date than the centre, and consisted of the usual suite of drawing-rooms, dining-rooms and library. The right wing was appropriated entirely to a suite of apartments fitted up with exquisite taste for the two sisters, on one side of which ran a spacious picture gallery, a noble apartment, and luxuriously furnished, where one might contemplate at ease the glorious creations of art, both ancient and modern. There the Divine Kaffoille speaks to the inmost soul in some madonna and child, where motherly gentleness is blended with the dignified consciousness of that honor so mysteriously laid upon her. There also were master pieces of Rubens, Silvata Rosa, Carlo Ralae, Correggio, Rembrandt and Vaudghern. And disposed through the picture gallery, were exquisite groups of statuary, and glass doors led from it into an extensive conservatory, where flowers of every hue and clime were scattered profusely around. No wonder a love, a deep love of the beautiful, should pervade hearts brought up among such scenes. But nurtured as they were amidst all that could enlarge the intellect and refine the mind, with expectations of great wealth, they were easily led to look upon all as talents of which they were to render an account, and act only as stewards, feeling their responsibility as such. Stewards of that Master who has said, "Occupy till I come." On one, and on all, is laid the solemn charge, a stewardship. Alas, only too often served with faithlessness. From her earliest youth Constance would take her beloved sister with her into the surrounding country, and visiting with untiring benevolence the poorest hut, making no distinction in their difference

of faith between Roman Catholic or Protestant, but doing all as for Him, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto these, ye do it unto me," and their tender sympathy and bountiful aid in supplying the physical and mental destitution of their poor neighbors, did much towards softening the animosity which had previously prevailed between the two parties. Even the prejudices existing in the heart of the neighboring priest seemed to disperse as the venerable old man saw, in his daily rounds, the beautiful form of the young Emilie gliding from door to door conveying consolation to the lonely around, and his benevolent face would light up with feelings of compassion and interest for her, whom his Church called him to look upon as a heretic. He had not imbibed that fierce denouncing spirit, but too often the characteristic of that Church; indeed his gentle, child-like spirit mourned deeply over those of his brethren, who, by stimulating the passions of their auditors against their Protestant brethren, seemed to think they were doing God's service. Into his parish, therefore, had not crept, at present, those bitter feelings which in later years have given rise to those diabolical outrages which have disgraced some parts of the island. The Berangers, living as they did in the hope of being made a blessing to their neighborhood, embracing all in the wide circle of charity, had been free from the dark shadow gathering over the hearths of many, though painfully reminded, such was the case, by the rumours which had already reached them; but in their own peaceful home none had made them afraid, and they wished for no greater precaution than the love they inspired among the warm-hearted peasantry.

C. H.

(To be continued.)

GUTTA PERCHA.

Gutta Percha—the Malayan term given to a concrete juice taken from the Isonandra Gutta tree—is indigenous to all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and especially to the Malayan Peninsula, Borneo, Ceylon, and their neighborhoods, in which are found immense forests of this tree, all yielding this product in great abundance. Its fruit contains a concrete edible oil, which is used by the natives with their food. The gutta, or juice, circulates between the bark and the wood of the tree, in veins whose

course is distinctly marked by black longitudinal lines. The natives were formerly in the habit of peeling the tree when they required a supply, but have been taught by experience that the juice can be obtained by cutting notches at intervals in the trunk, and thus preserve the tree for future tappings, as our maples for successive years yield their sap to the sugar manufacturers. The juice consolidates in a few minutes after it is collected, when it is formed by hand into compact oblong masses of from seven to twelve or eighteen inches in length, by four to six inches in thickness ; and these, when properly dried, are what is known as the Gutta Percha of commerce. It is of a light brown color, exhibiting a fibrous appearance, much like the inner coating of the white oak bark, and is without elasticity. When purified of its woody and earthy substance, it becomes hard, like horn, and is extremely tenacious ; indeed, its tenacity is wonderful.

The strength of tubes of this material is so great that no visible effect was produced upon them by the proving-pump of the Water Company of the city of Stirling, in Scotland, which gives more pressure than any other pump in Great Britain—a pressure that would scatter the rivets of leather hose in all directions.

The application of heat to the crude makes it soft and plastic, and in a temperature of about two hundred degrees it becomes ductile, when it can be moulded into any desired shape, which it retains when cool. It can be dissolved by sulphuret of carbon, or chloroform, or if immersed for a time in spirits of turpentine. It is a repellant of and completely unaffected by cold water, and, unlike India rubber, it resists the action of oil and other fatty substances without injury. It is a non-conductor of electricity ; is proof against alkalies and acids—being only affected by the sulphuric and nitric, in a highly concentrated state, while the most powerful acetic, hydrofluric, or muriatic acids, or chlorine, have no perceptible effect upon its structure or capabilities. This gum has qualities entirely different from India rubber. It cannot be worn out. It can be melted and remelted, and repeatedly remoulded, without changing its properties for manufacture, or losing its virtue. It is lighter than rubber, of finer grain, and possesses certain repellant properties unknown to that material ; and is extremely tough. It disregards frost, and displays remarkable acoustic qualities.

The experiments which resulted in the astounding discovery of

a process of vulcanization, by which Gutta Percha was made permanently elastic and flexible, like India rubber, were made by Wm. Rider, of the firm of W. Rider and Brothers, now the President of the North American Gutta Percha Company, and his brothers, Emory and John Rider, who had for years been engaged in experiments with India rubber, (which resulted in the vulcanization, as patented by Goodyear.)

No time was lost in making application for a patent, which was granted.

Under this discovery, Gutta Percha, which before was a fibrous, non-elastic and horny material, and affected by the changes of climate, is converted into pliable and elastic fabrics, which remain the same under all changes of climate ; is not injured by acids or fatty substances, is free from offensive smell, and, unlike India rubber, does not decompose and get sticky : with such advantages this invention must prove one of vast importance in the arts.

As this discovery presented a field for business beyond the means of any individual or firm, it was deemed advisable to vest the right to the same in a company. Accordingly the North American Gutta Percha Company was incorporated.

This Company have an extensive establishment in Twenty-fifth-street, in this city, covering eight lots of ground ; their machinery is of the most approved make, and very ponderous, weighing over one hundred thousand pounds, which is driven by a splendid engine of one hundred horse-power.

The cutting, cleansing, mixing, grinding, callendering and vulcanizing-rooms are all arranged with regard to the economical despatch of business—the work-rooms are light and airy, and the whole establishment is lighted with gas. The establishment employs about two hundred females, and fifty men and boys, and can turn out six hundred thousand dollars worth of goods per annum.—*New York Day-Book.*

IMPORTANCE OF THE COMPASS.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attention to exactness in compasses. Good compasses are doubtless furnished to all vessels of this important class ; but the very best compass may be rendered worse than useless by a

disregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange its action. Captain Shannon, of the Cunard steamers line, related to us a curious instance of a derangement in the compass, which had since rendered him punctillously cautious. He had left Halifax with his vessel on the homeward bound voyage; it was during one of the cold winter months, when fogs prevail on the American coasts. His directions to the officers of the watch was to run for a point thirty miles eastward of Newfoundland, so as to make sure of keeping clear of its rock-bound shores; and the point of the compass that would lead to this required direction was fixed.

On coming on deck in the grey of the morning, what was his horror on seeing that the ship had just entered a small bay, and seemed about to be dashed to pieces on the lofty precipices that revealed themselves through the mist. By instantaneously shouting orders to the man at the wheel, and by reversing the engine, he barely saved the vessel from destruction. After some trouble it was paddled to deep water. His first impression of course was, that the compass had been neglected. But to his surprise, he found that his orders had been exactly followed in this respect. The head of the vessel had been kept in the direction which, by compass, should have led to the open sea, 30 miles from land, and yet here it was running full in shore. To all concerned the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on ordinary principles to be accounted for. The truth at length dawned upon the captain.

The error must have arisen from local derangement of the compass. He caused all the compasses in the ship to be ranged on the deck; and soon it was perceived that no two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be a certain spot close to the funnel of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause? It was of brass, and had never before shown any power of distracting the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tube had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him. There, in that paltry iron tube, was the whole cause of the derangement, "which," said Captain Shannon, "I speedily made to shift its quarters." How near was thus a fine vessel being wrecked, from a petty circumstance which no one would have

previously dreamed of; and it may not be said how many vessels assumed to be diverted toward rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.—*Selected.*

MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Every day in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence:—"Married yesterday, So and So." Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisle of some holy temple; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers, upon life's pathway. Each day some new marriage-crown is put on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the "dear old home," and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love's hand has trained the honey-suckle over the latticed porch, and placed Æolian lyres in all the casements.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe love's pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope.—There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of anethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is become beautiful; the soul soars upwards from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage; there is melody in every breeze and every place; yea, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

"MARRIED YESTERDAY."—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather's house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, they who were "married yesterday," mayhap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering up their sheaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

A Good Suggestion.—Rev. Mr. Choles, in an address on agricultural subjects says :—"I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers.—Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, the playthings of childhood and the ornament of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God."

A Severe Rebuke.—Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied,—"My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true; and if our lordship had been the same you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

EDITORIAL.

Autumn reigns in regal splendor this year. He holds his court high up in the blue expanse, with the grand panorama of nature spread out before him. Rolling back in fleecy masses, the clouds form a coronal of beauty round his head, while gorgeous tents adorn his robes. Never were days more lovely than those just passing. Lingering on the verge of a new dynasty, like a procession sweeping along from the eastern to the western horizon, in single file, they pass away until lost amid the golden sunsets of the distant west. What have they heralded for all of us to be written in the archives of heaven? Flitting like spectres from earth, they have borne our history to imperishable tablets, and then, side by side, they have been ranged in the long cavalcade of the Ages, there to await the decisions of the judgment. There is something inexpressibly grand and solemn, something wondrously interesting in human existence. As a pebble dropped into the water produces motion in continuous circles to a great distance, so thought, launched into the great ocean of eternity, widens and ever widens, destined to exert an influence forever. What then should be the character of our thoughts and aspirations? The shadows of nobler forms, and nobler scenes that fall upon us from above, the yearnings of the earth-worn spirit for something satisfying, the innate sympathy we feel for the good and beautiful, remind us of that perfection of intellect and heart which will fit us for the society of the blest. Merely living, merely vegetating,—living to eat, and drink, and adorn ourselves,—will not answer the demand of our being. We come of celestial lineage; the anticipation of future happiness ought to nerve us to personal exertion, and self-denial. The desire to use our talents to the best advantage ought to animate us every moment, and the thought of the august assemblage that sympathise in our success ought to fill every heart with ardent enthusiasm to live not in vain, while we live, that "departing we may leave behind us footprints on the sands of time."

Articles for the *Maple Leaf* should be finished when sent, and accompanied by the real name of the writer. We have received the first chapter of a tale, which we cannot insert until we hear from the writer again.

[For the Maple Leaf.

A NOBLE PROFESSION.

TEACHING is a profession for which comparatively few are really fitted. The most accomplished scholar has not always the tact requisite to command the attention of the youthful mind, and awaken an enthusiastic interest in acquiring knowledge. Peculiar skill is necessary to enchain the roving thoughts, and concentrate the scintillations of youthful fancy upon something real. The man of profound research, of mathematical acumen, and logical precision, may quickly arrive at the premises in any course of reasoning presented to him, or lay down a proposition, and from thence draw his own inferences with perfect accuracy; but his thoughts, accustomed to bold conclusions, to a kind of mental prescience, often disdain the trammels of exact order, and lose their strength if brought to the slow pace of ordinary thinkers. The teacher, however, ought not only to be a polished scholar, but to be able to recall his mental experiences, and detail the steps he takes to arrive at certain points. He should understand his subject thoroughly, and possess a gift of language, so that he can explain it, and carry along with him the rapt attention of his pupils. The person who does not love the young for themselves, who does not feel a kindling of heart, as he looks round upon a class of young persons, ought never to teach.

The bright eyes of affectionate scholars, like so many radiant points, seem to light up the school-room, and lend an ingredient of vivacity to the very atmosphere that pervades it. The exciting interest that animates the class-room is astonishing, when one who *loves to teach* attempts to unfold a subject. The mysteries of vulgar fractions are soon unravelled, the abstruse definitions of grammar assume a tangible shape, and as he urges the idea that history is not to be studied for its facts merely, but to be reasoned about, and made the index to point out the curiosities of human character in different ages of the world, the pages of the otherwise dull study become, to the scholar, luminous with undying thought, and the teacher can turn the glowing minds before him to noble aspirations after future excellence. Geography, as a study, becomes delightful, when taught with reference to its more extended bearings.

Mere definitions of latitude or longitude may give birth to many highly interesting thoughts. The adaptation of man to the zone which he inhabits may be improved by the skilful teacher to compare the habits and appearance of the Esquimaux, for instance, with those of some other nation, and while fixing the fact clearly upon their minds, he may arrest the train of thought in a class to advert to the wisdom of God in thus planning the wondrous machinery of the physical world, and fitting men and animals for the locality they occupy. What an opportunity has he of setting his impress upon the young hearts before him, and stamping upon their memories facts and associations that they will never forget!

We have said that but few, comparatively, are fitted for the employment of teaching, and we believe this is true. Teaching calls for great self-control, deep insight into human character, and ardent desire to do good on the part of the teacher. It demands untiring patience, sympathy in the trials and difficulties which beset the pupil, and decision to execute necessary rules for his benefit. It absolutely forbids self-indulgence, or self-satisfaction with present attainments, and urges upon the teacher to be "always and everywhere a learner," ever ready to treasure up a happy thought, or forcible expression for the benefit of his scholars, and ever on the alert to call out their talent, and show them their own strength. The person who lacks imagination, and possesses little enthusiasm of character, had better, if possible, leave the business of teaching to those whose warm hearts beat gladly when they enter the school-room, and whose encouraging tones urge the pupil to make great exertions to advance in knowledge. Young people are not Stoics. Their affections are ardent, their imaginations lively, their perceptions are keen, and they are ever ready to respond to just reasons, and sympathise in measures, which can be shown to be for their good. A school is a little community, a miniature government. The great secret of success in teaching, lies in bringing opinion in the little society to embrace sound principles. Rules are necessary, but let the teacher convert the influential members of a school to a belief in the doctrine of personal responsibility, and show them that he loves to instruct them, that he seeks their true welfare, and the work of governing will become comparatively easy. Viewing in his scholars

the future men and women of the country, the conscientious teacher feels that they will soon pass from the mild restraints, and pleasant associations of the class-room, into the bustle and earnest warfare of life, and he nerves himself day by day to make each lesson tell for their benefit, and each hour show some advance in the noble art of self-control.

Montreal, October, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A THIMBLE.

BY A. T. C.

No. II.

Not long after my arrival at my new home I was "brought into play,"—I can hardly call it work. My new mistress, revolving in the higher circles, of course never seriously worked; true, she did something now and then which she dignified with that name, but it never came up to what a needlewoman would understand by the term. She didn't require to make her own dresses, trim her own bonnets, nor darn her own stockings. She knew little about these homely things, and cared less. You know it is all very well for those who have plenty of time, or who are impelled by necessity, to undertake such vulgar work, but such *young ladies* as my mistress, have to attend to their music and dancing, and, of course, have an aversion to spoiling their hands and manners by hard work, or contact with vulgarities. So, while we elegantly employed our time with a little "fancy work," another more sturdy pair of hands, and a relation—a very distant relation—of my own were doing the little necessary manual exercises I have before mentioned, far away somewhere in the kitchen atmosphere. I was fast becoming a convert to my mistress's views, and began to sympathize with her in her aversion to being caught with a stocking in one hand and worsted in the other, and, in consequence of this antipathy, I think she favored Berlin more than any other of the wool variety.

I began, however, to feel my life rather monotonous. In the morning I had ample time for reflection and quiet meditation, while my mistress was either testing the reflecting powers of her glass, or meditating deeply upon "Evangelina." I was

sometimes required in the afternoon when my mistress was not going out, but dressed to receive visitors; and on these occasions I gathered a vast store of useful and varied information, which may perhaps be of service when I come to undertake my great literary task of "a friend—behind his back." My mind at one moment became impressed with the great fact that Mrs. Dash had got such an ugly bonnet; bulletins of the state of various gentlemen's moustache duly impressed me; I dwelt upon the truth, gathered from so many sources, that "domestic treasures" are necessary evils; and I drank in the stories of the evanescnce of china when left within their magic influence. Of course I was well up with the latest fashions, the most approved shapes of the "wide awake" and "come and kiss me" bonnets, the newest puff comb, the proper size of the new heel to the boot, the most fashionable polka, and the last novel. It would take me a long time to name all the subjects I have heard discussed; and, if I only had the necessary time to spare, I might let you behind some of the scenes, and describe, for instance, the little "at home" given by Mrs. Stunner, as detailed by that lady's very dear friend, Mrs. Bightbac; upon which occasion the bed-room was turned into the supper-room,—to the dissatisfaction of quiet Mr. Stunner, who was sent to the garret for three or four nights, while Mrs. Stunner "put up" comfortably at a friend's house,—and also upon which occasion the little Stunners were banished to some penal colony, and when the kitchen became a domestic Balaklava—a grand basis of operations.

From what I have said it may be seen that I have had an opportunity, in one epoch of my life at least, to lay in a vast store of knowledge; and that, in point of fact, I have actually done so, is apparent from the little scintillations I have just allowed to sparkle out.

Now, to me, brought into the world with the one grand idea of usefulness in my head, this life of mine appeared rather frivolous. I often asked myself what was the great object of our lives, and I think the answer suggested was, to be of use in the world; and then I would moralize upon this fundamental principle, and try to prove that the life I led was a useful one. But we thimbles know very well when we are employed on a useful piece of work. Some of us are desperately utilitarian, as, for instance,

our brethren under the tailor's auspices; but others of us, and amongst the number myself, enjoying life in the higher circles, are employed in the *fancy* rather than the *useful* line. One fact was that I never helped at a good vigorous "quilting bee," but for days and weeks fiddled away at a complicated collar, which, after a fortnight's toil, never looked half so nice as a shilling one worked by machinery.

And this brings me to an event which I hoped would change the current of my reflections a little, and make me feel myself at last a benefactor in an humble way. The fall of the year was approaching, when the ladies annually meet for the purpose of preparing something comfortable for the poor. I heard a meeting of the "Dorcas sewing circle" announced with great pleasure.

On the day appointed my young mistress took me, along with some "work," to the meeting. It was held in a room replete with every comfort, and made cozey by the presence of arm chairs, sofas, and a blazing fire. We were rather early, but soon after we entered several of the *segments* of the "circle" dropped in, with bundles of work; and about an hour after the appointed time a very full meeting, because the first of the season, was hard at work. I will jot down a few of my observations.

The composition of the Society exhibited a great variety. There were a great many married ladies, probably with large families, whose establishments I thought would rather suffer by their absence; a great many young ladies, who should have been reading and sewing under the direction of a school-mistress, one or two old maiden ladies, Dorcas veterans; and a few, very few, plain, unpretending hard workers, who talked little, but whose fingers went like spindles.

But if the composition of the circle was varied, much more so was the occupation and conversation of the ladies composing it. Mrs. Stunner was at a bonnet, a fragment bonnet, which no doubt she intended to be very becoming for the poor old lady to whose lot it should fall, but which elderly person in her simplicity would probably object to such a close adherence to the fashion, and might possibly prefer an article more fitted to cover her head, and freer of those external decorations which Mrs. Stunner thought proper to put upon it. One sentimental young lady was engaged upon a pair of fancy slippers, probably destined o adorn the feet of a pauper hodman, and, if not exactly suitable

for the purpose, at least well fitted to enable the possessor to obtain a quart of whiskey on the strength of them. Another lady, one of the hard workers, was shaping something warm from a great piece of flannel. Miss Lydia Languish was embroidering the hem of an elegant geranium-colored child's pelisse. Miss Lacy was crotcheting a Berlin wool waistcoat, while her friend next to her was engaged upon something which was probably destined to increase the attractions of a mendicant apple-woman. Your humble servant was occupied with a child's frock of crimson cashmere, neatly trimmed with white braid, destined to cover the back of a charwoman's young hope, whose happiest moments are spent in the dirt. And, by the bye, two or three hard workers were sewing away at a quilt, which, most likely, would be given in charity to one who had plenty of blankets.

A continual buzz of conversation went round the room, and it was rather curious to listen to the disjointed sentences that floated my length in the current of small talk.

Before all the members had assembled, the conversation was pretty general.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Stunner, "if Mrs. John Smith will appear with a great bundle of that odious red flannel?"

"You may be sure she will," rejoined Miss Young, "because you know it's the cheapest stuff to be got."

At that moment the identical Mrs. John Smith appeared with the predicted bundle of red flannel.

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith?" said Mrs. Stunner, "what a delightful piece of warm flannel you always bring us!"

Mrs. Smith immediately commenced upon a petticoat.

"What a lovely sermon that was last Sunday!" remarked Miss Stacey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dash, "but did you notice how shabby the Minister's gown is getting. I propose we make him a new one immediately."

"I would think it more charitable," Mrs. Smith rejoined, "if we got ready something for our poor. The season is very far advanced, and the cold will bring great suffering, I fear."

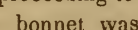
"Yes," whispered my mistress, "but that red petticoat of yours would make a whole regiment warm if only hung up to look at."

As more ladies dropped in, the conversation became divided among little knots, and the sentences, to a quiet listener, appeared confused and ludicrous enough.

"Hand me those scissors, please," was answered by, "Did you ever see such a fright of a shawl?" and my ears were tickled with the general buzz of conversation in such fragmentary portions as "No, I never went there. You know they're terribly vulgar." "Oh! I am sure he's no friend of mine." "Don't you think she has a very red nose?" "I don't know what size to make these slippers; I never noticed a laboring man's feet." "If I were you I would make them quietly for Frank ——." "Never mind, put a tuck to it." "He is *so* handsome," "Have you been very gay lately?" "Yes. I have the gussett ready."

The red petticoat was proceeding to a full development of its glowing proportions; the bonnet was getting into shape; the slippers got the addition of a flower and part of a leaf; the waistcoat was increasing in size; and the numerous little infantile indescribables began to assume intelligible shapes, when the hour for dissolving arrived, and the Dorcas sewing circle adjourned to meet again next week.

(To be continued.)



CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S SELF.—When a crisis befalls you and the emergency requires moral courage and noble manhood to meet it, be equal to the requirements of the moment, and rise superior to the obstacles in your path. The universal testimony of men whose experience exactly coincides with yours, furnishes the consoling reflection that difficulties may be ended by opposition. There is no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. The magnitude of the danger needs nothing more than a greater effort than ever at your hands. If you prove recreant in the hour of trial, you are the worst of recreants, and deserve no compassion. Be not dismayed nor unmanned, when you should be bold and daring, unflinching and resolute. The cloud, whose threatening murmurs you hear with fear and dread, is pregnant with blessings, and the frown whose sternness now makes you shudder and tremble, will ere long be succeeded by a smile of bewitching sweetness and benignity. Then be strong and manly; oppose equal forces to open difficulties; keep a stiff upper lip; and trust in Providence. Greatness can only be achieved by those who are tried. The condition of that achievement is confidence in one's self.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

EARTH'S DWELLINGS.

"Come, let us laugh, as we oft have laughed
The live-long night away,
And fill the cup with the ruddiest draught,
And sing the merriest lay.
Laugh, drink! the rosy flowers are quaffing
Full many a liquid gem,
The moon and stars o'er earth are laughing;
Laugh, laugh, and drink with them!"
And rose upon the silent night
The shout of revelry,
And the bright moon shed her silver light
Upon the House of Glee.

"Oh! let us weep, the task is done,
The toil of the weary day;
Let us mourn awhile for the kind hearts gone,
For the fond hopes passed away.
Heaven's silent tears the earth are steeping,
Beneath the waving fir;
Sad night o'er all the world is weeping,
And we will weep with her;"
And brake upon the silent night,
A wailing voice and low,
And the fair moon shed her gentle light
Upon the House of Woe.

"Ah! let me die! 'tis time, 'tis time!
I'm sick of the world's hard strife,
Of the maze of folly, and grief, and crime,
That ye mock with the name of life.
I go, the night-wind's idle sighing
My sweet, sole requiem;
The last pale stars in heaven are dying,
And I will die with them;"
And burst upon the silent night
One sobbing, struggling breath,
And the wan moon shed her trembling light
Upon the House of Death.

"Come, let us pray, the hour is come,
Night's shades are gathering dim,
The peasant child, in his cottage home,
Is singing his evening hymn;
Through the tall elms the breezes straying,
The light leaves scarcely stir,
All nature seemeth mutely praying,

And we will pray with her;"
And murmured through the silent night
Deep tones upon the air,
And the pure moon shed her holy light
Upon the House of Prayer.

R. A. P.

Cobourg, November, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

THE STEP-SISTER.

A VILLAGE STORY OF REAL LIFE.

By Mrs. Trail, Author of the Backwoods of Canada, &c., &c.

"Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short, but simple annals of the poor."

"It is not a story of faries or giants, or great lords or ladies I have been thinking of to tell you, my child," said Mrs. Harrison, a mild, gentle old lady with dove-like eyes and silver hair, pressing her hand kindly on the head of a little girl, who sat at her feet with upraised face and look of anxious expectation; "it is only about a poor village girl, that I knew many, many years ago, when I was a little maid like you, dear Katie, and lived with my father and mother in a mud-walled cabin on the outskirts of Redesdale moor.

"Mary Elliot was the only child of poor parents; her father tended sheep and cattle on the moor, or dug peat or turf from the bogs; her mother earned a trifle by spinning and knitting, for there was much of that sort of work done when I was young. There was little or no other goods woven at that time, and such things as stocking-looms were never heard of. Many persons think the introduction of these things has been the ruin of the country, for much money was earned formerly by means of the spinning-wheel and knitting-needle, but you know nothing of these matters, Katie, so I will go on with my story. Only, I would say, that come to Miles Elliot's cottage when you would, Mary and her mother were never idle. The spindle and distaff were in the hands of the one, and knitting-needle or sewing work in those of the other. Or it might be of a fine spring or summer evening you would see Mary seated beneath the overshadowing woodbine and sweet briar roses that grew beside the cottage door, with the Bible on her knees, her round arms folded over her

waist, reading with studious care some favorite passage from that holy book. Or maybe she was singing in her sweet notes her evening hymn of prayer and praise, her meek blue eyes just glancing upwards from among the thick ringlets of pale flaxen hair that shaded her delicate cheek.

"It was pretty to see her frolicing on the heath among the lambs, or chasing the small blue butter-flies, or those with dark and crimson wings, which we call Bracken-clocks, that sported among the heather bells and daises that starred the dewy grass.

"I knew Mary well, for our cottage stood on the same bit of waste-land. The same green lane led to both our dwellings, and we were as twin sisters in affection. Our hearts and minds were as one, only Mary was better than I. She was one of the meek of the earth, and 'they are blessed.'

"Though an only child, Mary's mother did not spoil her by over-indulgence. She loved her child too well to suffer her faults to remain unchecked. When Mary was froward or disobedient she chid her. She early taught her to control her tongue, and to be humble in her own eyes, to bear with patience the crosses and vexations of life, and to do good to her fellow creatures, to those that were unkind, as well as to the gentle and affectionate.

"It is a good thing, my Katie, when children are blessed with parents able and willing to instruct them, and to lead them forward in the path of duty. Mary had but one good parent. Her father was a harsh man, who had not the fear of God before his eyes. He often treated Mary and her mother with great unkindness. He would repel his little girl's affectionate caresses with surly rudeness, and repulse her when she sought most to please and serve him, and these were sorrowful things to Mary, but her good mother checked all complaining on the part of her daughter by saying, 'Mary, he is your father, and, as such, it is your duty to be patient under reproof from him, and obedient in all things that do not interfere with your duty to God.'

"One day when Miles Elliot had been unusually cross to Mary, her mother took that opportunity to remind her of the necessity of bearing in mind the promise contained in the fifth commandment. Do you remember what that commandment is, my child?" The old lady paused and looked earnestly at little Katie.

"Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," replied the child.

"It is so, and Mary's mother explained it all to her, and then she said, 'Should I be taken from you, Mary, promise me you will be kind and dutiful to your father, even if he should be unkind to you. Never leave nor forsake him. He is your father.'

"Mary, with tears in her eyes, promised to bear in mind her mother's advice, but she did not then think how soon she should be called upon to act upon that promise, nor did her poor mother know how fast the time was drawing on that would see her Mary motherless. God keeps the book of life and death closed from mortal eyes, and surely it is in wisdom. Were it not so, our days would be spent in grieving for the coming woe, and in taking too much thought for the morrow.

"It happened early in the spring of that year the small-pox broke out in our village, and many persons died of it. Mary fell ill just as Spring flowers were beginning to make gay the fields and lane, and she had the disorder so badly that for many days she laid between life and death, and was quite blind; she could not so much as unclose her eyes, and no one that saw her thought she would ever have opened them to meet the blessed light of the sun again.

"Her mother used to sit beside her bed and weep, and pray that God would restore unto her her child, her only child, and that if she lived her eye-sight might be spared. The mother's earnest petition was not refused. Mary lived, and was not blind.

"I think I shall never forget the cry of joy that burst from her lips when, after several days darkness she opened her eyes and looked upon her mother who was kneeling by the bed-side holding her hands in hers.

"I had just recovered from this dreadful malady myself, and was able to come abroad, and as there was no danger of my taking any hurt, my mother suffered me to go to the cottage to see my sick friend.

"In my way to the cottage I had gathered a nosegay of hare bells and heather blossoms, and some favorite white flowers that grew in the lane. Mary and I always reckoned on the return of spring, because the banks of that green lane used to look so beautiful, covered with deep blue violets, and primroses, and daisies, and blue-bells, and those sweet silvery flowers that some call silver-locks. When Mary saw the flowers I had brought for

her to smell, she burst into tears and passionately kissed them. She told me that during the time she had been blind her thoughts had dwelt on those white blossoms. 'I thought, dear Annie,' she said, 'I should have looked upon these flowers no more, unless it had been in my dreams.'

"Well, Katie, Mary got well at last, but it was only to nurse her poor mother. She had taken the infection while tending on her sick child. Though very weak, and far from well, Mary scarcely left her mother's side, but tenderly kept watch beside her till she died, which was on the evening of the ninth day.

"I will not dwell on the grief of Mary for the loss of her beloved parent, she sorrowed, but not as one without hope, for she knew her mother had placed her trust in him who is the resurrection and the life of those that put their trust in his mercy.

"Mary soon found the necessity she was under of rousing herself from an indulgence in sorrow, that she might attend to those household duties which her mother had hitherto been accustomed to perform. She had often heard her mother say that true affection is not shown so much by unnecessary weeping and mourning for the dead, as by doing one's duty to those they have left behind them. She remembered the promise she had made to her dying mother to do all in her power to make her father's home happy and comfortable. So she strove as much as possible to appear cheerful before him, for she knew he would not like to see her crying continually.

"Miles Elliot's cot soon wore the same appearance of neatness and comfort as when his wife was living, for Mary was very notable, and had a clever way of managing her household. The spindle and distaff did not remain idle, they were but transferred from the hands of Mary's mother to those of her child, and in the quiet fulfilment of her duties Mary felt that peace of mind, which may be said to be the peculiar gift and blessing of God to those that humbly and faithfully walk in his ways, and do their duty in the sphere to which it hath pleased his wisdom to call them.

"That summer was the saddest season Mary had ever known, hitherto sorrow had been little more than a name, but this year it had come home to her dwelling, and there were times when the recollection of all she had lost by the death of her mother pressed very heavily upon her young heart.

"Many a time have I lifted the latch of the cottage door and

stepped in so silently that Mary had not noticed my approach, and have seen her with tearful eyes leaning her head mournfully on her hand while the unspun flax stood before unheeded, and I have wept with her just for company sake.

"If I were sad Mary would weep with me, if I were gay her sweet face would catch a smile from mine, even though it gleamed through her tears; it was like the dew drops glittering on the pale blossoms of the May flowers.

"And though I am now bowed down with years and infirmity, and the green turf has long been springing over the mould that covers the grave of my early friend, her memory is still as dear to me as when we roved among the heather on Redesdale moor, or paced the green lane, and wove garlands for each other's hair of Spring's sweet flowers.

"It happened one hot day in the middle of August that, as Mary sat at her cottage door spinning and singing with light heart, a neighbor came to the garden gate, with her lap full of gleaned corn, and asked Mary to give her a cup of cold water, for she was ready to faint with heat and thirst.

"Now, Mary knew it was a bad thing for any one to drink cold water when they were hot, so she bade the woman step into the cottage and sit down, while she shook down some ripe summer apples from the old tree that grew by the well.

"While the gleaner was eating the apples, she looked round and praised the neatness of Mary's cottage, which was in truth a picture to be seen.

"'I doubt, Mary Elliot,' said she, 'your cot will not look thus when you have two little children running in and out at all times of the day. Well it's a pity people do not know when they are well off, I think.'

"Mary looked at the gleaner with a face full of wonder, for she could not think what she meant, and the woman seemed equally surprised that Mary should not know what every one in the village did, that Miles Elliot was to be married in a few days to a young widow with a family of two small children.

"Mary felt very uneasy on hearing the change that was about to take place in her quiet, happy home. The neighbor, who was a gossipping sort of woman, began to condole with Mary, and tell her what a bad thing it was to have a step-mother. When she had finished all she had to say, she thanked Mary for the apples

and went away, leaving the poor thing in great perplexity and tribulation of mind.

"My mother found Mary sitting on the green bank under the great oak tree in the lane crying bitterly, and when she learned the cause of her distress she gave her some good advice, and pointed out very clearly her duty as a child, and as a Christian.

"Well, Katie, not to tire your patience, I will say that a short time after this conversation took place, Miles Elliot married and brought home his wife and her two young children, the eldest of whom was only five years old.

"Mary felt very uncomfortable at first, for she had been her own mistress now for nearly two years, but she took great pains in shewing her the ways of the house, and telling her where everything was kept, and she strove to wear a cheerful countenance and to gain her step-mother's good will by many little acts of kindness.

"Now, Miles Elliot's wife was a very sickly person, and not being at all of an active turn of mind, she took no pains in keeping the house neat and clean, besides she suffered the children to run about with dirty feet, and to be very noisy and troublesome, so that Miles did not find his home so comfortable as formerly, and he grew cross and surly, and seldom came home after his day's work was over till late of an evening, and so everything went wrong.

"Poor Mary found she had now nearly twice the work to do she had when she was alone. Mary would have gone to service, but her father refused to part with her, for he knew if she went away there would be an end of all comfort for him. Mary remembered the promise she had given to her dying mother, and she considered it was her bounden duty to remain at home, as her father wished her to do so.

"At the end of a year's time Miles Elliot's wife gave birth to an infant daughter and died at the end of a few days, leaving to Mary the charge of her young baby, and her two motherless boys. This was a sad trial for one so young.

"Mary's kind heart was deeply grieved at the death of her step-mother, who had grown very fond of her, for she had had a long illness, during which time Mary had nursed her with as much care as though she had been her own mother, and had tended her night and day, and it was a great satisfaction to her that she had

done so, for in the midst of all her troubles, she was glad she had not to reproach herself with unkindness to her poor step-mother.

"The neighbors came to offer their services to Mary in this season of distress, and some of them advised Miles Elliot to get a house-keeper to take care of his family, but Miles, who was a selfish man, would hear nothing of the kind, and replied that he had never been so happy as when Mary kept his house, and he would not be troubled with a stranger; for he well knew there was no other person who would put up with his ill humour like his own meek Mary.

"Others advised him to send the two biggest children to his wife's friends, but for once Miles displayed a kindly feeling, and said, 'No, it never shall be said that as soon as their poor mother was laid in her grave, Miles Elliot sent her orphan babes out of the house.' And Mary declared, as the children hung weeping round her, that they should never want a mother's care while she lived. 'And thou, motherless babe,' she said, looking kindly on the helpless infant that was sleeping in the cradle at her feet, 'hast early been deprived of thy mother, and will need a double portion of my care to nurse and tend thee.'

"Though only a step-sister, Mary fulfilled more than a sister's part. In due time she began to reap the benefit of her care. Little Sally grew a healthy babe; while, under her judicious management, Tom and William became very quiet and orderly children. Besides the work of the house and the care of the young child, Mary devoted a portion of her time every day to the instruction of her step-brothers, and, by the aid of an old spelling book and primer, she taught them both to spell and read, and also to spin and knit, so that they were rather a comfort to her than otherwise.

"Though she was often much fatigued before the close of the day, she laid down to rest each night with the happy consciousness that she was contributing to the general comfort and welfare of several beings, whose very helplessness and dependence on her rendered them more dear than they would have been had they been more fortunately circumstanced.

(To be continued.)

THE IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man thus:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LINES.

Tell me, O tell me, ye stars on high,
As ye roll through the upper deep,
Gaze ye not down on many an eye
That waketh to watch and weep?
Shine ye not oft on the splendid dome,
Where gilded misery dwells;
Gleams not your light on the humbler home,
Where the note of sorrow swells?

Say, as ye look on the homes of earth,
With their sable tints of woe,
Or list to their hollow sounds of mirth,
As the life-tides ebb and flow;
Veil ye not oft your light in the cloud,
And feel ye no pangs of pain,
As now ye shine on the long, white shroud,
And now on the bridal train?

Methinks the dews of the early dawn,
And the gentle showers of rain,
Are tears ye weep for our lov'd ones gone,
For hopes we've cherished in vain.
Methinks that your long white rays of light,
Like fingers so fair and thin,
Beckon us up to your home so bright,
And sweet voices say, "enter in."

And then from your walls of pearl I see,
Far up in the realms of space,
Fond arms reach lovingly down to me,
And I feel their soft embrace—
And I long to drop this robe of clay,
And soar through the ether blue,
And forget that sorrow here hath sway—
That hearts are not always true.

Roll on, roll on ye orbs of the night
In your circling cycles vast,
And still your calm and silvery light
On the earth-worn pilgrim cast—
Roll on, roll on, and still as ye roll
Shall your light a beacon be
To cheer the weary and storm-toss'd soul
Over life's uncertain sea!

EDLA.

Montreal, November, 1854.

SILK OF THE CHINESE.

One of the most famous manufactures of China is silk, in the production of which they excel all other nations. The Empress is the patroness of the manufacture; and once every year she goes with her maids to worship the god of silk, while she does everything she can to encourage the rearing of the worm and the weaving of the article amongst the women. In China the people wear silks in many ways. They are used as robes of state, as trousers, shoes, caps, boots, and in many other ways. In general they are plain silks, but of the most brilliant colours, and often beautifully embroidered. All, from the princes to the peasants, wear them more or less; and those who connot afford to get much are delighted if they can only get a little.

To supply the large demand for silk, both at home and abroad they rear great numbers of the silk worm; and its proper feeding and management is quite a business amongst them. They have houses built on purpose in which to keep them, and people employed continually attending to them. Their common food is the mulberry leaf; and they have, therefore, large plantations of this tree. The houses for their rearing are in the centre of these

plantations, and great care is taken to keep them quiet, as they maintain that the worms will not thrive, but often die, if disturbed by noise. These houses are heated or cooled as the weather and season require, so as to bring out the young brood, just as the mulberry tree puts forth their supply of food. The principal provinces in which the silk worm is bred, are Che-keang, Keang-nan, Hoo-pe, and Sze-chuen. Here too the mulberry is most cultivated. They are planted in a kind of orchard, at a convenient distance from each other, and every means tried to make them produce great quantities of leaves and little fruit. To effect this, the trees are not allowed to exceed a certain age and height; and when they grow too old, or show a tendency to produce fruit, they are uprooted and cast away. In gathering the leaves they use a sort of ladder, with a prop to support it, as the young trees could not bear the weight of a common ladder, and our engraving gives you a view of the process.

The Chinese loom in which the silks are woven seems to be a very simple kind of thing; and yet such is their ingenuity that they can imitate the most beautiful patterns from either France or England, and produce materials, that we, with all our finer machinery, can never imitate. Their flowered damasks and satins, their crape (*Canton crape*), and their washing silks (*Pongu*), which grow more beautiful and soft the oftener they are washed, have so far defied all attempts at imitation by us.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

BY MRS. C. HAYWARD.

CHAP. IV.

(*Continued from page* 343.)

About the time we write, Father Dolan was summoned on ecclesiastical business to a distant parish, and during his absence one of his flock became seriously ill, to the dismay of his family, and of the poor man himself, who was earnest in his prayers for the speedy return of his spiritual adviser. Word had reached Beranger Hall of his illness, but not contenting themselves with sending bodily comforts to the sufferer, they yearned with aching hearts to impart the comforts of the Gospel in all its purity and simplicity to one entering, in darkness, the dark vale of death.

"O, papa," said the young Emilie, that same afternoon, "do let me go and see poor Larry; Father Dolan is away, and who can tell him of the Saviour?"

"My child, my heart bleeds as I think of the ignorance under which he is resting, and yet I shrink from thus openly interfering among Father Dolan's parishioners, it might cause ill feeling between us which I should indeed regret."

"O no, papa, indeed I think not," pleaded Emilie, "he always looks so kindly upon me when we meet him in our walks, so differently from that gloomy, dark looking man we once met with him."

"He, my dear, is, I fear, of a very different spirit from Father Dolan; it is that spirit which has unhappily in other parts caused in some parishes such bitterness of feeling, and which falls as a curse upon this otherwise beautiful and highly favored island. I observe, too, since his brief visit here, a surliness of manner on the part of Larry's family, which I fear has sprung up from some remarks of his."

"But poor Larry himself, papa, I am sure he is grateful; he has never forgotten your kindness the time he was in such trouble; do let me go and ask for him."

"Well, my love, I suppose I must consent; God speed thee, sweet one, in thy mission of mercy," as he kissed the brow of his pleading daughter; "you will accompany her, Constance," and the sisters hurried off on their walk.

It was nearly dusk ere they reached the lowly cot where Larry lived, but sounds of sorrow fell on their ear, ere they reached it; and, at the same moment, his mother rushed to the door, wringing her hands, and praying to the Virgin for aid.

Emilie hastened on, "What is it, Mary? how is Larry?"

"O, lady, sure is not the boy of my heart passing away, and the priest not here to commend his parting soul. My boy! my poor Larry!"

"Let me go to him, Mary," exclaimed Emilie, and without waiting her reply, she entered the cabin. Larry was propped up in bed, wasted with fever; his hands were clasped, and his eager gaze rivetted upon a small wooden cross, held by his weeping sisters before him.

"There, look at it now, mavourneen," said the heart-broken mother; "it will help you."

Emilie sprang forward, "Let me speak to him, let me speak to him," and casting herself on her knees by the side of the dying boy, she bowed her head in silent prayer to heaven that she might be enabled to speak words of comfort to the passing spirit. For a few moments emotion checked her utterance, but soon, in accents of irresistible tenderness, she began to tell of the Saviour who on that cross had died. "Hear me, Larry, and I will tell you of one, the great High Priest, who came down from heaven, and bore death upon that cross, that *you*, and *all* who believe on Him, might be saved, and who has promised to hear your penitent cry. He has said, 'Look unto me,' not to man, but to Him; will you not look? he will see and hear you."

Larry groaned. "Let me tell my beads," said he faintly.

"O, Larry, listen to that precious Saviour," pleaded Emilie; "he says, 'Come without money, without price,' *only* believe, that is all he asks. He has taken your sins, and borne them upon that cross for you," and gently she repeated the words of that beautiful hymn :—

"Just as I am—without one plea—
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to thee,
O! Lamb of God I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of *one* dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O! Lamb of God I come.

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive—
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O! Lamb of God I come."

At that moment Father Dolan entered the cabin, and with him a dark, tall form, which Constance instantly recognized as the priest who had formerly visited the parish. She trembled as she perceived the dark scowl of ill concealed hatred which his face wore, as he perceived Emilie. Father Dolan advanced to Larry; but, unable to control his anger, the strange priest interrupted him, "Father Dolan, I pray you command the withdrawal of that heretic."

Father Dolan gazed on Emilie; her bonnet had fallen, her golden ringlets parted on the fine brow; the soft eyes filled with

tears. His own better nature prevailed, and removing from the grasp of the excited priest, he bent over Larry, whose eyes were rivetted on the earnest, speaking face of Emilie.

"Larry." He turned his eyes to Father Dolan, the mist of death sat on them, but his lips moved faintly.

"What is your hope, Larry?" said Emilie, regardless of aught save the dying boy.

For one moment the dim eyes lighted up with an almost unnatural brilliancy, and repeating in a clear voice the words, "Just as I am," his soul entered on its eternal rest.

Father Dolan spoke not; was it that light had, indeed, entered his own soul, or that the stifled convictions of years were at last too strong for him.

For a moment Emilie bowed her head in thanksgiving to the Saviour, on whom she had been leading poor Larry to rest his hope, and then rose to leave the cabin. As she did so, she first became aware that many others had entered it; she shrunk from some of the fierce looks she encountered, and advanced timidly to Father Dolan, who was standing by the threshold, and by him a tall commanding figure, enveloped in a military cloak. He withdrew as she spoke; "you will forgive me, good Father, will you not?"

The pleading voice, tearful eyes, and his own inward consciousness, perhaps, of the truth, all overcame him. He moved a few steps by her, watched with suspicious and threatening looks by the newly arrived priest.

"My child, God bless thee! May that plea become mine, which was poor Larry's." Then lowering his voice, as he witnessed her look of astonishment. "Hasten home, my child, the night is growing dark. Alas! I fear evil days are coming upon my poor country. Farewell."

(*To be continued.*)

TRUE LOVE.

"Love is not love, which uttereth when it utteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Ah! no; it is ever fixed mark,
Which looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark."—SONNETS SHAKESPEARE.

[For the Maple Leaf.

BESSIE CRAMPTON:

OR, ONE CHAPTER IN A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

"Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed a little girl of some seven winters, as she bounded into the kitchen after her mother, who was overlooking some preparation for dinner. "Mamma, is there any little brook here with clear, sparkling water, and beautiful little white stones in the bottom?"

Mrs. Crampton, quite occupied in her own thoughts, answered half-abstractedly, "No—yes—no—I don't know."

"But which, please mamma, do you mean," asked Bessie, with a face really woeful at her mother's contradictory answer.

"Well, in truth, my dear," replied Mrs. C., now raising her head, "I do not know, but I think there is no brook here about which answers to your description. The one below the old saw-mill has a pebbly bottom, but the stones are anything but white, and the water at times, if not always, is dark and muddy, for above the mill there is a sand bottom. Why are you so anxious to know?"

As the answer was not quite as favorable as Bessie had hoped she did not at once reply, but stood revolving the subject in her mind, as if she might compass her object in some other way. Mrs. Crampton, therefore, resumed her work, while her thoughts reverted to their former channel. Bessie stood some moments apparantly all absorbed in the progress of her mother's operations. When, as if hastily gathering up her courage, she asked quickly, "mamma, did you ever wade in a brook?"

This question was a key to the former one, and Mrs. Crampton replied, after a moments hesitation, "Not exactly, Bessie."

"What do you mean by *exactly*, mamma?"

"I ought, perhaps, to say that I did once, but it was probably so different from you ideas of 'wading,' as hardly to deserve the name."

"Was it in a beautiful, clean little brook, with white stones, mamma?"

"No; far from it. It might have been called *muddy brook* had it been of sufficient dignity to have received any name."

"Won't you tell me all about it, please?"

"Why yes, my dear, if the story will be of any service to

you, though it is not much of one after all. When a little girl, I, with six or eight other little girls, went to the village school, which was held about a quarter of a mile from us. We were all just about the same age, and in our plays out of school were always together, and always separate from the rest of the school. Not far from the school-house ran a little brook, which, when swollen by the melting snow of spring, or the autumnal rains, was of considerable importance. But in summer it moved very lazily, if it moved at all, and the bottom being mud, it took but a step or two to make it as dirty as the little pools you see in the roads after heavy rains. At this time, however, I am telling you of, there was considerable water in it, owing, perhaps, to a previous rain, though I don't quite remember about it. As we often carried our dinner-baskets we had nothing to do during the 'noon' but amuse ourselves the best way we could. So we wandered over all the hills, hunted all the pastures for berries, scoured all the woods for flowers, and drank water from all the many springs within any reasonable distance from our house. But we had done that again and again, till every rock, and bush, and tree was familiar to us. So one day we set off in a different direction, and pulling off stockings and shoes explored a marsh formed by this same little brook. Here we found 'Spearmint,' which we ate with our dinner, and flowers, which we carried to our teacher. But it was pretty tiresome work, and the next day we felt inclined to try something else. So after a general council it was proposed to try wading in the brook. We all jumped for joy at the thought, and wondered we had never thought of such a beautiful thing before. So sitting down on the green hill side we began our preparations. The stockings and shoes were deposited in one pile. Then we rolled up our panties, gathered up our dresses, and all started for the brook. Down we ran, hurry-scurry, like a flock of sheep, and into the water pell-mell, splash, dash. But our light calicoes told long stories to our mothers that night. For the water being stirred from the bottom was of the thickness of hasty pudding, and every splash left a spot, which only water and soap could take out. We very soon began to think that there was not much fun in this, and were talking of getting out, when a sudden, sharp disagreeable feeling in my leg, a little way above the ancle,

persuaded me to get on the grass as quickly as possible, and the rest followed suit. On looking down to see what was the trouble, I found a blackish thing, about as long as my finger, dangling down, having attached itself to the leg by a sort of a round mouth."

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Bessie in a choking voice, "what was it? Did it hurt you?"

"None of us knew what it was. It looked, in some respects, like a little snake, and yet we were sure it wasn't. We pulled it off with considerable violence, for it stuck very tight, and when it was off the blood flowed very fast. We were all a little frightened; and, running to the school-house, washed it in some cold spring water which we found, and this soon checked the bleeding."

"But didn't you ever find out what it was, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, my mother told me that night that it was a leach, or blood-sucker. They are gathered, some in this country, and more from other countries, for the very purpose of drawing blood. They are used when there is great heat and inflammation. When your father was sick with scarlet fever he had six upon his throat at one time. And your little brother had three on his temples and that poor blind eye. They are very useful creatures, and the gathering of them is a regular trade."

"Don't they hurt, mamma?"

"I suppose not greatly, though they produce a disagreeable sensation when drawing. I will tell you more of them some other time. I was talking now, you know, of our adventure in the brook. Our experience cured us all. We never tried it again, and never wanted to. The little brook long since dried away. The green grass grows thickly over its bed; the marsh has become a beautiful fair field, and it is only when the heavy snows of spring are melting away that I can trace the old channel."

"But all brooks do not do so, mamma," said Bessie, after a few moments silence; "some live for ever, don't they? that is, I mean as long as the earth lives. That beautiful little brook you told us of when Clara and her sister used to play, don't you suppose it's there now?"

"Very likely," said Mrs. C., "it flows, and will flow on, sending down to the broad river and the mighty ocean its pure sweet

waters, when Emma shall have found her last rest by Clara's side, under the old elm tree. Yes, Bessie dear, many a dear brook that you and I have looked upon will run on, and sing on, when our bodies shall have long since mouldered in the grave."

Bessie stood a moment, sobered by her mother's last remark. But presently looking up she exclaimed, "I don't like your brook, mamma, but I do wish I could play in such a pretty brook as Clara's, don't you wish I could?"

"Well, dear, if it would really make you happy or better, I do. What do you think?"

"I think it would make me *happy*," answered she.

"Doubtless you would enjoy it as others do. But it is not *necessary* to your happiness, and as there are no means of gratifying your desire here, you may be *just* as happy without it, if *you choose*. For happiness is found in what we *are*, rather than in anything outside of us, however pleasant it may seem. You are happy when you have been kind and dutiful, though you may have been in no play; while the best play in the world *can't possibly* make you happy, if you have an unkind or dissatisfied spirit. But, Bessie dear, if you had the dearest little brook in all the world to play in, something which you now don't know of might come up to mar your satisfaction. Not in the same way that mine was marred, but yet just as completely. Pleasures seem a great deal brighter a good way off than when we have them really in our hand. So, my dear, learn a lesson from your mother's experience, and be satisfied and happy on dry land."

Mrs. Crampton now left the kitchen, and Bessie followed her convinced indeed, but not a whit the more satisfied, or less eager to paddle in a brook.

It was a beautiful sunny day in April, and the snow was melting away like a morning cloud under the sun's soft beams. Bessie stood a few minutes at the window, wearing a most dissatisfied expression upon her usually happy face. But catching a sight of her brother, she quickly snatched up her shawl and hood and ran into the end yard, where the men were busily engaged chopping. Robert was seated on a log 'scraping birch,' his cheeks stuffed out with the precious morsels, equal to a young squirrel's who had made a clear gain in his day's gleaning among the beech nuts. For he had so made his way into the good graces of the workmen as to persuade them to remove the outer

bark from the sticks, thereby making it an easy matter for him to get at the soft, sweet coat which envelopes the wood. Bessie was soon seated at his side, and commenced operations with as much zeal, and considerable more dexterity than himself.

The day passed quickly away, and Bessie's thoughts scarce reverted to the morning's conversation till her head was fairly on its pillow for the night, her mother's final kiss was given, and the last sound of her footsteps had died away. Then, instead of shutting her eyes in sleep as usual, all her thoughts and faculties seemed to waken into a new life, and concentrate themselves upon some scheme for the accomplishment of her desire. Bessie was a very romantic little being, and her head teemed with conceits and fancies as varied and droll as were ever dreamed of on a fairy's pillow. Her safety, however, lay in the fact that they were entertained only for the briefest time in the same form. They changed with every changing hour, though they might have developed from one idea, yet it would have taken a very wise head to have established their relationship, or traced their pedigree. But in the present instance she had actually held to the same notion for two whole days, and it was now further than ever from being given up. So she lay for two whole hours revolving in her head some possible plan for getting to a brook. But the brooks were all so far off, and so difficult of access, how could she get to them? At last from very weariness she fell asleep. Yet, with her mind so pre-occupied, her waking and sleeping dreams so interlaced, that it would not have been easy separating them.

Sometimes a fair brook ran like a silver thread through bright dreams, and she played on its flowering banks, or danced over its sparkling bed in a very extacy of delight; then suddenly the fair waters swelled and grew deep and dark, and she struggled vainly midst a mighty torrent which was sweeping her away from all she loved. Her deep distress now answered to her former joy, and O if she could only gain her mother's side again, the world would not tempt her away. Thus, during the live-long night, she tossed upon her little bed, as light and shade chased each other in rapid succession through her excited mind. But the morning came at last, and broke her uneasy slumbers. The sun, as if caught napping beyond his honest time, sprang with a bound from his "saffron couch," and climbing the steep ascent

of that long line of hills which engirdled the slumbering village, poured forth such a flood of rosy light as unsealed, in a twinkling, the lids of its many sleepers. Bessie was one of the first to greet the glad morning. And worth many a greeting it was, so bright and joyous in its early light. There is nothing like it even in the far off, dreamy south. Its glowing beauty and beautiful exhilaration are lavished only upon the dwellers in this northern clime. The stern, unbending winter has fairly yielded to the soft embrace of spring, and lies weak and faint in her arms. Soft airs and warm suns are breaking nature's long repose; a repose so like death that the awaking is as the re-kindling of dead fires, the revival of departed existence. A new life pervades her great heart, and the freshness of youth is mounting to her brow. There is not a spot in this vast domain, nor a life amid her countless myriads, from man, her highest form, down to the poorest insect that has slept on her bosom, that is not thrilled by this influence, and breathes not a newer and more vigorous existence. But none are more susceptible to these influences, more completely yield to them than children.

Bessie and Herbert had been chasing each other over the hard crisp snow, a full hour before the bell called them to breakfast. And now, reluctant to leave, they stood within the shadow of the 'old shop' with glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, their merry laugh ringing out full and clear on the morning air. But a new sound has caught their ear, and hushed their voices. It is the morning song of the newly-arrived robin, trilled forth from the top of the old poplar tree—his favorite home in summers gone.

"O, Bessie, doesn't he sing as if he was glad to be back?" said Herbert, at length breaking silence, "I believe he's trying to tell us how much pleasanter 'tis here than where he's been staying."

"Yes," said Bessie, "he's glad to get home I know, and if it is a bit colder here he doesn't mind it, it will be warm by and by. Maybe, too, he will sing to us morning and evening, just as he used to last summer."

A second bell started the children, and saying good morning to robin, they hurried in, for now they bethought themselves, their appetites were quite clamorous.

The hour for breakfast and prayers had hardly passed, ere the patting of feet and the sound of many voices was heard, and soon some half a dozen bright little faces appeared inquiring if the

children were ready for a "slide." Equipped in cloaks, mittens India-rubbers, and so on, the little party soon set forth. Mrs. Crampton, like a properly careful mother, bestowed sundry charges on the little troop, the last of which was to be at home before ten, so as to avoid the softening snow.

The hours flew quickly by. At home they were improved, as everybody knows the absences of children are, for the accomplishment of divers things which their active bodies, seeing eyes, meddlesome hands, and insatiable curiosity render exceedingly difficult. Mrs. C. was startled as the clock told the hour of ten, and hastening to a window looked out upon the hills whither the children had gone. She saw them in the distance, slowly dragging their sleds homeward. Some little time, however, elapsed ere their voices were heard from the yard, and the troop, weary from their excessive exercises, stopped at the door a moment before separating. But good-bye was said at last, and the two children entered the house. Bessie flung herself into the first rocking chair she found, exclaiming, "O dear, I'm so tired. I don't think there's so much fun in sliding."

"Then you have not enjoyed the morning," said her mother.

"Why yes, mamma, at first," replied Bessie, "but then the snow grew soft, and it was such hard work getting the sleds home."

"Well, my dear, supposing you had remembered mamma's advice and came home before ten, what then?"

Bessie was silent, and her mother thought better to leave her to her own reflections. But Herbert suddenly turning up his eye in a roguish manner to his mamma said, "and how much fun do you think it is to wade in the spring, Bessie?"

Bessie answered her little brother only by a look of supreme contempt.

"What does Herbert mean, Bessie," said her mother, choosing that she should make the explanation.

"Oh! just nothing at all, mamma, I only thought it seemed so bright and beautiful, and the water looked so clear that I'd just try it."

"In the spring," said her mother, "that ice-cold spring!" and the thought ran like a chill through her heart.

"Yes, mamma, there wasn't much ice in it, not near so much as there was two days ago."

"And what did you do?"

"I sat down on the rock and pulled off my stockings and shoes, and put my feet into the water. But I didn't get clear in, for it was so cold, and Henry Newcombe said there were poisonous things in the bottom, his mother told him so. He got one out one day. It was a sort of a brown creature, with little short legs and feet, and had a tail, and it looked some like a fish. Wasn't it a little like the one you saw?"

"No; he probably means a lizard, they are sometimes in the bottom of springs."

"Are they really poisonous?"

"They are said to be; I don't know how much so. But how long did you stay in the water?"

"Oh! only a little. I pulled my feet right out when Harry told me that, besides it *was* too cold," said she, looking up a little conscious.

"How did you dry and warm them?"

"Oh! I wiped them on my handkerchief, and then I dried it on the rock in the sun, and I am sure," said she, pulling it out of her pocket, "it looks as well as though it was just ironed. Why, doesn't it!" she exclaimed, a little petulantly observing her mother smile.

"O yes, it looks quite smooth. But how did you warm them?"

"Oh! they warmed themselves, as warm as pussy, when they were out of the water."

Well, Bessie, now you have fairly been in the water, I suppose you are a great deal happier than ever before, and will be happier all the rest of your life. How is it?"

"I don't feel very happy."

"You ought to have some recompense for the risk you run. Smaller things have brought many children to their graves."

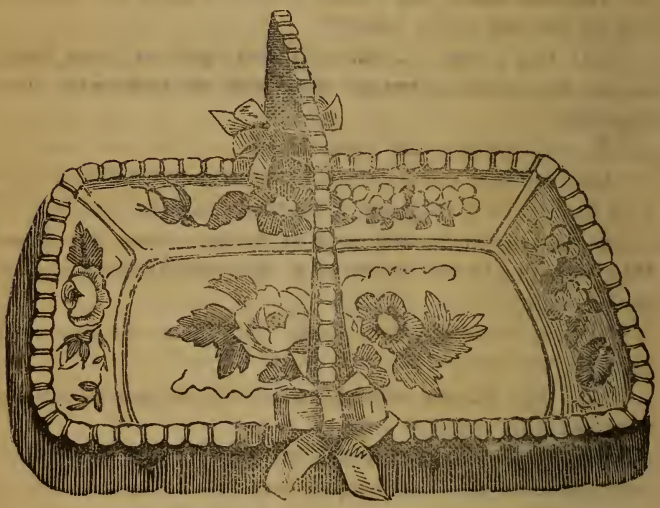
"But this wasn't like wading in a brook."

"No, my dear, it was a very different thing. That might be pleasant and perfectly safe in a warm summer's day. But this was presumptuous and yielded you not the least satisfaction. Let this be a warning to you, my child, your life long. If a pleasure is reasonable, and within your reach, take it, and enjoy it, and it may add to your happiness. But if, for any reason, it is denied you, or lies beyond your grasp, be content without it. If you

rush head-long after it, determined to have it at any rate, it will certainly *disappoint* you in the *end*, if nothing more. But it will be likely to do more. It will be *very* likely to bring mortification and distress upon you, and may be your ruin for this world and for the next. So, Bessie dear, write it down in the little book of memory which God has given you, and it will serve as a 'guide-board' to you the rest of your life."

We will only add that Bessie has never mentioned the subject since.

A. R. D.



LADY'S WORK-BASKET IN BEAD WORK.

Materials.—Perforated card-board; a wire frame, 10 inches by 4, and about 2 deep; a little narrow satin ribbon, broader ditto, fringe, gold thread, and beads of various colors, all No. 2.

The dimensions we have given are for the bottom of the basket. The upper part must of course, be proportionately larger, as it is very open. A wire at each corner must connect the two parts of the frame. The handle is also formed of two wires, placed about an inch apart at the bottom, but close together along the upper part. The best way to form these baskets is to cut the various pieces the proper length, and a little over, and join the ends by binding them round with fine wire.

The perforated card-board, of which the basket is chiefly composed, is in five pieces, namely, for the bottom and four sides. All are embroidered in beads. For this purpose a Berlin pattern of pro-

per size may be used, and adopted to any beads that the worker may have by her. As there is not the same variety to be found in beads of the required size that we can obtain in wool, and this frequently prevents the adaptation of designs intended for the latter material.

The leading colors in beads are—blue, about four shades; orange about five; green, about seven; pink, not more than two; gray, three; lavender, three or four; white, four; bronze, three; ruby, one; coral, one; and black.

Suppose that, on an average, four shades enter into a single leaf, and you intend to work a group of three leaves in bronze. The lightest you will compose of the four lightest shades,—that is gold and the three lightest bronzes. For the leaf nearest to it—which therefore, you would like to make as great a contrast as possible—take black and the three darkest bronzes, and the third leaf may be worked in the bronze only. Other colors, whether for flowers or leaves, must be arranged with similar care.

In the list we have given four whites; these are chalk, alabaster, opal, and clear white. Steel beads are frequently mixed with these in white flowers, and grays and stone-colors are employed to deepen the shades.

With a little ingenuity, therefore, a great variety may be made, and almost any Berlin pattern or section of one, used. For roses, the two pinks, the coral, and ruby, and even black may be employed. All the dark shades for a dark rose; and pinks, fading into white, for light.

The perforated cardboard being worked, the frame must be entirely covered by winding round it satin ribbon of any predominant color. Light blue, pink, or crimson, will answer for this purpose The handle must be covered in the same way. Then the pieces are sewed in at the back of the frame; the fringe is placed at the top, and a quilling of narrow ribbon, with a gold thread run along the centre, forms the heading of the fringe, and the cover of the handle. Bows and ends are placed on each side of the widest part of the latter.

The basket may be worked on silk canvass if preferred.

EDITORIAL.

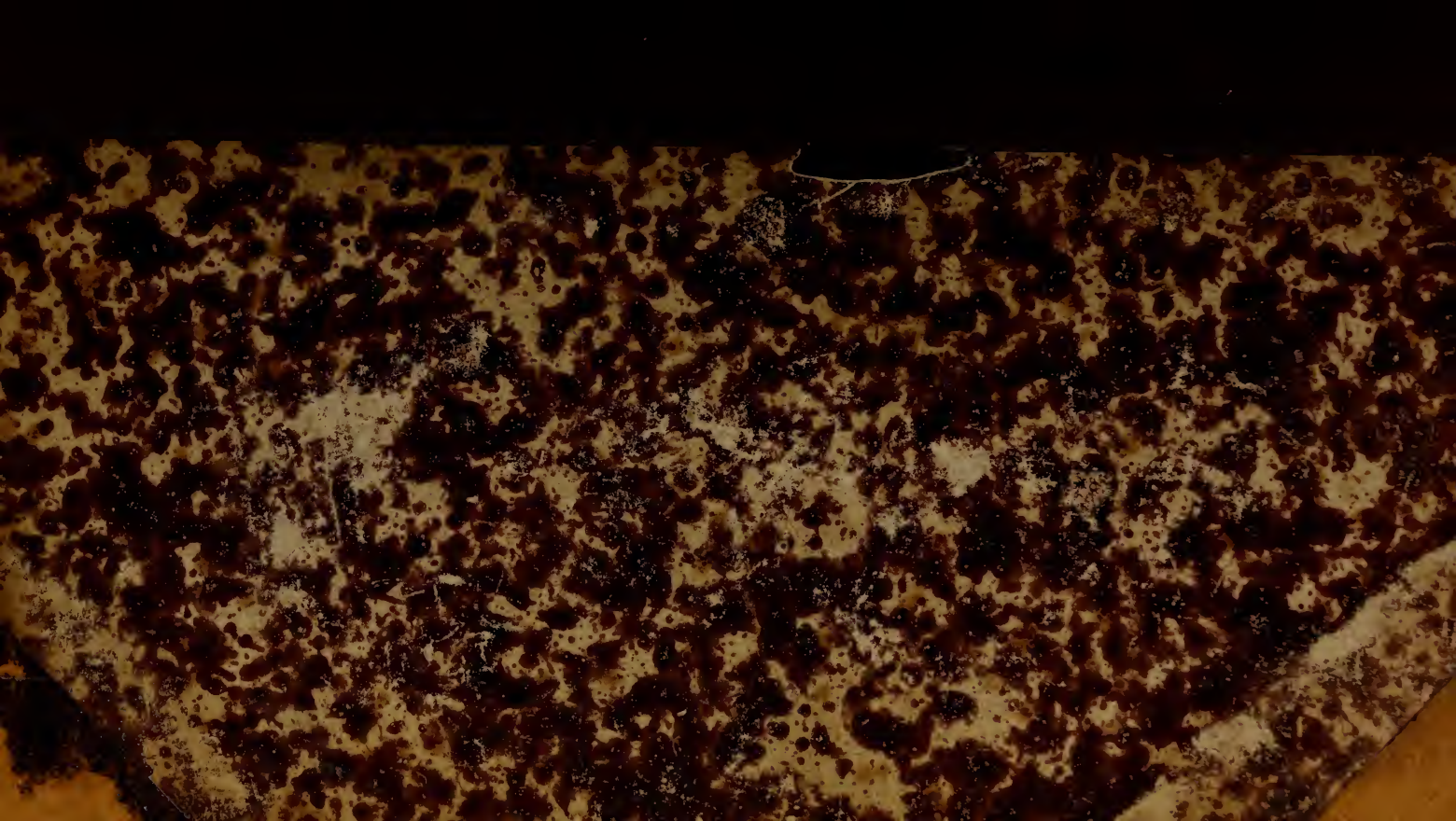
The present number of the *Maple Leaf* abounds in original matter. Contributions from the United States, as well as from Canada, enrich its pages. "A. T. C." gives some true views of gossipping sewing societies. We would like to have him know, however, that his picture by no means applies to all who meet to sew for benevolent purposes. The beautiful little poem by "R. A. P." we insert with much pleasure.

We call attention to Mrs. Traill's new work, "The Female Emigrant's Guide, or Hints on Canadian Housekeeping." Her experience in regard to the subject on which she writes renders it very valuable. The publishers have already received large orders for it both in Canada and the United States. It is written in that easy, truthful style that characterizes her productions; and, while it abounds in valuable directions to the newly arrived settler, it is also

adapted to the general reader. We should like to hear that every family in the country had ordered it.

Our design for fancy work in this number has been cut from a new pattern, and will be much liked for its elegance. The principal topics of conversation here just now, are the price of markets and the progress of the war in the Crimea, among the older citizens, and the Christmas festivities and "examination" among young people and scholars "generally"—these last are anticipating grand times during the holidays; may they find the reality equal to their fond hopes.

We were thinking just now of our little magazine, and adopted nursling, how in proportion to the anxiety it has cost us, has been our pleasure at seeing it keep fresh and flourishing. Each monthly number finished and send-forth, strengthens the tie that binds our heart to the country already endeared to us by tender associations. We have felt that we were not really alone in the world when we could speak our thoughts to so many, and have hoped that in thus speaking, we may have stirred some mind to nobler resolutions and earnest activity. It is, therefore, with a kind of regretful tenderness towards the *Maple Leaf*, that we learn from our respected publisher that he feels unwilling to continue the work any longer, unless his appeal in the circular sent in this number is promptly responded to. We took the responsibility of the magazine at a time when touched with sorrow we turned instinctively to some friendly source for comfort. What we have said urging others to persevere in a course of self-conquest, has come warm from our own spirit, the fruit of our own desire to add a mite of influence on the side of right.

To see the little magazine die suddenly after living so long will be doubly trying, since it will add another name to the number of magazines that have failed in Canada for the want of proper support. We hope, however, that it will not be given up. Its contributors, for whom we entertain a grateful regard, will, we trust, long find a place for their names on its pages, and see the *Maple Leaf* outlive the blasts of winter, and, like the land of which it is a scion, remain green and flourishing many a day.

We feel that this life is not intended as a place of repose; these are not "the vales of heaven," that we need wish to slumber. The pilgrim road along which we journey is often beautifully diversified, but the traveller needs to be well fortified, and well instructed to walk safely and happily. Thus feeling, we look upon the young as the most interesting portion of the community. They need stirring up to know their own abilities and responsibilities. They ought to be taught to live less for show, less for public enjoyment and more for home comforts and intellectual pleasures. Let the present race of young people be well taught and well disciplined, thoroughly grounded in good principles, and the land will feel a new impulse. The next generation will see the broad acres of Canada teeming with plenty, and her cities and villages, under wise and just policy, ranking high among the places of the Western Continent.